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GLASSES.

I.

YES, I say to myself, pen in hand, I can keep hold of the thread, let it lead me back to the first impression. The little story is all there, I can touch it from point to point; for the thread, as I call it, is a row of colored beads on a string. None of the beads are missing, — at least I think they're not: that's exactly what I shall amuse myself with finding out.

I had been working hard all summer in town, and I had gone down to Folkestone for a blow. Art was long, I felt, and my holiday short; my mother was settled at Folkestone, and I paid her a visit when I could. I remember how, on this occasion, after weeks of my stuffy studio, with my nose on my palette, I sniffed in the clean salt air and cooled my eyes with the purple sea. The place was full of lodgings, and the lodgings were, at that season, full of people, people who had nothing to do but to stare at one another on the great flat down. There were thousands of little chairs, and almost as many little Jews; and there was music in an open rotunda, over which the little Jews wagged their big noses. We all strolled to and fro and took pennyworths of rest; the long, level cliff-top, edged in places with its iron rail, might have been the deck of a huge crowded ship. There were old folks in Bath chairs, and there was one dear chair, creeping to its last full stop, by the side of which I always walked.

There was, in fine weather, the coast of France to look at, and there were the usual things to say about it; there was also, in every state of the atmosphere, our friend Mrs. Meldrum, a subject of remark not less inveterate. The widow of an officer in the Engineers, she had settled, like many members of the military miscellany, well within sight of the hereditary enemy, who, however, had left her leisure to form, in spite of the difference of their years, a close alliance with my mother. She was the friendliest, the keenest, the ugliest of women, the least apologetic, the least morbid in her misfortune. She carried it high aloft, with loud sounds and free gestures, made it flutter in the breeze as if it had been the flag of her country. It consisted mainly of a big red face, indescribably out of drawing, from which she glared at you through gold-rimmed aids to vision, of such circumference, and so frequently displaced, that some one had vividly spoken of her as flattening her nose against the glass of her spectacles. She was extraordinarily near-sighted, and, whatever they did to other objects, they magnified immensely the kind eyes behind them. Blessed conveniences they were, in their hideous, honest potency, — they showed the good lady everything in the world but her own plainness. This element was enhanced by wild braveries of dress, reckless charges of color and stubborn resistances of cut, wondrous encounters in which the art of the toilet seemed to lay down its life. She had

the tread of a grenadier, and the voice of an angel.

In the course of a walk with her the day after my arrival, I found myself grabbing her arm with sudden and undue familiarity. I had been struck by the beauty of a face that approached us, and I was still more affected when I saw the face, at the sight of my companion, open like a window thrown wide. A smile fluttered out of it as brightly as a drapery dropped from a sill, quite as if the stuff had been shaken there in the sun, — shaken by the young lady, flanked by two young men, the wonderful young lady who, as we drew nearer, rushed up to Mrs. Meldrum and familiarly embraced her. My immediate impression of her had been that she was dressed in mourning, but during the few moments she stood talking with our friend I made more discoveries. The figure, from the neck down, was meagre, the stature insignificant, but the desire to please was at every point immense, as well as the air of infallibly knowing how, and of never, never missing it. This was a little person whom I would have made a high bid for a good chance to paint. The head, the features, the color, the whole facial oval and radiance, had a wonderful purity; the deep gray eyes — the most agreeable, I thought, that I had ever seen — brushed with a kind of wing-like grace every object they encountered. Their possessor was just back from Boulogne, where she had spent a week with dear Mrs. Floyd-Taylor: this accounted for the effusiveness of her reunion with dear Mrs. Meldrum. Her black garments were of the freshest and daintiest; she suggested a pink-and-white wreath at a showy funeral. She confounded us for three minutes with her presence; she was a beauty of the great conscious, public, responsible order. The young men, her companions, gazed at her and grinned: I could see there were very few moments of the day at which young men, these or others, would not

be so occupied. The people who approached took leave of their manners; every one seemed to linger and gape. When she brought her face close to Mrs. Meldrum's, — and she appeared to be always bringing it close to some one's, — it was a marvel that objects so dissimilar should express the same general identity, the unmistakable character of the English gentlewoman. Mrs. Meldrum sustained the comparison with her usual courage, but I wondered why she did not introduce me: I should have had no objection to the bringing of such a face close to mine. However, when the young lady moved on with her escort, she herself bequeathed me a sense that some such approximation might still occur. Was this by reason of the general frequency of encounters at Folkestone, or by reason of a subtle acknowledgment that she contrived to make of the rights, on the part of others, that such beauty as hers created? I was in a position to answer that question after Mrs. Meldrum had answered a few of mine.

II.

Flora Saunt, the only daughter of an old soldier, had lost both her parents, her mother within a few months. Mrs. Meldrum had known them, disapproved of them, considerably avoided them; she had watched the girl, off and on, from her early childhood. Flora, just twenty, was extraordinarily alone in the world, — so alone that she had no natural chaperon, no one to stay with but a mercenary stranger, Mrs. Hammond-Synge, the sister-in-law of one of the young men I had just seen. She had lots of friends, but none of them nice: she had picked up the most impossible people. The Floyd-Taylors, with whom she had been at Boulogne, were simply horrid. The Hammond-Synges were perhaps not so vulgar, but they had no conscience in their dealings with her.

"She knows what I think of them," said Mrs. Meldrum, "and indeed she knows what I think of most things!"

"She shares that privilege with most of your friends!" I replied, laughing.

"No doubt; but possibly to some of my friends it makes a little difference. That girl does n't care a button. She knows best of all what I think of Flora Saunt."

"And what may your opinion be?"

"Why, that she's not worth talking about, — an idiot too abysmal."

"Does n't she care for that?"

"Just enough, as you saw, to hug me till I cry out. She's too pleased with herself for anything else to matter."

"Surely, my dear friend," I rejoined, "she has a good deal to be pleased with!"

"So every one tells her, and so you would have told her if I had given you a chance. However, that does n't signify, either, for her vanity is beyond all making or mending. She believes in herself, and she's welcome, after all, poor dear, having only herself to look to. I've seldom met a young woman more completely at liberty to be silly. She has a clear course, — she'll make a showy finish."

"Well," I replied, "as she probably will reduce many persons to the same degraded state, her partaking of it won't show so much."

"If you mean that the world's full of drivellers, I quite agree with you!" cried Mrs. Meldrum, trumpeting her laugh half across the Channel.

I had, after this, to consider a little what she would call me, but I did n't let it prevent me from insisting on her making me acquainted with Flora Saunt; indeed, I took the bull by the horns, urging that she had drawn the portrait of a nature which common charity now demanded that she should put into relation with a character really fine. Such a frail creature was just an object of pity. This contention on my part had

at first, of course, been jocular; but, strange to say, it was quite the ground I found myself taking with regard to our young lady after I had begun to know her. I could n't have said what I felt about her except that she was undefended; from the first of my sitting with her there after dinner, under the stars, — that was a week, at Folkestone, of balmy nights and muffled tides and crowded chairs, — I became aware both that protection was wholly absent from her life, and that she was wholly indifferent to its absence. The odd thing was that she was not appealing; she was abjectly, divinely conceited, absurdly, fantastically happy. Her beauty was, as yet, all the world to her, a world she had plenty to do to live in. Mrs. Meldrum told me more about her, and there was nothing that, as the centre of a group of giggling, nudging spectators, she was n't ready to tell about herself. She held her little court in the crowd, upon the grass, playing her light over Jews and Gentiles, completely at ease in all promiscuities. It was an effect of these things that from the very first, with every one listening, I could mention that my main business with her would be just to have a go at her head, and to arrange, in that view, for an early sitting. It would have been as impossible, I think, to be impertinent to her as it would have been to throw a stone at a plate-glass window; so any talk that went forward on the basis of her loveliness was the most natural thing in the world, and immediately became the most general and sociable. It was when I saw all this that I judged how, though it was the last thing she asked for, what one would ever most have at her service was a curious compassion. That sentiment was colored by the vision of the dire exposure of a being whom vanity had put so off her guard. Hers was the only vanity I have ever known that made its possessor superlatively soft. Mrs. Meldrum's further information contributed, moreover,

to these indulgences, — her account of the girl's neglected childhood, her queer Continental relegations, with straying, squabbling, Monte-Carlo-haunting parents; and the more invidious picture, above all, of her pecuniary arrangement, still in force, with the Hammond-Synges, who really, though they never took her out, — practically she went out alone, — had their hands half the time in her pocket. She had to pay for everything, down to her share of the wine-bills and the horses' fodder, down to Bertie Hammond-Synge's fare in the "underground" when he went to the city for her. She had been left with just money enough to turn her head; and it had n't even been put in trust, nothing prudent or right had been done with it. She could spend her capital, and at the rate she was going, expensive, extravagant, and with a swarm of parasites to help, it certainly would n't last very long.

"Could n't *you* perhaps take her, independent, unincumbered as you are?" I asked of Mrs. Meldrum. "You're probably, with one exception, the sanest person she knows, and you at least would n't scandalously fleece her."

"How do you know what I would n't do?" my humorous friend demanded. "Of course I've thought how I can help her, — it has kept me awake at night. But I can't help her at all; she'll take nothing from me. You know what she does, — she hugs me and runs away. She has an instinct about me, she feels that I've one about *her*. And then she dislikes me for another reason that I'm not quite clear about, but that I'm well aware of and that I shall find out some day. So far as her settling with me goes, it would be impossible, moreover, here: she wants, naturally enough, a much wider field. She must live in London, — her game is there. So she takes the line of adoring me, of saying she can never forget that I was devoted to her mother, — which I would n't have been for the world, — and of giving

me a wide berth. I think she positively dislikes to look at me. It's all right; there's no obligation; though people in general can't take their eyes off me."

"I see that at this moment," I replied. "But what does it matter where or how, for the present, she lives? She'll marry infallibly, marry early, and everything will change."

"Whom will she marry?" my companion gloomily asked.

"Any one she likes. She's so pretty she can do anything. She'll fascinate some nabob or some prince."

"She'll fascinate him first, and bore him afterwards. Moreover, she's not so pretty as you make her out: she has a poor little figure."

"No doubt; but one does n't in the least notice it."

"Not now," said Mrs. Meldrum, "but one will when she's older."

"When she's older she'll be a princess, so it won't matter."

"She has other drawbacks," my companion went on. "Those wonderful eyes are good for nothing but to roll about. She can't use them."

"Use them? Why, she does nothing else."

"To make fools of young men, but not to read or write, not to do any sort of work. She never opens a book, and her maid writes her notes. You'll say that those who live in glass houses should n't throw stones. Of course I know that if I did n't wear my goggles I should n't be good for much."

"Do you mean that Miss Saunt ought to sport such things?" I exclaimed, with more horror than I meant to show.

"I don't prescribe for her; I don't know that they're what she requires."

"What's the matter with her eyes?" I asked after a moment.

"I don't exactly know; but I heard from her mother, years ago, that even as a child they had had for a while to put her into spectacles, and that, though she hated them and had been in a fury of

rage, she would always have to be very careful. I'm sure I hope she is!"

I echoed the hope, but I remember well the impression this made upon me, — my immediate pang of resentment, almost of disgust. I felt as if a great rare sapphire had split in my hand.

III.

This conversation occurred the night before I went back to town. I settled, on the morrow, to take a late train, so that I had still my morning to spend at Folkestone, where, during the greater part of it, I was out with my mother. Every one in the place was, as usual, out with some one else, and even had I been free to go and take leave of her I should have been sure that Flora Saunt would not be at home. Just where she was I presently discovered: she was at the far end of the cliff, the point at which it overhangs the pretty view of Sandgate and Hythe. Her back, however, was turned to this attraction; it rested, with the aid of her elbows, thrust slightly behind her, so that her scanty little shoulders were raised toward her ears, on the high rail that inclosed the down. Two gentlemen stood before her, whose faces we could n't see, but who, even as observed from the rear, were visibly absorbed in the charming figure-piece submitted to them. I was freshly struck with the fact that this meagre and defective little person, with the cock of her hat and the flutter of her crape, with her eternal idleness, her eternal happiness, her absence of moods and mysteries, and the pretty presentation of her feet, which, especially now, in the supported slope of her posture, occupied with their imperceptibility so much of the foreground, — I was reminded anew, I say, how our young lady dazzled by some art that the enumeration of her merits did n't explain and that the mention of her lapses did n't affect. Where she

was amiss nothing counted, and where she was right everything did. I say she was wanting in mystery, but that, after all, was her secret. This happened to be my first chance of introducing her to my mother, who had not much left in life but the quiet look, from under the hood of her chair, at the things which, after she should have quitted those she loved, she could still trust to make the world good for them. I wondered an instant how much she might be moved to trust Flora Saunt, and then, while the chair drew up and she waited, I went over and asked the girl to come and speak to her. In this way I saw that if one of Flora's attendants was the inevitable young Hammond-Synge, the master of ceremonies of her little court, always offering the use of a telescope and accepting that of a cigar, the other was a personage I had not yet encountered, a small pale youth in showy knickerbockers, the ends of whose little mustache were glued up into such points that they fairly drew up the corners of his eyes. I remember taking him at first for a foreigner and for something of a pretender: I scarcely know why, unless because of the motive I felt in the stare he fixed on me when I asked Miss Saunt to come away. He struck me a little as a young man practicing impertinence, but it did n't matter, for Flora came away with alacrity, bringing all her prettiness and pleasure, and gliding over the grass in that rustle of delicate mourning which made the endless variety of her garments, as a painter could take heed, strike one always as the same obscure elegance. She seated herself on the floor of my mother's chair, a little too much on her right instep, as I afterwards gathered, caressing her stiff hand, smiling up into her cold face, commending and approving her without a reserve and without a doubt. She told her immediately, as if it were something to hold on by, that she was soon to sit to me for her "likeness," and her words

gave me a chance to ask her if it would be her idea to present the picture, should I finish it, to the young man in the knickerbockers. Her lips, at this, parted in a stare; her eyes darkened to the purple of one of the shadow-patches on the sea. She showed the face, for the passing instant, of some splendid tragic mask, and I remembered, for the inconsequence of it, what Mrs. Meldrum had said about her sight. I had derived from this lady a worrying impulse to catechise her, but that did n't seem exactly kind; so I substituted another question, inquired who the pretty young man in knickerbockers might happen to be.

"Oh, a gentleman I met at Boulogne. He has come over to see me." After a moment she added, "He's Lord Ifield."

I had never heard of Lord Ifield, but her mention of his having been at Boulogne helped me to give him a niche. Mrs. Meldrum had incidentally thrown a certain light on the manners of Mrs. Floyd-Taylor, Flora's recent hostess in that charming town, a lady who, it appeared, had a special vocation for directing the leisure of rich young men. She had always one or other in hand, and she had perhaps magnanimously diverted some of his lordship's spare hours to the use of the rare creature on the opposite coast. I had a vague idea that Boulogne was not a resort of the aristocracy; at the same time there might very well have been, even for one of the darlings of fortune, a strong attraction there. I could perfectly understand, in any case, that such a darling should be drawn to Folkestone by Flora Saunt. But it was not, in truth, of these things I was thinking; what was uppermost in my mind was a matter which, though it had no sort of congruity, insisted just then on coming out.

"Is it true, Miss Saunt," I suddenly demanded, "that you're so unfortunate as to have had some warning about your eyes?"

I was startled by the effect of my words; the girl threw back her head, changing color from brow to chin. "True? Who in the world says so?" I repented, in a flash, of my question; the way she took it made it seem cruel, and I saw that my mother looked at me in some surprise. I took care, in answer to Flora's challenge, not to incriminate Mrs. Meldrum. I answered that the rumor had reached me only in the vaguest form, and that if I had been moved to put it to the test my very real interest in her must be held responsible. Her blush died away, but a pair of still prettier tears glistened in its track. "If you ever hear such a thing said again, you can say it's a horrid lie!" I had brought on a commotion deeper than any I was prepared for; but it was explained in some degree by the next words she uttered: "I'm happy to say there's nothing the matter with any part of my body; not the least little thing!" She spoke with her habitual complacency, with triumphant assurance; she smiled again, and I could see that she was already sorry she had shown herself too disconcerted. She turned it off with a laugh. "I've good eyes, good teeth, a good digestion, and a good temper. I'm sound of wind and limb!" Nothing could have been more characteristic than her blush and her tears, nothing less acceptable to her than to be thought not perfect in every particular. She could n't submit to the imputation of a flaw. I expressed my delight in what she told me, and assured her I should always do battle for her; and as if to rejoin her companions she got up from her place on my mother's toes. The young men presented their backs to us; they were leaning on the rail of the cliff. Our incident had produced a certain awkwardness, and, while I was thinking of what next to say, she exclaimed irrelevantly, "Don't you know? He'll be Lord Considine." At that moment the youth marked for this high destiny

turned round, and she went on, to my mother: "I'll introduce him to you, — he's charming." She signed to him, with her parasol, to approach; the movement struck me as taking everything for granted. I had heard of Lord Considine, and if I had not been able to place Lord Iffield it was because I did not know the name of his eldest son. The young man made no response to Miss Saunt's appeal; he only stared a moment, and then, on her repeating it, quietly turned his back. She was an odd creature: she did not blush at this; she only said to my mother apologetically, but with the frankest, sweetest amusement, "You don't mind, do you? He's a monster of shyness!" It was as if she were sorry for every one, — for Lord Iffield, the victim of a complaint so painful, and for my mother, the object of a trifling incivility. "I'm sure I don't want him!" said my mother; but Flora added some remark about the rebuke she would give him for slighting us. She would never explain anything by any failure of her own power. There rolled over me, while she took leave of us and floated back to her friends, a wave of tenderness, superstitious and silly. I seemed somehow to see her go forth to her fate; and yet what should fill out this orb of a high destiny if not such beauty and such joy? I had a dim idea that Lord Considine was a great proprietor, and though there mingled with it a faint impression that I should not like his son, the result of the two images was a whimsical prayer that the girl might not miss her possible fortune.

IV.

One day in the course of the following June there was ushered into my studio a gentleman whom I had not yet seen, but with whom I had been, very briefly, in correspondence. A letter from him, some days before, had expressed to me

his regret on learning that my "splendid portrait" of Miss Flora Louisa Saunt, whose full name, by her own wish, figured in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Academy, had found a purchaser before the close of the private view. He took the liberty of inquiring whether I might have at his disposal some other memorial of the same lovely head, some preliminary sketch, some study for the picture. I had replied that I had indeed painted Miss Saunt more than once, and that, if he were interested in my work, I should be happy to show him what I had done. Mr. Geoffrey Dawling, the person thus introduced to me, stumbled into my room with awkward movements and equivocal sounds, — a long, lean, confused, confusing young man, with a bad complexion and large, prominent teeth. He bore in its most indelible pressure the postmark, as it were, of Oxford, and as soon as he opened his mouth I perceived, in addition to a remarkable revelation of gums, that the text of the queer communication matched the registered envelope. He was full of refinements and angles and of a kind of generalized pedantry. Of his unconscious drollery his dress freely partook; it seemed, from the gold ring into which his red necktie was passed to the square toe-caps of his boots, to conform, with a high sense of modernness, to the fashion before the last. There were moments when his overdone urbanity, all suggestive stammers and interrogative quavers, made him scarcely intelligible; but I felt him to be a gentleman, and I liked the honesty of his errand and the expression of his good green eyes.

As a worshiper at the shrine of beauty, however, he needed explaining, especially when I found he had no acquaintance with my brilliant model; had merely, on the evidence of my picture, taken, as he said, a tremendous fancy to her face. I ought doubtless to have been humiliated by the simplicity of his judgment of it, a judgment for which the

treatment was lost in the subject, quite leaving out the element of art. He was like the innocent reader for whom the story is "really true" and the author a negligible quantity. He had come to me only because he wanted to purchase, and I remember being so amused at his attitude, which I had never seen equally marked in a person of education, that I asked him why, for the sort of enjoyment he desired, it would n't be more to the point to deal directly with the lady. He stared and blushed at this; I could see the idea frightened him. He was an extraordinary case, — personally so modest that I could see it had never occurred to him. He had fallen in love with a painted sign, and seemed content just to dream of what it stood for. He was the young prince in the legend or the comedy who loses his heart to the miniature of the outland princess. Until I knew him better this puzzled me much, — the link was so missing between his sensibility and his type. He was of course bewildered by my sketches, which implied in the beholder some sense of intention and quality; but for one of them, a comparative failure, he ended by conceiving a preference so arbitrary and so lively that, taking no second look at the others, he expressed the wish to possess it, and fell into the extremity of confusion over the question of the price. I simplified that problem, and he went off without having asked me a direct question about Miss Saunt, but with his acquisition under his arm. His delicacy was such that he evidently considered his rights to be limited: he had acquired none at all in regard to the original of the picture. There were others — for I was curious about him — that I wanted him to feel I conceded: I should have been glad of his carrying away a sense of ground left for coming back. To insure this I had probably only to invite him, and I perfectly recall the impulse that made me forbear. It operated suddenly, from within, while he hung about

the door, and in spite of the diffident appeal that blinked in his ugly smile. If he was smitten with Flora's ghost, what might n't be the direct force of the luminary that could cast such a shadow? This source of radiance, flooding my poor place, might very well happen to be present the next time he should turn up. The idea was sharp within me that there were complications it was no mission of mine to bring about. If they were to occur, they might occur by a logic of their own.

Let me say at once that they did occur, and that I perhaps, after all, had something to do with it. If Mr. Dawling had departed without a fresh appointment, he was to reappear six months later under protection no less adequate than that of our young lady herself. I had seen her repeatedly for months: she had grown to regard my studio as the very shrine of her loveliness. This attribute was frankly there the object of interest; in other places there were occasionally other objects. The freedom of her manners continued to be stupefying: there was nothing so extraordinary save the absence, in connection with it, of any catastrophe. She was kept innocent by her egotism, but she was helped also, though she had now put off her mourning, by the attitude of the lone orphan who had to be a law unto herself. It was as a lone orphan that she came and went, as a lone orphan that she was the centre of a crush. The neglect of the Hammond-Synges gave relief to this character, and she paid them handsomely to be shocking. Lord Iffield had gone to India to shoot tigers, but he returned in time for the private view: it was he who had snapped up, as Flora called it, the thing at the Academy. My hope for the girl's future had slipped ignominiously off his back, but after his purchase of the portrait I tried to cultivate a new faith. The girl's own faith was wonderful; it could n't, however, be contagious, with so visible a

weakness in her sense of what painters call values. Her colors were laid on like blankets on a cold night. How indeed could a person speak the truth who was always posturing and bragging? She was after all vulgar enough, and by the time I had mastered her profile and could almost do it, in a single line, with my eyes shut, I was decidedly tired of her. There grew to be something silly in the smoothness of that silhouette. One moved with her, moreover, among phenomena mismated and unrelated; nothing in her talk ever matched with anything out of it. Lord Ifield was dying of love for her, but his family was leading him a life. His mother, horrid woman, had told some one that she would rather he should be swallowed by a tiger than marry a girl not absolutely one of themselves. He had given his young friend unmistakable signs, but he was lying low, gaining time: it was in his father's power to be, both in personal and in pecuniary ways, excessively nasty to him. His father would n't last forever, — quite the contrary; and he knew how perfectly, in spite of her youth, her beauty, and the swarm of her admirers, some of them positively threatening in their passion, he could trust her to hold out. There were richer, cleverer men, there were greater personages, too, but she liked her "little viscount" just as he was, and liked to think that, bullied and persecuted, he had her there so luxuriously to rest upon. She came back to me with tale upon tale, and it all might be or might n't; I never met my pretty model in the world, — she moved, it appeared, in exalted circles, — and could only admire, in her wealth of illustration, the grandeur of her life and the freedom of her hand.

I had on the first opportunity spoken to her of Geoffrey Dawling, and she had listened to my story so far as she had the art of such patience, asking me indeed more questions about him than I could answer; then she had capped my

anecdote with others much more striking, revelations of effects produced in the most extraordinary quarters: on people who had followed her into railway carriages; guards and porters even who had literally stuck there; others who had spoken to her in shops and hung about her house-door; cabmen, upon her honor, in London, who, to gaze their fill at her, had found excuses to thrust their petrification through the very glasses of four-wheelers. She lost herself in these reminiscences, the moral of which was that poor Mr. Dawling was only one of a million. When, therefore, the next autumn, she flourished into my studio with her odd companion at her heels, her first care was to make clear to me that if he was now in servitude it was n't because she had run after him. Dawling hilariously explained that when one wished very much to get anything one usually ended by doing so, — a proposition which led me wholly to dissent, and our young lady to asseverate that she had not in the least wished to get Mr. Dawling. She might not have wished to get him, but she wished to show him, and I seemed to read that if she could treat him as a trophy her affairs were rather at the ebb. True there always hung from her belt a promiscuous fringe of scalps. Much, at any rate, would have come and gone since our separation in July. She had spent four months abroad, where, on Swiss and Italian lakes, in German cities, in Paris, many accidents might have happened.

V.

I had been again with my mother, but, except Mrs. Meldrum and the gleam of France, had not found at Folkestone my old objects of interest. Mrs. Meldrum, much edified by my report of the performances, as she called them, in my studio, had told me that, to her knowledge, Flora would soon be on the straw:

she had cut from her capital such fine fat slices that there was almost nothing more left to swallow. Perched on her breezy cliff, the good lady dazzled me, as usual, by her universal light: she knew so much more about everything and every one than I could ever squeeze out of my color-tubes. She knew that Flora was acting on system, and absolutely declined to be interfered with; her precious reasoning was that her money would last as long as she should need it, that a magnificent marriage would crown her charms before she should be really pinched. She had a sum put by for a liberal outfit; meanwhile, the proper use of the rest was to decorate her for the approaches to the altar, keep her afloat in the society in which she would most naturally meet her match. Lord Iffield had been seen with her at Lucerne, at Cadenabbia; but it was Mrs. Meldrum's conviction that nothing was to be expected of him but the most futile flirtation. The girl had a certain hold of him, but, with a great deal of swagger, he had n't the spirit of a sheep: he was in fear of his father, and would never commit himself in Lord Considine's lifetime. The most Flora might achieve would be that he would n't marry any one else. Geoffrey Dawling, to Mrs. Meldrum's knowledge (I had told her of the young man's visit), had attached himself, on the way back from Italy, to the Hammond-Synge party; and my informant was in a position to be definite about this dangler. She knew about his people; she had heard of him before. Had n't he been, at Oxford, a friend of one of her nephews? Had n't he spent the Christmas holidays, precisely three years before, at her brother-in-law's in Yorkshire, taking that occasion to get himself refused with derision by willful Betty, the second daughter of the house? Her sister, who liked the floundering youth, had written to her to complain of Betty, and that the young man should now turn up as an

appendage of Flora's was one of those often-cited proofs that the world is small and that there are not enough people to go round. His father had been something or other in the Treasury; his grandfather, on the mother's side, had been something or other in the Church. He had come into the paternal estate, two or three thousand a year, in Hampshire; but he had let the place advantageously, and was generous to four ugly sisters who lived at Bournemouth and adored him. The family was hideous all round, but the salt of the earth. He was supposed to be unspeakably clever; he was fond of London, fond of books, of intellectual society, and of the idea of a political career. That such a man should be at the same time fond of Flora Saunt attested, as the phrase in the first volume of Gibbon has it, the variety of his inclinations. I was soon to learn that he was fonder of her than of all the other things together. Betty, one of five, and with views above her station, was at any rate felt, at home, to have dished herself by her folly. Of course no one had looked at her since, and no one would ever look at her again. It would be eminently desirable that Flora should learn the lesson of Betty's fate.

I was not struck, I confess, with all this in my mind, by any symptoms on our young lady's part of that sort of meditation. The only moral she saw in anything was that of her incomparable countenance, which Mr. Dawling, smitten, even like the railway porters and the cabmen, by the doom-dealing gods, had followed from London to Venice, and from Venice back to London again. I afterwards learned that her version of this episode was profusely inexact: his personal acquaintance with her had been determined by an accident remarkable enough, I admit, in connection with what had gone before, — a coincidence at all events superficially striking. At Munich, returning from a tour in the Tyrol with two of his sisters, he had

found himself, at the *table d'hôte* of his inn, opposite to the living type of that face of which the mere clumsy copy had made him dream and desire. He had been tossed by it to a height so vertiginous as to involve a retreat from the table; but the next day he had dropped with a resounding thud at the very feet of his apparition. On the following, with an equal incoherence, a sacrifice even of his bewildered sisters, whom he left behind, he made an heroic effort to escape by flight from a fate of which he already felt the cold breath. That fate, in London, very little later, drove him straight before it, — drove him, one Sunday afternoon, in the rain, to the door of the Hammond-Synges. He marched, in other words, close up to the cannon that was to blow him to pieces. But three weeks, when he reappeared to me, had elapsed since then, yet (to vary my metaphor) the burden he was to carry for the rest of his days was firmly lashed to his back. I don't mean by this that Flora had been persuaded to contract her scope; I mean that he had been treated to the unconditional snub which, as the event was to show, could n't have been bettered as a means of securing him. She had n't calculated, but she had said "Never!" and that word had made a bed big enough for his long-legged patience. He became, from this moment, to my mind, the interesting figure in the piece.

Now that he had acted without my aid I was free to show him this, and having, on his own side, something to show me, he repeatedly knocked at my door. What he brought with him on these occasions was a simplicity so huge that, as I turn my ear to the past, I seem even now to hear it bumping up and down my stairs. That was really what I saw of him, in the light of his behavior. He had fallen in love as he might have broken his leg, and the fracture was of a sort that would make him permanently lame. It was the whole man

who limped and lurched, with nothing of him left in the same position as before. The tremendous cleverness, the literary society, the political ambition, the Bournemouth sisters, all seemed to flop with his every movement a little nearer to the floor. I had n't had an Oxford training, and I had never encountered the great man at whose feet poor Dawling had most preëminently sat and who had addressed to him his most destructive sniffs; but I remember asking myself if such privileges had been an indispensable preparation to the career on which my friend appeared now to have embarked. I remember, too, making up my mind about the cleverness, which had its uses, and I suppose, in impenetrable shades, even its critics, but from which the friction of mere personal intercourse was not the sort of process to extract a revealing spark. He accepted without a question both his fever and his chill, and the only thing he showed any subtlety about was this convenience of my friendship. He told me, doubtless, his simple story, but the matter comes back to me in a kind of sense of *my* being rather the mouth-piece, of my having had to thresh it out for him. He took it from me without a groan, and I gave it to him, as we used to say, pretty hot; he took it again and again, spending his odd half-hours with me as if for the very purpose of learning how idiotically he was in love. He told me I made him see things; to begin, I had first made him see Flora Saunt herself. I wanted him to give her up, and luminously informed him why, and he never protested nor contradicted, — never was even so alembicated as to declare, just for the sake of the drama, that he would n't. He simply and undramatically did n't, and when, at the end of three months, I asked him what was the use of talking with such a fellow, his nearest approach to a justification was to say that what made him want to help her was just the deficiencies

to which I called his attention. I could only reply, "Oh, if you're as sorry for her as that!" without pointing the moral. I was after all very nearly as sorry for her as that myself; but it only led me to be sorrier still for other victims of this compassion. With him, as with me, the compassion was at first in excess of any visible motive; so that when eventually the motive was supplied, each could to a certain extent compliment the other on the fineness of his foresight.

After Dawling had begun to haunt my studio, Miss Saunt quite gave it up. I learned later on that she accused me of conspiring with him to put pressure on her to marry him. She did n't know I would take it that way, else she would n't have brought him to see me. It was a part of the conspiracy, in her view, that, to show him a kindness, I asked him at last to sit to me. I dare say, moreover, she was disgusted to hear that I had ended by attempting almost as many sketches of his beauty as I had attempted of hers. What then was the value of tributes to beauty by a hand that luxuriated in ugliness? My relation to poor Dawling's want of modeling was simple enough. I was really digging in that sandy desert for the buried treasure of his soul.

VI.

It befell at this period, just before Christmas, that, on my having gone, under pressure of the season, into a great shop to buy a toy or two, my eye, fleeing from superfluity, lighted, at a distance, on the bright concretion of Flora Saunt, an exhibitability that held its own even against the most plausible pinkness of the most developed dolls. A huge quarter of the place, the biggest bazaar "on earth," was peopled with these and other effigies and fantasies, as well as with purchasers and venders, haggard alike, in the blaze of the gas, with hesitations. I was

just about to appeal to Flora to avert that stage of my errand, when I saw that she was accompanied by a gentleman whose identity, though more than a year had elapsed, came back to me from the Folkestone cliff. It had been associated in that place with showy knickerbockers; at present it overflowed more splendidly into a fur-trimmed overcoat. Lord Iffield's presence made me waver an instant before crossing over; and during that instant, Flora, blank and undistinguishing, as if she too were, after all, weary of alternatives, looked straight across at me. I was on the point of raising my hat to her when I observed that her face gave no sign. I was exactly in the line of her vision, but she either did n't see me or did n't recognize me, or else had a reason to pretend she did n't. Was her reason that I had displeased her and that she wished to punish me? I had always thought it one of her merits that she was n't a punishing person. She simply, at any rate, looked away; and at this moment one of the shop-girls, who had apparently gone off in search of it, bustled up to her with a small mechanical toy. It so happened that I followed closely what then took place, afterwards recognizing that I had been led to do so, led even through the crowd to press nearer for the purpose, by an impression of which, in the act, I was not fully conscious.

Flora, with the toy in her hand, looked round at her companion; then, seeing his attention had been solicited in another quarter, she moved away with the shop-girl, who had evidently offered to conduct her into the presence of more objects of the same sort. When she reached the indicated spot, I was in a position still to observe her. She had asked some question about the working of the toy, and the girl, taking it herself, began to explain the little secret. Flora bent her head over it, but she clearly did n't understand. I saw her, in a manner that quickened my curiosity, give a

glance back at the place from which she had come. Lord Iffield was talking with another shop-girl. She satisfied herself of this by the aid of a question addressed to the young person waiting on her. She then drew closer to the table near which she stood, and, turning her back to me, bent her head lower over the collection of toys, and more particularly over the small object the attendant had attempted to explain. She took it back from the girl, and, after a moment, with her face well averted, made an odd motion of her arms and a significant little duck of her head. These slight signs, singular as it may appear, produced in my bosom an agitation so great that I failed to notice Lord Iffield's whereabouts. He had rejoined her; he was close upon her before I knew it or before she knew it herself. I felt at that instant the strangest of all impulses; if it could have operated more rapidly, it would have caused me to dash between them in some such manner as to give Flora a warning. In fact, as it was, I think I could have done this in time, had I not been checked by a curiosity stronger still than my impulse. There were three seconds during which I saw the young man and yet let him come on. Had n't I a quick sense that if he did n't catch what Flora had done, I too might perhaps not catch it? She, at any rate, herself took the alarm. On perceiving her companion's nearness, she made, still averted, another duck of her head and a shuffle of her hands so precipitate that a little tin steamboat she had been holding escaped from them and rattled down to the floor with a sharpness that I hear at this hour. Lord Iffield had already seized her arm; with a violent jerk he brought her round toward him. Then it was that there met my eyes a quite distressing sight: this exquisite creature, blushing, glaring, exposed, with a pair of big black-rimmed eye-glasses, disfiguring her by their position, crookedly astride of her beautiful nose. She made a grab

at them with her free hand, and I turned confusedly away.

VII.

I don't remember how soon it was I spoke to Geoffrey Dawling; his sittings were irregular, but it was certainly the very next time he gave me one.

"Has any rumor ever reached you of Miss Saunt's having anything the matter with her eyes?" He stared with a candor that was a sufficient answer to my question, backing it up with a shocked and mystified "Never!" Then I asked him if he had observed in her any symptom, however disguised, of sight seriously defective; on which, after a moment's thought, he exclaimed, "Disguised?" as if my use of that word had vaguely awakened a train. "She's not a bit near-sighted," he said; "she does n't blink or contract her lids." I fully recognized this, and I mentioned that she altogether denied the impeachment; owing it to him, moreover, to explain the ground of my inquiry, I gave him a sketch of the incident that had taken place before me at the shop. He knew all about Lord Iffield. That nobleman had figured freely in our conversation as his preferred, his injurious rival. Poor Dawling's contention was that, if there had been a definite engagement between his lordship and the young lady, the sort of thing that was announced in *The Morning Post*, renunciation and retirement would be comparatively easy to him; but that, having waited in vain for any such assurance, he was entitled to act as if the door were not really closed, or were, at any rate, not cruelly locked. He was naturally much struck with my anecdote, and still more with my interpretation of it.

"There *is* something, there *is* something, — possibly something very grave, certainly something that requires she should make use of aids to vision. She

won't admit it publicly, because, with her idolatry of her beauty, the feeling she is all made up of, she sees in such aids nothing but the humiliation and the disfigurement. She has used them in secret, but that is evidently not enough, for the affection she suffers from, apparently some definite ailment, has lately grown much worse. She looked straight at me in the shop, which was violently lighted, without seeing it was I. At the same distance, at Folkestone, where, as you know, I first met her, where I heard this mystery hinted at, and where she indignantly denied the thing, she appeared easily enough to recognize people. Now she could n't really make out anything the shop-girl showed her. She has successfully concealed from the man I saw her with that she resorts, in private, to a *pince-nez*, and that she does so not only under the strictest orders from an oculist, but because literally the poor thing can't accomplish without such help half the business of life. Iffield, however, has suspected something, and his suspicions, whether expressed or kept to himself, have put him on the watch. I happened to have a glimpse of the movement at which he pounced on her and caught her in the act."

I had thought it all out; my idea explained many things; and Dawling turned pale as he listened to me.

"Was he rough with her?" he anxiously asked.

"How can I tell what passed between them? I fled from the place."

My companion stared at me in silence a moment. "Do you mean to say her eyesight's going?"

"Heaven forbid! In that case, how could she take life as she does?"

"How *does* she take life? That's the question!" Dawling sat there bewilderedly brooding; the tears had come into his eyes; they reminded me of those I had seen in Flora's the day I risked my inquiry. The question he had asked was one that, to my own sat-

isfaction, I was ready to answer, but I hesitated to let him hear as yet all that my reflections had suggested. I was, indeed, privately astonished at their ingenuity. For the present I only rejoined that it struck me she was playing a particular game; at which he went on as if he had n't heard me, suddenly haunted with a fear, lost in the dark possibility I had opened up: "Do you mean there's a danger of anything very bad?"

"My dear fellow, you must ask her oculist."

"Who in the world is her oculist?"

"I have n't a conception. But we must n't get too excited. My impression would be that she has only to observe a few ordinary rules, to exercise a little common sense."

Dawling jumped at this. "I see, — to stick to the pince-nez."

"To follow to the letter her oculist's prescription, whatever it is and at whatever cost to her prettiness. It's not a thing to be trifled with."

"Upon my honor, it *shan't* be trifled with!" he roundly declared; and he adjusted himself to his position again as if we had quite settled the business. After a considerable interval, while I botched away, he suddenly said, "Did they make a great difference?"

"A great difference?"

"Those things she had put on."

"Oh, the glasses, — in her beauty? She looked queer, of course, but it was partly because one was unaccustomed. There are women who look charming in nippers. What, at any rate, if she does look queer? She must be mad not to accept that alternative."

"She is mad," said Geoffrey Dawling.

"Mad to refuse you, I grant. Besides," I went on, "the pince-nez, which was a large and peculiar one, was all awry; she had half pulled it off, but it continued to stick, and she was crimson; she was angry."

"It must have been horrible!" my companion murmured.

"It *was* horrible. But it's still more horrible to defy all warnings; it's still more horrible to be landed in" — Without completing my phrase I disgustedly shrugged my shoulders.

After a glance at me, Dawling jerked round. "Then you do believe that she may be?"

I hesitated. "The thing would be to make *her* believe it. She only needs a good scare."

"But if that fellow is shocked at the precautions she does take?"

"Oh, who knows?" I rejoined, with small sincerity. "I don't suppose Iffield is absolutely a brute."

"I would take her with leather blinders, like a shying mare!" cried Geoffrey Dawling.

I had an impression that Iffield would n't, but I did n't communicate it, for I wanted to pacify my companion, whom I had discomposed too much for the purposes of my sitting. I recollect that I did some good work that morning, but it also comes back to me that, before we separated, Dawling had practically revealed to me that my anecdote, connecting itself in his mind with a series of observations at the time unconscious and unregistered, had covered with light the subject of our colloquy. He had had a formless perception of some secret that drove Miss Saunt to subterfuges, and the more he thought of it, the more he guessed this secret to be the practice of making believe she saw when she did n't, and of cleverly keeping people from finding out how little she saw. When one patched together things, it was astonishing what ground they covered. Just as he was going away, he asked me from what source, at Folkestone, the report I had mentioned to him had proceeded. When I had given him, as I saw no reason not to do, the name of Mrs. Meldrum, he exclaimed, "Oh, I know all about her; she's a friend of some friends of mine!" At this I remembered willful Betty, and said to myself

that I knew some one who would probably prove more willful still.

VIII.

A few days later I again heard Dawling on my stairs, and even before he passed my threshold I knew he had something to tell me.

"I've been down to Folkestone; it was necessary I should see her!" I forget whether he had come straight from the station; he was, at any rate, out of breath with his news, which it took me, however, a minute to interpret.

"You mean that you've been with Mrs. Meldrum?"

"Yes; to ask her what she knows and how she comes to know it. It worked upon me awfully, — I mean what you told me." He made a visible effort to seem quieter than he was, and it showed me sufficiently that he had not been reassured. I laid, to comfort him, and smiling at a venture, a friendly hand on his arm, and he dropped into my eyes, fixing them an instant, a strange, distended look which might have expressed the cold clearness of all that was to come. "I *know* — now!" he said, with an emphasis he rarely used.

"What then did Mrs. Meldrum tell you?"

"Only one thing that signified, for she has no real knowledge. But that one thing was everything."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, that she can't bear the sight of her." His pronouns required some arranging, but after I had successfully dealt with them I replied that I knew perfectly Miss Saunt had a trick of turning her back on the good lady of Folkestone. But what did that prove? "Have you never guessed? I guessed as soon as she spoke!" Dawling towered over me in dismal triumph. It was the first time in our acquaintance that, intellectually speaking, this had occurred; but

even so remarkable an incident still left me sufficiently at sea to cause him to continue: "Why, the effect of those spectacles!"

I seemed to catch the tail of his idea. "Mrs. Meldrum's?"

"They're so awfully ugly, and they increase so the dear woman's ugliness." This remark began to flash a light, and when he quickly added, "She sees herself, she sees her own fate!" my response was so immediate that I had almost taken the words out of his mouth. While I tried to fix this sudden image of Flora's face glazed in and cross-barred even as Mrs. Meldrum's was glazed and barred, he went on to assert that only the horror of that image, looming out at herself, could be the reason of her avoiding such a monitress. The fact he had encountered made everything hideously vivid, and more vivid than anything else that just such another pair of goggles was what would have been prescribed to Flora.

"I see — I see," I presently rejoined. "What would become of Lord Iffield if she were suddenly to come out in them? What indeed would become of every one, what would become of everything?" This was an inquiry that Dawling was evidently unprepared to meet, and I completed it by saying at last, "My dear fellow, for that matter, what would become of *you*?"

Once more he turned on me his good green eyes. "Oh, I should n't mind."

The tone of these words somehow made his ugly face beautiful, and I felt that there dated from that moment in my heart a confirmed affection for him. None the less, at the same time, perversely and rudely, I became aware of a certain drollery in our discussion of such alternatives. It made me laugh out, and made me say to him while I laughed, "You'd take her even with those things of Mrs. Meldrum's?"

He remained mournfully grave; I could see that he was surprised at my

rude mirth. But he summoned back a vision of the lady at Folkestone, and he conscientiously replied, "Even with those things of Mrs. Meldrum's." I begged him not to think my laughter in bad taste; it was only a practical recognition of the fact that we had built a monstrous castle in the air. Did n't he see on what flimsy ground the structure rested? The evidence was preposterously small. He believed the worst, but we were utterly ignorant.

"I shall find out the truth," he promptly replied.

"How can you? If you question her, you will simply drive her to perjure herself; and wherein, after all, does it concern you to know the truth? It's the girl's own affair."

"Then why did you tell me your story?"

I was a trifle embarrassed. "To warn you off," I returned, smiling. He took no more notice of these words than presently to remark that Lord Iffield had no serious intentions. "Very possibly," I said. "But you must n't speak as if Lord Iffield and you were her only alternatives."

Dawling thought a moment. "Would n't the people she has consulted give some information? She must have been to people; how else can she have been condemned?"

"Condemned to what? Condemned to perpetual nippers? Of course she has consulted some of the big specialists, but she has done it, you may be sure, in the most clandestine manner; and even if it were supposable that they would tell you anything, — which I altogether doubt, — you would have great difficulty in finding out which men they are. Therefore leave it alone; never show her what you suspect."

I even, before he quitted me, asked him to promise me this, and he said, gloomily enough, "All right, I promise." He was a lover who could tacitly grant the proposition that there was no

limit to the deceit his loved one was ready to practice; it made so remarkably little difference. I could see that from this moment he would be filled with a passionate pity, ever so little qualified by a sense of the girl's fatuity and folly. She was always accessible to him, — that I knew; for if she had told him he was an idiot to dream she could dream of him, she would have resented the imputation of having failed to make it clear that she would always be glad to regard him as a friend. What were most of her friends — what were all of them — but repudiated idiots? I was perfectly aware that, in her conversations and confidences, I myself, for instance, figured in the liberal list. As regards poor Dawling, I knew how often he still called on the Hammond-Synges. It was not there, but under the wing of the Floyd-Taylors, that her intimacy with Lord Iffield most flourished. At all events, when, one morning, a week after the visit I have just summarized, Flora's name was brought up to me, I jumped at the conclusion that Dawling had been with her, and even, I fear, briefly entertained the thought that he had broken his word.

IX.

She left me, after she had been introduced, in no suspense about her present motive; she was, on the contrary, in a visible fever to enlighten me; but I promptly learned that for the alarm with which she pitifully quivered our young man was not accountable. She had but one thought in the world, and that thought was for Lord Iffield. I had the strangest, saddest scene with her, and if it did me no other good, it at least made me at last completely understand why, insidiously, from the first, she had struck me as a creature of tragedy. In showing me the whole of her folly it showed me her misery. I don't know how much she meant to tell me when she came, —

I think she had had plans of elaborate misrepresentation; at any rate, she found it, at the end of ten minutes, the simplest way to break down and sob, to be wretched and true. When she had once begun to let herself go, the movement took her off her feet; the relief of it was like the cessation of a cramp. She shared, in a word, her long secret; she shifted her sharp pain. She brought, I confess, tears to my own eyes, tears of helpless tenderness for her helpless poverty. Her visit, however, was not quite so memorable in itself as in some of its consequences, the most immediate of which was that I went, that afternoon, to see Geoffrey Dawling, who had in those days rooms in Welbeck Street, where I presented myself at an hour late enough to warrant the supposition that he might have come in. He had not come in, but he was expected, and I was invited to enter and wait for him: a lady, I was informed, was already in his sitting-room. I hesitated, a little at a loss: it had wildly coursed through my brain that the lady was perhaps Flora Saunt. But when I asked if she were young and remarkably pretty, I received so significant a "No, sir!" that I risked an advance, and, after a minute, in this manner, found myself, to my astonishment, face to face with Mrs. Meldrum.

"Oh, you dear thing," she exclaimed, "I'm delighted to see you: you spare me another compromising *démarche*! But for this I should have called on you also. Know the worst at once: if you see me here, it's at least deliberate, — it's planned, plotted, shameless. I came up on purpose to see him, and upon my word, because I'm in love with him. Why, if you valued my peace of mind, did you let him, the other day at Folkestone, dawn upon my delighted eyes? I took there, in half an hour, the most extraordinary fancy to him: with a perfect sense of everything that can be urged against him, I find him, none the less, the very pearl of men. However,

I have n't come up to declare my passion: I've come to bring him news that will interest him much more. Above all, I've come to urge upon him to be careful."

"About Flora Saunt?"

"About what he says and does: he must be as still as a mouse! She's at last really engaged."

"But it's a tremendous secret!" I was moved to merriment.

"Precisely: she telegraphed me this noon, and spent another shilling to tell me that not a creature in the world is yet to know it."

"She had better have spent it to tell you that she had just passed an hour with the creature you see before you."

"She has just passed an hour with every one in the place!" Mrs. Meldrum cried. "They've vital reasons, she wired, for its not coming out for a month. Then it will be formally announced, but meanwhile her happiness is delirious. I dare say Mr. Dawling already knows, and he may, as it's nearly seven o'clock, have jumped off London Bridge; but an effect of the talk I had with him the other day was to make me, on receipt of my telegram, feel it to be my duty to warn him, in person, against taking action, as it were, on the horrid certitude which I could see he carried away with him. I had added somehow to that certitude. He told me what you had told him you had seen in that shop."

Mrs. Meldrum, I perceived, had come to Welbeck Street on an errand identical with my own, — a circumstance indicating her rare sagacity, inasmuch as her ground for undertaking it was a very different thing from what Flora's wonderful visit had made of mine. I remarked to her that what I had seen in the shop was sufficiently striking, but that I had seen a great deal more that morning in my studio. "In short," I said, "I've seen everything."

She was mystified. "Everything?"

"The poor creature is under the dark-

est of clouds. Oh, she came to triumph, but she remained to talk something approaching to sense! She put herself completely in my hands, — she does me the honor to intimate that of all her friends I'm the most disinterested. After she had announced to me that Lord Iffield was bound hands and feet, and that for the present I was absolutely the only person in the secret, she arrived at her real business. She had had a suspicion of me ever since the day, at Folkestone, I asked her for the truth about her eyes. The truth is what you and I both guessed, — she has no end of a row hanging over her."

"But from what cause? I, who by God's mercy have kept mine, know everything that can be known about eyes!" said Mrs. Meldrum.

"She might have kept hers if she had profited by God's mercy; if she had done in time, done years ago, what was imperatively ordered her; if she had n't, in fine, been cursed with the loveliness that was to make her behavior a thing of fable. She may keep them still, if she'll sacrifice — and after all, so little — that purely superficial charm. She must do as you've done; she must wear, dear lady, what you wear!"

What my companion wore glittered for the moment like a melon-frame in August. "Heaven forgive her! now I understand!" she exclaimed, turning pale.

But I was n't afraid of the effect on her good nature of her thus seeing, through her great goggles, why it had always been that Flora held her at such a distance. "I can't tell you," I said, "from what special affection, what state of the eye, her danger proceeds: that's the one thing she succeeded, this morning, in keeping from me. She knows, herself, perfectly, — she has had the best advice in Europe. 'It's a thing that's awful, — simply awful,' was the only account she would give me. Year before last, while she was at Boulogne, she

went for three days, with Mrs. Floyd-Taylor, to Paris. She there surreptitiously consulted the greatest man, — even Mrs. Floyd-Taylor does n't know. Last autumn, in Germany, she did the same. 'First put on peculiar spectacles, with a straight bar in the middle: then we'll talk,' — that's practically what they say. What *she* says is that she'll put on anything in nature when she's married, but that she must get married first. She has always meant to do everything as soon as she's married. Then, and then only, she'll be safe. How will any one ever look at her if she makes herself a fright? How could she ever have got engaged if she had made herself a fright from the first? It's no use to insist that, with her beauty, she can never *be* a fright. She said to me this morning, poor girl, the most characteristic, the most harrowing things. 'My face is all I have, — and *such* a face! I knew from the first I could do anything with it. But I needed it all, — I need it still, every exquisite inch of it. It is n't as if I had a figure, or anything else. Oh, if God had only given me a figure too, I don't say! Yes, with a figure, a really good one, like Fanny Floyd-Taylor's, who's hideous, I'd have risked plain glasses. But no one is perfect.' She says she still has money left, but I don't believe a word of it. She has been speculating on her impunity, on the idea that her danger would hold off; she has literally been running a race with it. Her theory has been, as you from the first so clearly saw, that she'd get in ahead. She swears to me that though the 'bar' is too cruel, she wears when she's alone what she has been ordered to wear. But when the deuce is she alone? It's herself, of course, that she has swindled worst; she has put herself off so insantly that even her vanity but half accounts for it, with little inadequate concessions, little false measures and preposterous evasions and childish hopes. Her great terror is now that

Iffield, who already has suspicions, who has found out her pince-nez, but whom she has beguiled with some unblushing hocus-pocus, should discover the dreadful facts; and the essence of what she wanted this morning was, in that interest, to square me, to get me to deny, indignantly and authoritatively (for is n't she my 'favorite sitter'?), that she has anything whatever the matter with any part of her. She sobbed, she 'went on,' she entreated; after we got talking her extraordinary nerve left her, and she showed me what she has been through, as well as all her terror of the harm I could do her. 'Wait till I'm married! wait till I'm married!' She took hold of me, she almost sank on her knees. It seems to me highly immoral, one's participation in her fraud; but there's no doubt that she *must* be married: I don't know what I don't see behind it. Therefore," I wound up, "Dawling must keep his hands off."

Mrs. Meldrum had quite hung on my lips; she exhaled a long moan, as if she had been holding her breath. "Well, that's exactly what I came here to tell him."

"Then here he is." Our unconscious host had just opened the door. Immensely startled at finding us, he turned a frightened look from one to the other, as if to guess what disaster we were there to announce or avert.

Mrs. Meldrum, on the spot, was all gaily. "I've come to return your sweet visit. Ah," she laughed, "I mean to keep up the acquaintance!"

"Do — do," he murmured mechanically and absently, continuing to look at us. Then, abruptly, he broke out, "He's going to marry her."

I was surprised. "You already know?"

He had had in his hand an evening newspaper; he tossed it down on the table. "It's in that."

"Published — already?" I was still more surprised.

"Oh, Flora can't keep a secret!" Mrs. Meldrum humorously declared. She went up to poor Dawling and laid a motherly hand upon him. "It's all right, — it's just as it ought to be: don't think about her ever any more." Then, as he met this adjuration with a dismal stare in which the thought of her was as abnormally vivid as the color of the pupil, the excellent woman put up her funny face and tenderly kissed him on the cheek.

X.

I have spoken of these reminiscences as of a row of colored beads, and I confess that, as I continue to straighten out my chaplet, I am rather proud of the comparison. The beads are all there, as I said, — they slip along the string in their small, smooth roundness. Geoffrey Dawling accepted like a gentleman the event his evening paper had ushered in; in view of which I snatched a moment to murmur him a hint to offer Mrs. Meldrum his hand. He returned me a heavy head-shake, and I judged that marriage would henceforth strike him very much as the traffic of the street may strike some poor incurable at the window of a hospital. Circumstances arising at this time promptly led to my making an absence from England, and circumstances already existing offered him a solid basis for similar action. He had, after all, the usual resource of a Briton, — he could take to his boats. He started on a journey round the globe, and I was left with my nothing but inference as to what might have happened. Later observation, however, only confirmed my belief that if, at any time during the couple of months that followed Flora Saunt's brilliant engagement, he had made up, as they say, to the good lady of Folkestone, that good lady would not have pushed him over the cliff. Strange as she was to behold, I knew of cases in which she had been

obliged to administer that shove. I went to New York to paint a couple of portraits; but I found, once on the spot, I had counted without Chicago, where I was invited to blot out this harsh discrimination by the production of no less than ten. I spent a year in America, and should probably have spent a second had I not been summoned back to England by alarming news from my mother. Her strength had failed, and as soon as I reached London I hurried down to Folkestone, arriving just at the moment to offer a welcome to some slight symptoms of a rally. She had been much worse, but she was now a little better; and though I found nothing but satisfaction in having come to her, I saw after a few hours that my London studio, where arrears of work had already met me, would be my place to await whatever might next occur. Before returning to town, however, I had every reason to sally forth in search of Mrs. Meldrum, from whom, in so many months, I had not had a line, and my view of whom, with the adjacent objects, as I had left them, had been intercepted by a luxuriant foreground.

Before I had gained her house, I met her, as I supposed, coming toward me across the down, greeting me from afar with the familiar twinkle of her great vitreous badge; and as it was late in the autumn and the esplanade was a blank, I was free to acknowledge this signal by cutting a caper on the grass. My enthusiasm dropped indeed the next moment, for it had taken me but a few seconds to perceive that the person thus provoked had by no means the figure of my martial friend. I felt a shock much greater than any I should have thought possible, as, on this person's drawing near, I identified her as poor little Flora Saunt. At what moment Flora had recognized me belonged to an order of mysteries over which, it quickly came home to me, one would never linger again; I could intensely reflect that,

once we were face to face, it chiefly mattered that I should succeed in looking still more intensely unastonished. All I saw at first was the big gold bar that crossed each of her lenses, and over which something convex and grotesque, like the eyes of a large insect, something that now represented her whole personality, seemed, as out of the orifice of a prison, to strain forward and press. The face had shrunk away; it looked smaller, appeared even to look plain; it was, at all events, so far as the effect on a spectator was concerned, wholly sacrificed to this huge apparatus of sight. There was no smile in it, and she made no motion to take my offered hand. I exclaimed, "I had no idea you were down here!" and wondered whether she did n't know me at all, or knew me only by my voice.

"You thought I was Mrs. Meldrum," she very quietly remarked.

It was the quietness itself that made me feel the necessity of an answer almost violently gay. "Oh yes," I laughed, "you have a tremendous deal in common with Mrs. Meldrum! I've just returned to England after a long absence, and I'm on my way to see her. Won't you come with me?" It struck me that her old reason for keeping clear of our friend was well disposed of now.

"I've just left her; I'm staying with her." She stood solemnly fixing me with her goggles. "Would you like to paint me *now*?" she asked, with the same gravity.

There was nothing to do but to treat the question with the same exuberance. "It would be a fascinating little artistic problem!" That something was wrong it was not difficult to perceive; but a good deal more than met the eye might be presumed to be wrong if Flora was under Mrs. Meldrum's roof. I had not, for a year, had much time to think of her, but my imagination had had sufficient warrant for lodging her in more gilded halls. One of the last things I

had heard, before leaving England, was that, in commemoration of the new relationship, she had gone to stay with Lady Considine. This had made me take everything else for granted, and the noisy American world had deafened my ears to possible contradictions. Her spectacles were at present a direct contradiction; they seemed a negation not only of new relationships, but of every old one as well. I remember, nevertheless, that when, after a moment, she walked beside me on the grass, I found myself nervously hoping she would n't as yet, at any rate, tell me anything very dreadful; so that to stave off this danger I hurried her with questions about Mrs. Meldrum, and, without waiting for replies, became profuse on the subject of my own doings. My companion was completely silent, and I felt both as if she were watching my nervousness with a sort of sinister irony and as if I were talking to some different, strange person. Flora plain and obscure and soundless was no Flora at all. At Mrs. Meldrum's door she turned off, with the observation that as there was certainly a great deal I should have to say to our friend, she had better not go in with me. I looked at her again, — I had been keeping my eyes away from her, — but only to meet her magnified stare. I greatly desired, in fact, to see Mrs. Meldrum alone, but there was something so pitiful in the girl's predicament that I hesitated to fall in with this idea of dropping her. Yet one could n't express a compassion without seeming to take too much wretchedness for granted. I reflected that I must really figure to her as a fool, which was an entertainment I had never expected to give her. It rolled over me there for the first time — it has come back to me since — that there is, strangely, in very deep misfortune, a dignity finer even than in the most inveterate habit of being all right. I could n't have the manner, to her, of treating it as a mere detail that I was face to face

with a part of what, at our last meeting, we had had such a scene about; but while I was trying to think of some manner that I *could* have, she said, quite colorlessly, yet somehow as if she might never see me again, "Good-by. I'm going to take my walk."

"All alone?"

She looked round the great bleak cliff-top. "With whom should I go? Besides, I like to be alone—for the present."

This gave me the glimmer of a vision that she regarded her disfigurement as temporary, and the confidence came to me that she would never, for her happiness, cease to be a creature of illusions. It enabled me to exclaim, smiling brightly and feeling indeed idiotic, "Oh, I shall see you again! But I hope you will have a very pleasant walk."

"All my walks are very pleasant, thank you,—they do me such a lot of good." She was as quiet as a mouse, and her words seemed to me stupendous in their wisdom. "I take several a day," she continued. She might have been a village maiden responding with humility, at the church door, to the patronage of the parson. "The more I take, the better I feel; I'm ordered by the doctors to keep all the while in the air and go in for plenty of exercise. It keeps up my general health, you know, and if that goes on improving, as it has lately done, everything will soon be all right. All that was the matter with me before—and always: it was too reckless!—was that I neglected my general health. It acts directly on the state of the particular organ. So I'm going three miles."

I grinned at her from the doorstep while Mrs. Meldrum's maid stood there to admit me. "Oh, I'm so glad," I said, looking at her as she paced away with the pretty flutter she had kept, and remembering the day when, while she rejoined Lord Iffield, I had indulged in the same observation. Her air of as-

surance was on this occasion not less than it had been on that; but I recalled that she had then struck me as marching off to her doom. Was she really now marching away from it?

XI.

As soon as I saw Mrs. Meldrum I broke out to her: "Is there anything in it? Is her general health?"—

Mrs. Meldrum interrupted me with her great amused blare: "You've already seen her and she has told you her wondrous tale? What's 'in it' is what has been in everything she has ever done,—the most comical, tragical belief in herself. She thinks she's doing a 'cure.'"

"And what does her husband think?"

"Her husband? What husband?"

"Has n't she then married Lord Iffield?"

"Vous-en-êtes là?" cried my hostess.

"He behaved like a regular beast."

"How should I know? You never wrote to me."

Mrs. Meldrum hesitated, covering me with what poor Flora called the particular organ. "No, I did n't write to you; and I abstained on purpose. If I did n't, I thought you might n't, over there, hear what had happened. If you should hear, I was afraid you would stir up Mr. Dawling."

"Stir him up?"

"Urge him to fly to the rescue; write out to him that there was another chance for him."

"I would n't have done it," I said.

"Well," Mrs. Meldrum replied, "it was not my business to give you an opportunity."

"In short, you were afraid of it."

Again she hesitated, and, though it may have been only my fancy, I thought she considerably reddened. At any rate, she laughed out; then she answered very honestly, "I was afraid of it!"

"But does n't he know? Has he given no sign?"

"Every sign in life, — he came straight back to her. He did everything to get her to listen to him; but she has not the smallest idea of it."

"Has he seen her as she is now?" I presently and just a trifle awkwardly inquired.

"Indeed he has, and borne it like a hero. He told me all about it."

"How much you've all been through!" I ventured to ejaculate. "Then what has become of him?"

"He's at home, in Hampshire. He has got back his old place, and, I believe, by this time, his old sisters. It's not half a bad little place."

"Yet its attractions say nothing to Flora?"

"Oh, Flora's by no means on her back!" my interlocutress laughed.

"She's not on her back because she's on yours! Have you got her for the rest of your life?"

Once more my hostess genially glared at me. "Did she tell you how much the Hammond-Synges have kindly left her to live on? Not quite eighty pounds a year."

"That's a good deal, but it won't pay her oculist. What was it that at last induced her to submit to him?"

"Her general collapse after that brute of an Iffield's rupture. She cried her eyes out, — she passed through a horror of black darkness. Then came a gleam of light, and the light appears to have broadened. She went into goggles as repentant Magdalens go into the Catholic Church."

"Yet you don't think she'll be saved?"

"She thinks she will, — that's all I can tell you. There's no doubt that when once she brought herself to accept her real remedy, as she calls it, she began to enjoy a relief that she had never known. That feeling, very new, and, in spite of what she pays for it, most refreshing, has given her something to hold

on by, begotten in her foolish little mind a belief that, as she says, she's on the mend, and that in the course of time, if she leads a tremendously healthy life, she'll be able to take off her mask and be seen again at parties. It keeps her going."

"And what keeps *you*? You're good until the parties begin again."

"Oh, she does n't object to me now!" smiled Mrs. Meldrum. "I'm going to take her abroad; we shall be a pretty pair." I was struck with this energy, and after a moment I inquired the reason of it. "It's to divert her mind," my friend replied, reddening again, I thought, a little. "We shall go next week: I've only waited, to start, to see how your mother would be." I expressed to her hereupon my sense of her extraordinary merit, and also that of the inconceivability of Flora's fancying herself still in a situation not to jump at the chance of marrying a man like Dawling. "She says he's too ugly; she says he's too dreary; she says, in fact, he's 'nobody,'" Mrs. Meldrum pursued; "she says, above all, that he's not 'her sort.' She does n't deny that he's good, but she insists on the fact that he's grotesque. He's quite the last person she would ever dream of." I was almost disposed, on hearing this, to protest that if the girl had so little nice feeling her noble suitor had perhaps served her right; but after a while my curiosity as to just how her noble suitor *had* served her got the better of that emotion, and I asked a question or two which led my companion again to apply to him the invidious epithet I have already quoted. What had happened was simply that Flora had, at the eleventh hour, broken down in the attempt to put him off with an uncandid account of her infirmity, and that his lordship's interest in her had not been proof against the discovery of the way she had practiced on him. Her dissimulation, he was obliged to recognize, had been infernally deep. The

future, in short, assumed a new complexion for him when looked at through the grim glasses of a bride who, as he had said to some one, could n't really, when you came to find out, see her hand before her face. He had conducted himself like any other jockeyed customer, — he had returned the animal as unsound. He had backed out in his own way, giving the business, by some sharp shuffle, such a turn as to make the rupture ostensibly Flora's, but he had none the less remorselessly and basely backed out. He had cared for her lovely face, cared for it in the amused and haunted way it had been her poor little delusive gift to make men care; and her lovely face, damn it, with the monstrous gear she had begun to rig upon it, was just what had let him in. He had done, in the judgment of his family, everything that could be expected of him; he had made — Mrs. Meldrum had herself seen the letter — a "handsome" offer of pecuniary compensation. Oh, if Flora, with her incredible buoyancy, was in a manner on her feet again now, it was not that she had not, for weeks and weeks, been prone in the dust. Strange were the humiliations, the prostrations, it was given to some natures to survive. That Flora had survived was perhaps, after all, a sort of sign that she was reserved for some mercy. "But she has been in the depths, at any rate," said Mrs. Meldrum, "and I really don't think I can tell you what pulled her through."

"I think I can tell *you*," I said. "What in the world but Mrs. Meldrum?"

When, at the end of an hour, Flora had not come in, I was obliged to announce that I should have but time to reach the station, where, in charge of my mother's servant, I was to find my luggage. Mrs. Meldrum put before me the question of waiting till a later train, so as not to lose our young lady; but I confess I gave this alternative a consideration less profound than I pretended.

Somehow I did n't care if I did lose our young lady. Now that I knew the worst that had befallen her, it struck me still less as possible to meet her on the ground of condolence; and, with the melancholy aspect she wore to me, what other ground was left? I lost her, but I caught my train. In truth, she was so changed that one hated to see it; and now that she was in charitable hands one did n't feel compelled to make great efforts. I had studied her face for a particular beauty; I had lived with that beauty and reproduced it; but I knew what belonged to my trade well enough to be sure it was gone forever.

XII.

I was soon called back to Folkestone; but Mrs. Meldrum and her young friend had already left England, finding, to that end, every convenience on the spot, and not having had to come up to town. My thoughts, however, were so painfully engaged there that I should in any case have had little attention for them: the event occurred that was to bring my series of visits to a close. When this high tide had ebbed, I returned to America and to my interrupted work, which had opened out on such a scale that, with a deep plunge into a great chance, I was three good years in rising again to the surface. There are nymphs and naiads, moreover, in the American depths; they may have had something to do with the duration of my dive. I mention them, at any rate, to account for a grave misdemeanor, — the fact that, after the first year, I rudely neglected Mrs. Meldrum. She had written to me, from Florence, after my mother's death, and had mentioned in a postscript that in our young lady's calculations the lowest figures were now Italian counts. This was a good omen, and if, in subsequent letters, there was no news of a sequel, I was content to accept small things, and to

believe that grave tidings, should there be any, would come to me in due course. The gravity of what might happen to a featherweight became, indeed, with time and distance, less appreciable, and I was not without an impression that Mrs. Meldrum, whose sense of proportion was not the least of her merits, had no idea of boring the world with the ups and downs of her pensioner. The poor girl grew dusky and dim, a small fitful memory, and a regret tempered by the comfortable consciousness of how kind Mrs. Meldrum would always be to her. I was professionally more preoccupied than I had ever been, and I had swarms of pretty faces in my eyes and a chorus of high voices in my ears. Geoffrey Dawling, on his return to England, had written me two or three letters; his last information had been that he was going into the statistics of rural illiteracy. I was delighted to receive it, and had no doubt that if he should go into statistics they would, as they are said to be able to prove anything, prove at least that my advice was sound and that he had wasted time enough. This quickened, on my part, another hope, a hope suggested by some roundabout rumor—I forget how it reached me—that he was engaged to a girl down in Hampshire. He turned out not to be, but I felt sure that if only he went into statistics deep enough he would become, among the girls down in Hampshire or elsewhere, one of those numerous prizes of battle whose defenses are practically not on the scale of their provocations. I nursed, in short, the thought that it was probably open to him to become one of the types as to which, as the years go on, frivolous and superficial spectators lose themselves in the wonder that they ever succeeded in winning even the least winsome mates. He never alluded to Flora Saunt; and there was in his silence about her, quite as in Mrs. Meldrum's, an element of instinctive tact, a brief implication that if you did n't happen to have

been in love with her she was after all not an inevitable topic.

Within a week after my return to London I went to the opera, of which I had always been much of a devotee. I arrived too late for the first act of *Lohengrin*, but the second was just beginning; I gave myself up to it, with no more than a glance at the house. When it was over, I treated myself, with my glass, from my place in the stalls, to a general survey of the boxes, making, doubtless, on their contents, the reflections, pointed by comparison, that are most familiar, in London, to the restored wanderer. There was a certain proportion of pretty women, but I suddenly became aware that one of these was far prettier than the others. This lady, alone in one of the smaller receptacles of the grand tier, and already the aim of fifty tentative glasses, which she sustained with admirable serenity,—this single exquisite figure, placed in the quarter farthest removed from my stall, was a person, I immediately felt, to cause one's scrutiny to linger. Dressed in white, with diamonds in her hair and pearls on her neck, she had a pale radiance of beauty which, even at that distance, made her a distinguished presence, and, with the air that easily attaches to lonely loveliness in public places, an agreeable mystery. A mystery, however, she remained to me only for a minute after I had leveled my glass at her: I feel to this moment the thrill of wonder, the shock almost of joy, with which I suddenly encountered in her vague brightness a rich revival of Flora Saunt. I say a revival, because, to put it crudely, I had on that last occasion left poor Flora for dead. She was now perfectly alive again, and altered only, as it were, by resurrection. A little older, a little quieter, a little finer, and a good deal fairer, she was simply transfigured by recovery. Sustained by the reflection that even recovery would n't enable her to distinguish me in the crowd, I was

free to look at her well. Then it was it came home to me that my vision of her in her great goggles had been cruelly final. As her beauty was all there was of her, that machinery had extinguished her, and so far as I had thought of her in the interval I had thought of her as buried in the tomb her stern specialist had built. With the sense that she had escaped from it came a lively wish to return to her; and if I did not straightway leave my place and rush round the theatre and up to her box, it was because I was fixed to the spot some moments longer by the simple inability to cease looking at her.

She had been, from the first of my seeing her, practically motionless, leaning back in her chair with a kind of thoughtful grace, and with her eyes vaguely directed, as it seemed to me, to one of the boxes on my side of the house, and consequently over my head and out of my sight. The only movement she made for some time was to finger with an ungloved hand, and as if with the habit of fondness, the row of pearls on her neck, which my glass showed me to be large and splendid. Her diamonds and pearls, in her solitude, mystified me, making me, as she had had no such brave jewels in the days of the Hammond-Synges, wonder what undreamt-of improvement had taken place in her fortunes. The ghost of a question hovered there a moment: Could anything so prodigious have happened as that, on her tested and proved amendment, Lord Iffield had taken her back? This could not have occurred without my hearing of it; and moreover, if she had become a person of such fashion, where was the little court one would naturally see at her elbow? Her isolation was puzzling, though it could easily suggest that she was but momentarily alone. If she had come with Mrs. Meldrum, Mrs. Meldrum would have taken advantage of the interval to pay a visit to some other box, — doubtless the box at which Flora had

just been looking. Mrs. Meldrum did not account for the jewels, but the refreshment of Flora's beauty accounted for anything. She presently moved her eyes over the house, and I felt them brush me again like the wings of a dove. I don't know what quick pleasure flickered into the hope that she would at last see me. She did see me! she suddenly bent forward to take up the little double-barreled ivory glass that rested on the edge of the box, and, to all appearance, fix me with it. I smiled, from my place, straight up at the searching lenses, and after an instant she dropped them and smiled as straight back at me. Oh, her smile! it was her old smile, her young smile, her peculiar smile, made perfect. I instantly left my stall and hurried off for a nearer view of it; quite flushed, I remember, as I went, with the annoyance of having happened to think of the idiotic way I had tried to paint her. Poor Iffield, with his sample of that error, and still poorer Dawling, in particular, with *his*! I had n't touched her, I was professionally humiliated, and as the attendant in the lobby opened her box for me I felt that the very first thing I should have to say to her would be that she must absolutely sit to me again.

XIII.

She gave me the smile once more as she turned her face to me, over her shoulder, from her chair. "Here you are again!" she exclaimed, with her disengaged hand put up for me, a little backward, to take. I dropped into a chair just behind her, and, having taken it, and noted that one of the curtains of the box would make the demonstration sufficiently private, bent my lips over it and impressed them on its finger-tips. It was given me, however, to my astonishment, to feel next that all the privacy in the world could n't have sufficed to mitigate the start with which she greeted

this free application of my mustache : the blood had jumped to her face, she quickly recovered her hand, and jerked at me, twisting herself round, a vacant, challenging stare. During the next few instants several extraordinary things happened, the first of which was that, now I was close to them, the eyes of loveliness I had come up to look into did n't show at all the conscious light I had just been pleased to see them flash across the house ; they showed, on the contrary, to my confusion, a strange, sweet blankness, an expression I failed to give a meaning to until, without delay, I felt on my arm, directed to it as if instantly to efface the effect of her start, the grasp of the hand she had impulsively snatched from me. It was the irrepressible question in this touch that stopped on my lips all sound of salutation. She had mistaken my entrance for that of another person, a pair of lips without a mustache. She was feeling me to see who I was ! With the perception of this and of her not seeing me, I sat gaping at her and at the wild word that did n't come, the right word to express or to disguise my stupefaction. What *was* the right word to commemorate one's sudden discovery, at the very moment, too, at which one had been most encouraged to count on better things, that one's dear old friend had gone blind ? Before the answer to this question dropped upon me — and the moving moments, though few, seemed many — I heard, with the sound of voices, the click of the attendant's key on the other side of the door. Poor Flora heard, also, and with the hearing, and still with her hand on my arm, she brightened again as I had, a minute since, seen her brighten across the house : she had the sense of the return of the person she had taken me for, — the person with the right pair of lips, as to whom I was, for that matter, much more in the dark than she. I gasped, but my word had come : if she had lost her sight, it was in this very loss

that she had found again her beauty. I managed to speak while we were still alone, before her companion had appeared. "You're lovelier at this day than you have ever been in your life." At the sound of my voice and that of the opening of the door, her excitement broke into audible joy. She sprang up, recognizing me, always holding me, and gleefully cried to a gentleman who was arrested in the doorway by the sight of me, "He has come back, he has come back, and you should have heard what he says of me !" The gentleman was Geoffrey Dawling, and I thought it best to let him hear on the spot. "How beautiful she is, my dear man — but how extraordinarily beautiful ! More beautiful at this hour than ever, ever before !"

It gave them almost equal pleasure, and made Dawling blush up to his eyes ; while this in turn produced, in spite of deepened astonishment, a blessed snap of the strain that I had been under for some moments. I wanted to embrace them both, and while the opening bars of another scene rose from the orchestra I almost did embrace Dawling, whose first emotion, on beholding me, had visibly, and ever so oddly, been a consciousness of guilt. I had caught him somehow in the act, though that was as yet all I knew ; but by the time we had sunk noiselessly into our chairs again (for the music was supreme, Wagner passed first) my demonstration ought pretty well to have given him the limit of the criticism he had to fear. I myself, indeed, while the opera blazed, was only too afraid he might divine, in our silent closeness, the very moral of my optimism, which was simply the comfort I had gathered from seeing that if our companion's beauty lived again, her vanity partook of its life. I had hit on the right note, — that was what eased me off ; it drew all pain, for the next half-hour, from the sense of the deep darkness in which the stricken woman sat there with us. If the music, in that

darkness, happily soared and swelled for her, it beat its wings in unison with those of a gratified passion. A great deal came and went between us without profaning the occasion, so that I could feel, at the end of twenty minutes, as if I knew almost everything he might in kindness have to tell me; knew even why Flora, while I stared at her from the stalls, had misled me by the use of her pretty aid to vision and by appearing to recognize me and smile. She leaned back in her chair in luxurious ease; I had from the first become aware that the way she fingered her pearls was a sharp image of the wedded state. Nothing of old had seemed wanting to her assurance; but I had not then dreamed of the art with which she would wear that assurance as a married woman. She had taken him when everything had failed; he had taken her when she herself had done so. His embarrassed eyes confessed it all, and confessed the deep peace he found in it. They only did not tell me why he had not written to me, nor clear up as yet a minor obscurity. Flora, after a while, again lifted the glass from the ledge of the box and elegantly swept the house with it. Then, by the mere instinct of her grace, a motion but half conscious, she inclined her head into the void, in a sweet salute, and produced, I had no doubt, a perfect imitation of a response to some homage. Dawling and I looked at each other again; the tears came into his eyes. She was playing at perfection still, and her misfortune only simplified the process.

I recognized that this was as near as I should ever come, certainly as I should come that night, to pressing on her misfortune. Neither of us would phrase it more than we were doing then, and Flora would never phrase it at all. Little by little I perceived that what had occurred was, strange as it might appear, the best thing for her happiness. The question was now only of her beauty and her being seen and marveled at;

with Dawling to do everything in life for her, her activity was limited to that. Such an activity was all within her scope; it asked nothing of her that she could not splendidly give. As from time to time, in our delicate communion, she turned her face to me with the parody of a look, I lost none of the signs of its strange new glory. The expression of the eyes was a bit of pastel put in by a master's thumb; the whole head, stamped with a sort of showy suffering, had gained a fineness from what she had passed through. Yes, Flora was settled for life, and nothing could hurt her further. I foresaw the particular praise she would mostly incur, — she would be incomparably "interesting." She would charm with her pathos more even than she had charmed with her pleasure. For herself, above all, she was fixed forever, rescued from all change and ransomed from all doubt. Her old certainties, her old vanities, were justified and sanctified, and in the darkness that had closed upon her one object remained clear. That object, as unfading as a mosaic mask, was, fortunately, the loveliest she could possibly look upon. The greatest blessing of all was of course that Dawling thought so. Her future was ruled with the straightest line, and so, for that matter, was his. There were two facts to which, before I left my friends, I gave time to sink into my spirit. One of them was that he had changed by some process as effective as Flora's change; had been simplified, somehow, into service, as she had been simplified into success. He was such a picture of inspired intervention as I had never yet encountered: he would exist henceforth for the sole purpose of rendering unnecessary, or rather impossible, any reference, even on her own part, to his wife's infirmity. Oh yes, how little desire he would ever give me to refer to it! He principally made me feel, after a while, — and this was my second lesson, — that, good-natured as he was, my being there to see it

all oppressed him; so that by the time the act ended I recognized that I too had filled out my hour. Dawling remembered things; he caught, I think, in my very face the irony of old judgments; they made him thresh about in his chair. I said to Flora, as I took leave of her, that I would come to see her; but I may mention that I never went. I'll go to-morrow, if I hear she wants me; but what in the world can she ever want? As I quitted them, I laid my hand on Dawling's arm and drew him for a moment into the lobby.

"Why did you never write to me of your marriage?"

He smiled uncomfortably, showing his long yellow teeth and something more. "I don't know—the whole thing gave me such a tremendous lot to do."

This was the first dishonest speech I had heard him make; he really had n't written to me because he had an idea I would think him a still bigger fool than before. I did n't insist, but I tried there, in the lobby, so far as a pressure of his hand could serve me, to give him a notion of what I thought him. "I can't at any rate make out," I said, "why I did n't hear from Mrs. Meldrum."

"She did n't write to you?"

"Never a word. What has become of her?"

"I think she's at Folkestone," Daw-

ling said; "but I'm sorry to say that, practically, she has ceased to see us."

"You have n't quarreled with her?"

"How *could* we? Think of all we owe her. At the time of our marriage, and for months before, she did everything for us: I don't know how we should have managed without her. But since then she has never been near us, and has given us rather markedly little encouragement to try and keep up our relations with her."

I was struck with this, though of course, I admit, I am struck with all sorts of things: "Well," I said after a moment, "even if I could imagine a reason for that attitude, it would n't explain why she should n't have taken account of *my* natural interest."

"Just so." Dawling's face was a windowless wall. He could contribute nothing to the mystery, and, quitting him, I carried it away. It was not till I went down to see Mrs. Meldrum that it was really dispelled. She did n't want to hear of them or to talk of them, not a bit, and it was just in the same spirit that she had n't wanted to write of them. She had done everything in the world for them, but now, thank Heaven, the hard business was over. After I had taken this in, which I was quick to do, we literally avoided the subject. She simply could n't bear it.

Henry James.

SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

I.

HAWTHORNE'S English Note-Books, as well as the elaborated papers that make up *Our Old Home*, disclose something of his daily life in England during his consulship; but it was in the rapid, familiar letters of my mother to her family that his life was most freely narrated. I have

preserved these letters, and shall give extracts from them in the pages that follow, prefacing and interpolating a few girlish memories of my father and of the places in which I saw him, although they are trivial and meagre in incident. He died the day before my thirteenth birth-

day, and as my existence had begun at a time when his quiet life was invaded (if we may use that term in connection with a welcome guest) by fame, with its attendant activity in the outside world, my intercourse with him was both juvenile and brief. In England, he mingled more than ever before with the members of literary and fashionable society. I, who in 1853 was but two years old, had to be satisfied with a glance and a smile, which were so much less than he had been able to give to my brother and sister in their happier childhood days, for they had enjoyed hours of his companionship as a constant pastime. I was, moreover, much younger than the others, and was never allowed to grow, as I wished, out of the appellations of Rosebud, Baby, and Bab (as my father always called me), and all the infantine thought which those pet names imply. I longed myself to hear the splendidly grotesque fairy tales, sprung from his delicious jollity of imagination, which Una and Julian had reveled in when our father had been at leisure in Lenox and Concord; and the various frolics about which I received appetizing hints as I grew into girlhood made me seem to myself a stranger who had come too late. But a stranger at Hawthorne's side could be very happy, and, whatever my losses, I knew myself to be rich.

In the early years of our stay in England his personality was most radiant. His face was sunny, his aspect that of shining elegance. There was the perpetual gleam of a glad smile on his mouth and in his eyes. His eyes were either a light gray or a violet blue, according to his mood. His hair was brown and waved loosely (I take it very hard when people ask me if it was at all red!), and his complexion was as clear and luminous as his mother's, who was the most beautiful woman some people have ever seen. He was tall, and with as little superfluous flesh and as much sturdy vigor as a young athlete; for his mode of life

was always athletic, simple, and abstemious. He leaned his head a little to one side, often, in a position indicating alert rest, such as we find in many Greek statues, — so different from the straight, dogged pose of a Roman emperor. He was very apt to make an assent with an upward movement of the head, a comfortable h'm-m, and a half-smile. Sympathetic he was, indeed, and warm with the fire that never goes out in great natures. He had much dignity; so much that persons in his own country sometimes thought him shy and reticent to the verge of morbidness. But it was merely the gentlemanliness of the man, who was jocund with no one but his intimate friends, and never fierce except with rascals, as I observed on one or two occasions. Those who thought him too silent were bores whom he desired not to attract. Those who thought him unphilosophical (and some philosophers thought that) were not artists, and could not analyze his work. Those who knew him for a man and a friend were manly and salubrious of soul themselves. Perhaps the testimony of old George Mullet, of Salem, who was often with my father in the Custom House, will serve as an example of the good-fellowship of a nature which could be so silent at will: —

“Captain Stephen Burchmore was the ‘Veteran Ship-Master’ spoken of in the introduction to *The Scarlet Letter*, whose stories stirred Hawthorne ‘to laughter and admiration.’ The stories themselves were generally extravagant and grotesque; it was ‘the marvelous gift’ of narration that carried people away. I have known the company present to roar with laughter, and not one more convulsed than Mr. Hawthorne. . . . For nearly four years I was brought into almost daily proximity to him, either officially or casually. His port, his placidity, his hours of abstraction, his mild, pleasant voice (no sweeter ever uttered by mortal lips), are all readily recalled even now.”

He was usually reserved, but he was ready for action all the time. His full, smooth lips, sensitive as a child's, would tell a student of facial lines how vivid was his life, though absolutely under his cool command. He was a delightful companion even when little was said, because his eyes spoke with a sort of apprehension of your thought, so that you felt that your expression of face was a clear record for him, and that words would have been a sort of anticlimax. His companionship was exquisitely restful, since it was instinctively sympathetic. He did not need to exert himself to know you deeply, and he saw all the good in you there was to know; and the weakness and the wrong of any heart he weighed as nicely in the balance of tender mercy as we could do in pity for ourselves. I always felt a great awe of him, a tremendous sense of his power. His large eyes, liquid with blue and white light and deep with dark shadows, told me even when I was very young that he was in some respects different from other people. He could be most tender in outward action, but he never threw such action away. He knew swine under the cleverest disguise. I speak of outward acts of tenderness. As for his spirit, it was always arousing mine, or any one's, and acting towards one's spiritual being invisibly and silently, but with gentle earnestness. He evinced by it either a sternly sweet dignity of tolerance, or a generous approbation, or a sadly glanced, adverse comment that lashed one's inner consciousness with remorse. He was meditative, as all those are who care that the world is full of sorrow and sin, but cheerful, as those are who have the character and genius to see the finite beauty and perfection in the world, which are sent to the true-hearted as indications of heaven. He could be full of cheer, and at the same time never lose the solemnity of a perception of the Infinite, — that familiar fact which we, so many of us, have ceased to fear, but which the greatest men so remember and rever-

ence. He never became wholly merged in fun, however gay the games in which he joined with us children; just as a man of refinement who has been in war never quite throws aside the dignity of the sorrow which he has seen. He might seem, at a superficial glance, to be the merriest of us all, but on second thoughts he was not. Of course, there were times when it was very evident to me that my father was as comfortable and happy as he cared to be. When he stood upon the hearth-rug, before the snapping, blushing English fire (always poked into a blaze towards evening, as he was about to enter the parlor), — when he stood there with his hands clasped behind him, swaying from side to side in a way peculiar to him, and which recalled the many sea-swayed ancestors of his who had kept their feet on rolling decks, then he was a picture of benevolent pleasure. Perhaps, for this moment, the soldier from the battlefields of the soul ceased to remember scenes of cruelty and agony. He swayed from side to side, and raised himself on his toes, and creaked his slippered heels jocosely, and smiled upon me, and lost himself in agreeable musings. He was very courteous, entirely sincere, and quiet with fixed principles as a great machine with consistent movement. He treated children handsomely; harshness was not in him to be subdued, and scorn of anything that was honestly developing would have seemed to him blasphemy. He stooped to my intelligence, and rejoiced it. We were usually a silent couple when off for a walk together, or when we met by chance in the household. I suppose that we were seeing which could outdo the other at "holding the tongue." But still, our intercourse, as I remarked before, might be complete. I knew him very well indeed, — his power, his supremacy of honesty, his wealth of refinement. And he, I was fully aware, could see through me as easily as if I were a soul in one of his own books.

His aspect avoided, as did that of his art, which exactly reproduced his character, anything like self-conscious picturesqueness. It is pleasant to have the object of our regard unconscious of himself. He had a way of ignoring, while observing automatically, all accessories, which reminded us that his soul was ever awake, and waiting to be made free of earthly things and common ideas. During our European life he frequently wore a soft brown felt hat and a brown talma of finest broadcloth, whose Greek-like folds and double-decked effect were artistic, but did not tempt him to pose or remember his material self. He was as forgetful of his appearance as an Irishman of the true quality, who may have heard something about his coat or his hair, but has let slip from his mind what it was, and cares not, so long as the song of his comrades is tender and the laughter generous. In some such downright way, I was convinced, my father regarded the beauty and stateliness which were his, and for which he had been praised all through his existence. He forgot himself in high aims, which are greater than things seen, no matter how fine soever.

We made a very happy family group as we gladly followed and looked upon him when he took ship to start for the Liverpool Consulate; and of this journey and the new experiences which ensued my mother writes to Dr. Peabody as follows:—

STEAMER NIAGARA, ATLANTIC OCEAN,
July 7, 1853.

MY DEAREST FATHER,—It is early morning. Wrapped in furs and blanket shawl, in the sun and close against the vast scarlet cylinder of scalding hot steam, I have seated myself to greet you from Halifax, where we shall arrive tonight. I was glad to leave the sight of you while you were talking with Mr. Fields, whose cheerful face (and words, no doubt) caused you to smile. I was so glad to leave you smiling happily. Then came the cannonade, which was very

long. And why do you suppose it was so long? Mr. Ticknor says that always they give a salute of two guns; but that yesterday so many were thundered off because Mr. Hawthorne, the distinguished United States consul and author, was leaving the shore, and honoring her Majesty's steamship with his presence. While they were stabbing me with their noise I was ignorant of this. Perhaps my wifely pride would have enabled me to bear it better if I had known that the steamer were trembling with honor rendered to my husband. After this we were quiet enough, for we were moving magically over a sea like a vast pearl, almost white with peace. I never saw anything so fair and lovely as the whole aspect of the mighty ocean. Off on the horizon a celestial blue seemed to meet the sky. Julian sat absorbed. He did not turn his head, but gazed and gazed on this, to him, new and wondrous picture. Seeing a point of land running out, he said, "That, I suppose, is the end of America! I do not think America reaches very far!" I managed to change his beaver and plume for his great straw Fayal hat, but he would not turn his head for it. It was excessively hot. An awning was spread at the stern, and then it was very comfortable. I heard that the British minister was on board, and I searched round to find him out. I decided upon a fine-looking elderly gentleman who was asleep near the helm-house. Afterwards the mail-agent came to Mr. Hawthorne and said the minister wished to make his acquaintance; and behold, here was my minister, a stately, handsome person, with an air noble and of great simplicity and charm of manner. Mr. Hawthorne introduced me, but I had no conversation then. Later, I had a very delightful interview. . . . Near by stood a gentleman whom I supposed his attaché; and with him I had a very long and interesting conversation. We had a nice talk about art and Rome, and America and

England, and architecture. I do not yet know his name, but only that his brother was joint executor with Sir Robert Peel on the estate of Hadley, the artist. This unknown told me that the minister was an exquisite amateur artist, and his portfolio was full of the finest sketches. This accounted for the serene expression of his eyes, that rest contemplatively upon all objects. Mr. Silsbee looks so thin and pale that I fear for him; but I will take good care of him. At table, Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne have the seats of honor, on either hand of the captain. He is a very remarkable man. The minister told me that he sailed with him five years ago, when the captain was very young, and he was then astonished at his skill and power of command; that the captains of these great English steamers are picked men, trained in the navy, and eminent for ability and accomplishment, and that Captain Leitch is remarkable among the best. It was good to see his assured military air, as he walked back and forth while we moved out of the beautiful harbor. He made motions with his hand with such an air of majesty and conscious power. His smile is charming, and his voice fine. The enunciation of Mr. Crampton, the minister, is also wonderfully fine. Mr. Crampton says that these steamers have run for seventeen years, and that not one accident has happened, and not a man been lost, except that *once* a steamer was lost in a fog, but all the passengers and crew were safely got off. Una enjoys herself very much, and reads the *Tanglewood Tales*, and walks and races on the upper deck with Julian, this fine cold morning. It is glorious, glorious, — this blue surrounding sea, and no land.

Your affectionate daughter,

SOPHIA.

WATERLOO HOUSE, LIVERPOOL,
July 17, 1853, Sunday Morning.

Here we are, dear father, in England; and I cannot realize it, because a mo-
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ment ago we were in Boston Harbor, and how can I be three thousand miles afar? If we had had more difficulty, storms, and danger, I could realize it better; but it seems like a pleasure excursion on a lake. I sit in a parlor, with one great, broad window from ceiling to floor, a casement opening upon a balcony, which commands a handsome street. It does not look like Boston, and, Mr. Hawthorne says, not like New York, but — like Liverpool. People are going to church, and the bells are chiming in a pleasant jangle. Every gentleman has an umbrella under his arm, for it is bright sunshine one moment, and a merry little shower the next.

I spoke in my note from Halifax of Mr. Crampton, and a gentleman whom I thought his attaché. Mr. Crampton we lost at Halifax, but the supposed attaché remained; and I was glad, for he was the most interesting person in the steamer. We in vain tried to discover his name, but at last found it to be Field Talfourd, brother of Sir Thomas Talfourd, author of *Ion*. I had very charming conversations with him. He was a perfect gentleman, with an ease of manner so fascinating and rare, showing high breeding, and a voice rich and full. Whenever he spoke, his words came out clear from the surrounding babble and all the noise of the ship, so that I could always tell where he was. He is one of the primitive men, in contradistinction to the derivative (as Sarah Clarke once divided people). He seemed never at a loss on any subject so ever; and when the passengers were trying feats of skill and physical prowess to pass the time, I saw Mr. Talfourd exhibit marvelous power as a gymnast in performing a feat which no one else would even attempt. His education was all-sided, body and mind, apparently; and, with all, this charm of gentlemanliness, — not *very* often met with in America. It seems to require more leisure and a deeper culture than we

Americans have yet, to produce such a lovely flower. . . .

19th July. We all have colds now, except Mr. Hawthorne, with whom earth's maladies have nothing to do. Julian and Una are homesick for broad fields and hilltops. Julian, in this narrow, high room, is very much like an eagle crowded into a canary-bird's cage! They shall go to Prince's Park as soon as I can find the way; and there they will see water and green grass and trees. They think of the dear Wayside with despair. As soon as possible we shall go into the country. Yesterday the waning Consul, Mr. Crittendon, called. Mr. Hawthorne likes him much.

21st July. An Oxford graduate, who went to see Mr. Hawthorne in Concord, called to see him, and brought his father, a fine-looking gentleman. Their name is Bright. Mary Herne thought the son was Eustace Bright himself! To-day the father came to invite us all out to West Derby to tea on Saturday, and the son is coming for us. There the children will see swans and gardens and green grass, and they are in raptures. Young Henry Bright is a very enthusiastic young gentleman, full of life and emotion; and he very politely brought me from his gardens a radiant bouquet of flowers, among which the heliotrope and moss-roses and all other roses and mignonette make delicious fragrance. Yesterday Miss Lynch sent me a bunch of moss-rose buds, — *nine*! Just think of seeing together *nine* moss-rose buds! Henry Bright brought the Westminster Review to Mr. Hawthorne, and said he should bring him all the new books. Mrs. Train called to see me before she went to town [London], and Mr. Hawthorne and I went back with her to the Adelphi, and walked on to see a very magnificent stone building, called St. George's Hall. It is not quite finished; and as far as the mist would allow me to see, it was sumptuous. . . . We have strawberries as large as small peaches, one being

quite a feast, and fine raspberries. The head of the Waterloo House, Mr. Lynn, is a venerable-looking person, resembling one's idea of an ancient duke, — dressing with elaborate elegance, and with the finest ruffled bosoms. Out of peculiar respect to the Consul of the United States, he comes in at the serving of the soup, and holds each plate while I pour the soup, and then, with great state, presents it to the waiter to place before each person. After this ceremony he retires with a respectful obeisance. This homage diverts Mr. Hawthorne so much that I am afraid he will smile some day. The gravity of the servants is imperturbable. One, Mr. Hawthorne calls our Methodist preacher. The service is absolutely perfect.

Your affectionate child,

SOPHIA.

The Brights, especially Henry Bright, appear frequently in the Note-Books, and their names occur very often in my mother's letters. The young Oxford graduate I remember most distinctly. He was thin, and so tall that he waved like a reed, and so shining-eyed that his eyes seemed like icebergs; they were very prominent. His nose was one of your English masterpieces, — a mountainous range of aristocratic formation; and his far-sweeping eyebrows of delicate brown, his red, red lips and white doglike teeth, and his deeply cleft British chin were a source of fathomless study. In England a man can be extraordinarily ordinary and material; but the men of culture are, as a rule, remarkably forcible in unique and deep-cut characteristics, both of face and of mind, with a prevailing freedom from self-analysis — except privately, no doubt.

Henry Bright and my father would sit on opposite sides of the fire; Mr. Bright with a staring, frosty gaze directed unmeltingly at the sunny glow of the coals as he talked, his slender long fingers propping up his charming head (over which

his delicately brown hair fell in close-gliding waves) as he leaned on the arm of his easy-chair. Sometimes he held a book of Tennyson's poetry to his near-sighted, prominent eyes, as closely as two materials could remain and not blend into one. He recited *The Brook* in a fine fury of appreciation, and with a sure movement that suggested well the down-tumbling of the frolicking element, with its undercurrent of sympathizing pathos, the life-blood of the stream. "For men may come, and men may go, but I go on for *ever*!" rang in my empty little head for years, and summed up, as I guessed, all of Egyptian wisdom and spiritual perpetuity in a single suggestive fact. Mr. Bright had a way of laughing that I could never cease to enjoy, even in the faint echo of retrospect. It always ended in a whispered snort from the great mountain range of his nose. He laughed often, at his own and my father's remarks, and at the close of the tumbling diction of *The Brook*; and he therefore frequently snorted in this sweeping-of-the-wind fashion. I listened, spellbound. He also very gently and breezily expressed his touched sensibility, after some recitation of his of rare lines from other poems, but in the same odd manner. My father stirred this beloved friend with judicious, thought-developing opposition of opinion concerning all sorts of polite subjects, but principally, when I overheard, concerning the respective worth of writers. The small volume of Tennyson which Mr. Bright held in his two hands caressingly, with that Anglo-literary filliping of the leaves which is so great a compliment to any book, contained for him a large share of Great Britain's greatness. His brave heart beat for Tennyson; I think my father's did not, though his head applauded. My mother, for her part, was entranced by the goldsmith's work of the noble poet, and by the gems enclasped in its perfection of formative art,—perfections within the pale of convention

and fashion and romantic beauty which make lovely Tennyson's baronial domain. Henry Bright wrote verses, too; and he was beginning to be successful in a certain profound interest which customarily absorbs young men of genuine feeling who are not yet married; and therefore it was worth while to stir the young lover up, and hear what he could say for *The Princess* and *The Lord of Burleigh*. My mother, in a letter written six months after we had reached England, and when he was established as a household friend, draws a graphic picture of his lively personality:—

ROCK PARK, December 8, 1853.

. . . We had a charming visit from Henry Bright a fortnight ago. He stayed all night, and he talks—I was going to say, like a storm; but it is more like a breeze, for he is very gentle. He is extremely interesting, sincere, earnest, independent, warm and generous hearted; not at all dogmatic; full of questions, and with ready answers. He is highly cultivated, and writes for the *Westminster*. . . . Eustace Bright, as described in the *Wonder-Book*, is so much like him in certain things that it is really curious: "Slender, pale, yet of a healthy aspect, and as light and active as if he had wings to his shoes." He is also near-sighted, though he does not wear spectacles. His eyes are large, bright, and prominent, rather, indicating great facility of language, which he has. He is an Oxford scholar, and has decided literary tastes. He is delicately strung, and is as transparent-minded and pure-hearted as a child, with great enthusiasm and earnestness of character; and though a Liberal, very loyal to his Queen and very admiring of the aristocracy. This comes partly by blood, as his mother has noble blood in her veins from various directions, even the Percys and Stanleys, and is therefore a native aristocrat. He enjoyed his visit to America extremely, and says Boston is the Mecca of English

Unitarians, and Dr. Channing their patron saint. I like to talk with him: he can really converse. He goes to the Consulate a good deal, for he evidently loves Mr. Hawthorne dearly. I wish my husband could always have visitors so agreeable. The other day a woman went to him about a case in Chancery. Mr. Hawthorne thought she was crazy; and I believe all people are who have a suit in Chancery.

A few weeks after the date of the last letter, a visit was paid to the Brights at their family home, and my mother thus writes of it:—

ROCK PARK, *February 16, 1854.*

I returned yesterday from a visit to Sandhays, the domain of Mr. Bright. Mr. Bright has been urging all winter that we should go and dine and stay all night, and I have refused, till last week Mrs. Bright wrote a cordial note and invited Mr. Hawthorne and Una and me to go and meet Mr. and Mrs. James Martineau, and stay two nights. It seemed not possible to refuse without being uncivil, though I did not like to leave Julian and baby so long. Mr. Hawthorne, however, intended to stay but one night, and the next morning would come home and see Julian and Rose, and take Julian to spend the day at the Consulate with him; and we left King, that excellent butler, in the house. It was really safe enough; only, you know, mothers have, perhaps, unfounded alarms. We took a carriage at the Pier-head (Una and I), and drove to the Consulate, where we took up Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Henry Bright. . . . We arrived at about six o'clock, and Una and I had to dress for dinner after our arrival. It was a party of twelve. . . . Mrs. H. is a fashionable lady, who resides in London in season, and out of season at Norris Green. She was dressed in crimson velvet, with pearls and diamonds, and her neck and arms were very fair and

pretty. . . . Mr. Martineau . . . has a kind of apostolic dignity about him. . . . But the full dress of gentlemen now requiring a white muslin cravat and tie, they all looked ministerial to me, except the United States Consul, who *will* hold on to black satin, let the etiquette be what it may. He does not choose to do as the Romans do while in Rome. At least, he is not yet broken in. I suppose it is useless for me to say that he was by far the handsomest person present, and might have been taken for the king of them all. The chandelier that poured floods of light down on the heads beneath was very becoming to him; for the more light there is, the better he looks always. The dinner was exceedingly elegant, and the service as beautiful as silver, finest porcelain, and crystal could make it. And one of the attendants, the coachman, diverted me very much by the air with which he carried off his black satin breeches, white silk long hose, scarlet vest buttoned up with gold, and the antique-cut coat embroidered with silver. Not the autocrat of all the Russias feels grander than these livery servants. The butler, who is really above the livery servants in position, looked meek in his black suit and white vest and cravat, though he had a right to look down on the varlet in small-clothes. This last, however, was much the most imposing in figure, and fair round red cheeks, and splendid shining black hair. Dear me, what is man! At the sound of a bell, when the dessert was put upon the table, the children came in. They never dine with mamma and papa, . . . and all troop in at dessert, looking so pretty, in full dress, . . . thin white muslin or tulle, with short sleeves and low necks, and long streaming sashes. I found the next day that it was just the same when there was no great party at dinner. Little S. looked funny in his white vest and muslin cravat,—like a picture of the old régime. In the evening we had music, weaving

golden threads into our talk. Ellen Martineau played Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. Mrs. H. laid regular siege to Mr. Hawthorne, resolved to tease him into consent to go to her ball. Just imagine him in the clutches of a lady of fashion! But he always behaves so superbly under the most trying circumstances that I was exceedingly proud of him while I pitied him. . . . Finally she could not tell whether he would accept or not, and said she would leave the matter to me, with confidence that I would prevail. . . . Just after luncheon on Tuesday, Mrs. Bright's brother came to tell her that the Great Britain had come, and she would not believe it, because her husband had not telegraphed her about it, . . . that largest ship in the world, belonging to Mr. Bright. It had come back from Australia.

This family is very charming. Mrs. Bright is the lady of ladies; her children are all clever (in English sense), and one son a prodigy. . . . They are all good as well as clever; well educated, accomplished, and most entirely united. It is all peace and love and happiness there, and I cannot discover where the shadow is, — health, wealth, cultivation, and all the Christian graces and virtues. I cannot see the trail of the serpent anywhere in that Paradise. . . . Mrs. Bright and I had some nice little talks. She told me elaborately how she admired and loved Mr. Hawthorne's books; how she had found expressed in them what she had found nowhere else; with what rapture one of her sisters read, re-read, and read again the Wonder-Book; . . . how Mrs. H. thought him peerless, and so on. There is not the least extravagance about Mrs. Bright, but remarkable sobriety; and so what she said had double force.

Your loving child, SOPHIA.

The pride which my mother took in my father, and which appears in all her accounts of him, is shown when she re-

plies to an appeal from her father for a portrait of herself: —

"I never dreamed of putting myself into a picture, because I am not handsome enough. . . . But I will endeavor that you have Mr. Hawthorne and Rosebud, some time or other. Mr. Hawthorne looks supremely handsome here; handsomer than anybody I see. Every other face looks coarse, compared; and his air and bearing are far superior to those of any Englishman I have seen. The English say that they should suppose he were an *Englishman* — till he speaks. This is a high compliment from the *English*. They look at him as much as they can, covertly; as much as they can without being uncivil and staring as if they wanted to assure themselves that he really were so wondrous handsome. He does not observe this; but it is nuts to me, and I observe it. The lofty, sumptuous apartments become him very much. I always thought he was born for a palace, and he shows that he was."

I have disregarded a strict chronological order in these letters in order to bring together the scattered references to the Bright family. I now take up the narrative in my mother's letters. A few weeks after our arrival in Liverpool, the confinement of city life led to a removal across the Mersey to Rock Ferry.

"We have at last found a house," my mother writes to her father, "which we shall take for a year, at least. It is a great stone house, fashioned in castellated style, with grounds in perfect order, and surrounded by thick hedges. The rent first asked was £200; but they will take £160. It made a great deal of difference when the lady found it was the United States Consul who wanted the house, instead of Mr. Nobody, so much influence has any rank and title in dear old England. As for Mr. Hawthorne, the author, the lady did not seem to know about him. My husband wishes to escape from too constant invitations

to dinner in Liverpool, and by living here will always have a good excuse for refusing, when there is really no reason or *rhyme* in accepting; for the last steamer leaves Liverpool at ten in the evening. And I shall have a fair cause for keeping out of all company I do not very much covet. I have no particular fancy for Liverpool society, except the Rathbones and Brights. Mr. Hawthorne was obliged, the other day, to bury an American captain who died at his boarding-house. My husband paid for his funeral out of his private purse; though I believe he expects some brother captains will subscribe a part of the amount. Mr. Hawthorne was the whole funeral, and in one of those plumed carriages he followed the friendless captain. I am not very brisk. My husband is always well."

ROCK PARK, Sept. 29, 1853.

I wish you could be undeceived about the income of this Consulate. Mr. Hawthorne now knows actually everything about it. . . . He goes from us at nine, and we do not see him again till five!!! I only wish we could be pelted within an inch of our lives with a hailstorm of sovereigns, so as to satisfy every one's most gorgeous hopes; but I am afraid we shall have but a gentle shower, after all. . . . I am sorry I have had the expectation of so much, because I am rather disappointed to be so circumscribed. With my husband's present constant devotion to the duties of his office, he could no more write a syllable than he could build a cathedral. . . . He never writes by candle-light. . . . Mr. Crittendon tells Mr. Hawthorne that he thinks he may save five thousand dollars a year by *economy*. He himself, living in a very quiet manner, not going into society, has spent four thousand dollars a year. He thinks we must spend more. People will not let Mr. Hawthorne alone, as they have Mr. Crittendon, because they feel as if they had a right to him, and he cannot well forego their

claim. The Scarlet Letter seems to have placed him on a pinnacle of fame and love here. . . . It will give you pleasure, I think, to hear that Mr. Cecil read a volume of *The Scarlet Letter* the other day which was one of the thirty-fifth thousand of *one* publisher. Is it not provoking that the author should not have even *one* penny a volume? . . . He is perpetually at the Consulate, and attends to everything from ten to half past four. It is a terrible loss to us, as you may conceive. His time is much frittered by visits. His own office is within the clerk's office, and they do not let any one disturb him that they can help, but visits of ceremony they cannot prevent. . . . The head clerk is highly delighted when he is the bearer of a good heap of gold. He delivers to Mr. Hawthorne in the morning the receipts of the day before, and the old man's face shines with a ruddy benevolence when he lays down a good day's income. I have been to the office. It is in Brunswick Street, in a great white stone building, — a very unlovely part of the town. The Consul's sanctum is a gloomy room with two windows. Nothing worth looking at can be seen out of it, and there is nothing worth seeing inside of it, except my husband, and that gentleman Mr. Hawthorne cannot see. So I think he cannot enjoy himself much there. In the middle of the day he walks out, and sees strange sights in Liverpool.

Sept. 30th. I was interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Ticknor from Chester. They had a fine excursion, and were so occupied in examining Old Chester that no time was left for Eaton Hall. Julian is quite well to-day, and has been parading round the garden this morning, blowing a trumpet which papa brought him from Chester, and dragging after him a portentous wooden cannon which would not help to gain the smallest battle. It is actually a sunny day! . . . A very great joy

it is to Rosebud to see the lovely little English robins come to pick up crumbs. They excite a peculiar love. They have great faith in man, and come close to the window without fear. They have told the linnets and thrushes of our hospitality, and the linnets actually come, though with dread and trembling, and they carry off the largest crumbs for their families and neighbors. The English robin is very dear. . . .

Mr. Ticknor has been to see De Quincey, and says he is a noble old man and eloquent, and wins hearts in personal intercourse. His three daughters, Margaret, Florence, and Emily, are also very attractive and cultivated, and they are all most impatient to see my husband. . . . From London an American traveler writes to Mr. Hawthorne, "A great day I spent with Sir William Hamilton, and two blessed evenings with De Quincey and his daughters. In De Quincey's house yours is the only portrait. They spoke of you with the greatest enthusiasm, and I was loved for even having seen you. Sir William Hamilton has read you with admiration, and says your House of the Seven Gables is more powerful in description than *The Scarlet Letter*." Did I tell you once of an English lady who went to the Consulate to see Mr. Hawthorne, and introduced herself as a literary sister? She had never been in Liverpool before, and desired him to show her the lions, and he actually escorted her about. An American lady who knows this Englishwoman sent, the other day, a bit of a note, torn off, to my husband, and on this scrap the English lady says, "I admire Mr. Hawthorne as a man and as an author more than any other human being." I have diligently taken cold these four months, and now have a hard cough. It is very noisy and wearying. Mr. Hawthorne does not mind fog, chill, or rain. He has no colds, feels perfectly well, and is the only Phœbus that shines in England. I told you in my last of Lord

Dufferin's urgent invitation to him to go to his seat of Clandeboyne in Ireland, four or five hours from Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne declined, and then came another note. The first was quite formal, but this begins, "My dear Mr. Hawthorne, . . . Mrs. Norton [his aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Norton] hopes . . . that you will allow her to have the pleasure of receiving you at her house in Chesterfield Street; and I trust you will always remember that I shall esteem it an honor to be allowed to receive you *here* whenever you may be disposed to pay this country a visit. Believe me, my dear Mr. Hawthorne, yours very truly, DUFFERIN."

Now have I not given you a fine feast of homage? "Flummery," my husband calls it.

December 8th.

Yesterday, who should come to see me but Mr. James Martineau [the brother of Harriet Martineau] and his wife. I have the greatest admiration for him as a divine, and I do not know what I expected to see in the outward man. But I was well pleased with his aspect as I found it. He is not tall, and he is pale, though not thin, with the most perfectly simple manners and beautiful expression. It seemed as if he had always been *my brother*; as if I could find in him counselor, friend, saint, and sage; and I have no doubt it is so, so potent is the aroma of character, without a word or sign. How worse than folly it is to imagine that character can either be cried up or cried down! No veil can conceal, no blazonry exalt, either the good or the evil. A man has only to come in and sit down, and there he is, for better, for worse. I, at least, am always, as it were, *hit* by a person's sphere; and either the music of the spheres or the contrary supervenes, and sometimes, also, nothing at all, if there is not much strength of character. Mr. Martineau did not say much; but his voice was very pleasant and sympathetic, and he won regard merely by his manner of being. Mrs.

Martineau sat with her back to the only dim light there was, and I could receive no impression from her face; but she seemed pleasant and friendly. She said she wished very much that we would go to her party on the 19th, which was their silver-wedding day. She said we should meet Mrs. Gaskell — the author of *Mary Barton*, *Ruth*, and *Cranford* — and several other friends. It is the greatest pity that we cannot go; but it would be madness to think of going out at night, in these solid fogs, with my cough. They live beyond Liverpool, in Prince's Park. Mrs. Martineau showed herself perfectly well bred by not being importunate. It was a delightful call; and I feel as if I had friends in deed and in need, just from that one interview. Mr. Martineau said Una would be homesick until she had some friends of her own age, and that he had a daughter, a little older, who might do for one of them. They wished to see Mr. Hawthorne, and came pretty near it, for they could not have got out of the lodge gate before he came home! Was not that a shame?

January 5, 1854.

. . . Perhaps you have heard of Miss Charlotte Cushman, the actress? The summer before we left America, she sent a note to Mr. Hawthorne, requesting him to sit to a lady for his miniature, which she wished to take to England. Mr. Hawthorne could not refuse, though you can imagine his repugnance on every account. He went and did penance, and was then introduced to Miss Cushman. He liked her for a very sensible person, with perfectly simple manners. The other day he met her in Liverpool, and she told him she had been intending to call on me ever since she had been at her sister's, at Rose Hill Hall, Woolton, seven miles from Liverpool. Mr. Hawthorne wished me to invite her to dine and pass the night. I invited her to dine on the 29th of December. She accepted, and came. I found her tall as her famous

character, Meg Merrilies, with a face of peculiar, square form, most amiable in expression, and so very untheatrical in manner and bearing that I should never suspect her to be an actress. She has left the stage now two years, and retires upon the fortune she has made; for she was a very great favorite on the English stage, and retired in the height of her fame. The children liked her prodigiously, and Rose was never weary of the treasures attached to her watch-chain. I could not recount to you the gems clustered there, such as a fairy tiny gold palette, with all the colors arranged; a tiny easel with a colored landscape quarter of an inch wide; a tragic and comic mask, just big enough for a gnome; a cross of the Legion of Honor; a wallet, opening with a spring, and disclosing compartments just of a size for the keeper of the privy purse of the fairy queen; a dagger for a pygmy; two minute daguerreotypes of friends, each as large as a small pea, in a gold case; an opera-glass; faith, hope, and charity, represented by a golden heart and anchor — and I forget what — a little harp. I cannot remember any more. These were all, I think, memorials of friends.

March 12, 1854.

. . . Mr. Hawthorne dined at Aigbarth, one of the suburbs of Liverpool, with Mr. Bramley Moore, an M. P. Mr. Moore took an effectual way to secure Mr. Hawthorne, for he went one day himself to his office, and asked him for the very same evening; thus bearding the lion in his den and clutching him. And Mrs. H. would not be discouraged. She could not get Mr. Hawthorne to go to her splendid fancy ball, to meet Lord and Lady Sefton and all the aristocracy of the county, . . . but wrote him a note, telling him that if he wished for her forgiveness he must agree with me upon a day when we would go and dine with her. He delayed, . . . and then she wrote me a note, appointing the

16th of March for us to go and meet the Martineaus and Brights, and remain all night. There was no evading this; so he is going, but I refused. Her husband is a mighty banker, and she is sister of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, W. E. Gladstone; and they are nobly connected all round. . . . Mr. Hawthorne does not want to go, and especially curses the hour when white muslin cravats became the *sine qua non* of a gentleman's full dress. Just think how reverend he must look! I believe he would even rather wear a sword and cocked hat; for he declares a white muslin cravat the last abomination, the chief enormity of fashion, and that all the natural feelings of a man cry out against it, and that it is alike abhorrent to taste and to sentiment. To all this I reply that he looks a great deal handsomer with white about his throat than with a stiff old black satin stock, which always to me looks like the stocks, and that it is habit only which makes him prefer it. . . .

March 16th. My dear father, Mr. Hawthorne has gone to West Derby to dine . . . and stay all night. He left me with a powerful anathema against all dinner-parties, declaring he did not believe anybody liked them, and therefore they were a malicious invention for destroying human comfort.

Mr. Bramley Moore again seized Mr. Hawthorne in the Consulate, the other day, and dragged him to Aigbarth to dine with Mr. Warren, the author of *Ten Thousand a Year* and *The Diary of a Physician*. Mr. Hawthorne liked him very well. Mr. Warren commenced to say something very complimentary to Mr. Hawthorne in a low tone, across an intermediate gentleman, when Mr. Bramley Moore requested that the company might have the benefit of it. So Mr. Warren spoke aloud; and then Mr. Hawthorne had to make a speech in return!

Hospitality was abundant in our first

English home, as many letters affirm. The delightful novelty to my small self of a peep at the glitter of little dinner-parties was as surprising to me as if I could have had a real consciousness of its contrast to all the former simplicity of my parents' life. Down the damask trooped the splendid silver covers, entrancingly catching a hundred reflections from candle-flame and cut glass, and my own face as I hovered for a moment upon the scene while the butler was gliding hither and thither to complete his artistic arrangements. On my father's side of the family there had been a distinct trait of material elegance, appearing in such evidences as an exquisite tea-service, brought from China by my grandfather, with the intricate monogram and dainty shapes and decoration of a hundred years ago; and in a few chairs and tables that could not be surpassed for graceful design and finish; and so on. As for my mother's traits of inborn refinement, they were marked enough, but she writes of herself to her sister at this time, "You cannot think how I cannot be in the least tonish, such is my indomitable simplicity of style." Her opinion of herself was always humble; and I can testify to the distinguished figure she made as she wore the first ball-dress I ever detected her in. I was supposed to be fast asleep, and she had come to look at me before going out to some social function, as she has told me she never failed to do when leaving the house for a party. Her superb brocade, pale-tinted, low-necked and short-sleeved, her happy, airy manner, her glowing though pale face, her dancing eyes, her ever-hovering smile of perfect kindness, all flashed upon me in the sudden light as I roused myself. I insisted upon gazing and admiring, yet I ended by indignantly weeping to find that my gentle little mother could be so splendid and wear so triumphant an expression. "She is frightened at my fine gown!" my mother exclaimed, with a changed

look of self-forgetting concern; and I never forgot how much more beautiful her noble glance was than her triumphant one. A faded bill has been preserved, for the humor of it, from Salem days, in which it is recorded that for the year 1841 she ordered ten pairs of number two kid slippers, — which was not precisely economical for a young lady who needed to earn money by painting, and who denied herself a multitude of pleasures and comforts which were enjoyed by relatives and friends.

In our early experience of English society my mother's suppressed fondness for the superb burst into fruition, and the remnants of such indulgence have turned up among severest humdrum for many years; but soon she re-

fused to permit herself even momentary extravagances. To those who will remember duty hosts of duties appeal, and it was not long before my father and mother began to save for their children's future the money which flowed in. Miss Cushman's vagary of an amusing watch-chain was exactly the sort of thing which they never imitated; they smiled at it as the saucy tyranny, over a great character, of great wealth. My father's rigid economy was perhaps more unbroken than my mother's. Still, she has written, "I never knew what charity meant till I knew my husband." There are many records of his having heard clearly the teaching that home duties are not so necessary or loving as duty towards the homeless.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

A TEAR BOTTLE.

GLASS, wherein a Greek girl's tears
Once were gathered as they fell,
After these two thousand years
Is there still no tale to tell?

Buried with her, in her mound
She is dust long since, but you
Only yesterday were found
Iridescent as the dew, —

Fashioned faultlessly, a form
Graceful as was hers whose cheek
Once against you made you warm
While you heard her sorrow speak.

At your lips I listen long
For some whispered word of her,
For some ghostly strain of song
In your haunted heart to stir.

But your crystal lips are dumb,
Hushed the music in your heart:
Ah, if she could only come
Back again and bid it start!

Long is Art, but Life how brief!
 And the end seems so unjust:
 This companion of her grief
 Here to-day, while she is dust!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY:

BEING THE MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROBERT STOBO, SOMETIME AN OFFICER IN THE VIRGINIA REGIMENT, AND AFTERWARDS OF AMHERST'S REGIMENT.

XXVIII.

My hurt proved more serious than I had looked for, and the day after my escape I was in a high fever. General Wolfe himself, having heard of my return, sent to inquire after me. He also was ill, and our forces were depressed in consequence; for he had a power to inspire them not given to any other of our accomplished and admirable generals. He forbore to question me concerning the state of the town and what I had seen, for which I was glad. My adventure had been of a private nature, and such I wished it to remain. The general desired me to come to him as soon as I was able, that I might proceed with him above the town to reconnoitre. But for many a day this was impossible, for my wound gave me much pain and I was confined to my bed. Yet we on the Terror of France served our good general, too; for one dark night, when the wind was fair, we piloted the remaining ships of Admiral Holmes's division above the town. This move was made on my constant assertion that there was a way by which Quebec might be taken from above; and when General Wolfe made known my representations to his general officers, they accepted it as a last resort, for otherwise what hope had they? At Montmorenci our troops had been repulsed, the mud flats of the Beauport shore and the St. Charles River

were as good as an army against us, the Upper Town and citadel were practically impregnable, and for eight miles west of the town to the cove and river at Cap Rouge there was one long precipice, broken in but one spot; and there, I was sure, men could come up with stiff climbing as I had done. Bougainville came to Cap Rouge now with three thousand men, for he thought that this was to be our point of attack. Along the shore from Cap Rouge to Cape Diamond small batteries were posted, such as that of Laney's at Anse du Foulon; but they were careless, for no conjectures might seem so wild as that of bringing an army up where I had climbed.

"Tut, tut," said General Murray, when he came to me on the Terror of France, after having, at my suggestion, gone to the south shore opposite Anse du Foulon, and scanned the faint line that marked the narrow cleft on the cliff side, — "tut, tut, man," he said, "'t is the dream of a cat or a damned mathematician."

Once, after all was done, he said to me that cats and mathematicians were the only generals.

I cannot write with what pride Clark showed the way up the river one evening, the batteries of the town giving us plunging shots as we went, and ours at Point Levis answering gallantly. To me it was a good if most anxious time; good, in that I was having some sort of com-

pensation for my own sufferings in the town; anxious, because no single word came to me of Alixe or her father, and all the time we were pouring death into it. But this we knew from deserters, that Vaudreuil was Governor and Bigot Intendant still; by which it would seem that, on the momentous night when Doltaire was wounded by Madame Cournal, he gave back the governorship to Vaudreuil and reinstated Bigot. Presently, from an officer who had been captured as he was setting free a fire-raft upon the river to run among the boats of our fleet, I heard that Doltaire had been confined in the Intendance from a wound given by a stupid sentry. Thus the true story had been kept from the public. From him, too, I learned that nothing was known of the Seigneur Duvarney and his daughter; that they had suddenly disappeared from the Intendance, as if the earth had swallowed them; and that even Juste Duvarney knew nothing of them, and was, in consequence, much distressed.

This officer also said that now, when it might seem as if both the Seigneur and his daughter were dead, opinion had turned in Alixe's favor, and there had crept about the feeling, first among the common folk and afterwards among the people of the garrison, that she had been used harshly. This was due largely, he thought, to the constant advocacy of the Chevalier la Darante, whose nephew had married Mademoiselle Georgette Duvarney. This piece of news, in spite of the uncertainty of Alixe's fate, touched me, for the Chevalier had indeed kept his word to me.

At last all of Admiral Holmes's division was got above the town, with very little damage, and I never saw a man so elated, so profanely elated, as Clark over his share in the business. He was a daredevil, too; for the day that the last of the division was taken up the river, without my permission or the permission of the admiral or anybody else, he took the Terror of France almost up

to Bougainville's earthworks in the cove at Cap Rouge and insolently emptied his six swivels into them, and then came out and stood down the river. When I found what he was doing, — for I was now well enough to come on deck, — he said he was going to see how monkeys could throw nuts; when I pressed him, he said he had a will to hear the cats in the eaves; and when I became severe, he added that he would bring the Terror of France up past the batteries of the town in broad daylight, swearing that they could no more hit him than a woman could a bird on a flagstaff with a stone. I did not relish this foolish bravado, and I forbade it; but presently I consented, on condition that he take me to General Wolfe's camp at Montmorenci first, for now I felt strong enough to be again on active service. Indeed, I found myself far stronger than the general, who, wasted by disease, seemed like a man keeping himself alive for some last great effort, which done, or undone, the flame, for want of fuel, would go out forever.

Clark took the Terror of France up the river in midday, running perilously close to the batteries; and though they pounded at him petulantly, foolishly angry at his contemptuous defiance, he ran the gauntlet safely, and coming to the flag-ship, the Sutherland, saluted with his six swivels, to the laughter of the whole fleet and his own profane joy.

"Mr. Stobo," said General Wolfe, when I saw him, racked with pain, studying a chart of the river and town which his chief engineer had just brought him, "show me here this passage in the hill-side."

I did so, tracing the plains of Maitre Abraham, which I assured him would be good ground for a pitched battle. He nodded; then rose, and walked up and down for a time, thinking. Suddenly he stopped, and fixed his eyes upon me.

"Mr. Stobo," said he, "it would seem that you, angering La Pompadour,

brought down this war upon us." He paused, smiling in a dry way, as if the thought amused him, as if indeed he doubted it; but for that I cared not—it was an honor I could easily live without.

I bowed to his words, and said, "Mine was the last straw, sir."

Again he nodded, and replied, "Well, well, you got us into trouble; you must show us the way out," and he looked at the passage I had traced upon the chart. "You will remain with me until we meet our enemy on these heights." He pointed to the plains of Maitre Abraham. Then he turned away, and began walking up and down again. "It is the last chance!" he said to himself in a tone despairing and yet heroic. "Please God, please God!" he added.

"You will speak nothing of these plans," he said to me at last, half mechanically. "We must make feints of landing at Cap Rouge—feints of landing everywhere save at the one possible place; confuse both Bougainville and Montcalm; tire out their armies with watchings and want of sleep; and then, on the auspicious night, make the great trial."

I had remained respectfully standing at a little distance from him. Now he suddenly came to me, and, pressing my hand, said quickly, "You have trouble, you have trouble, Mr. Stobo. I am sorry for you. But who can tell—maybe it is for better things to come."

I thanked him stumbingly, and a moment later left him, to serve him on the morrow, and so on through many days, till, in divers perils, the camp at Montmorenci was abandoned, the troops were got aboard the ships, and the general took up his quarters on the Sutherland; from which, one notable day, I sallied forth with him to a point at the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon, where he saw the thin crack in the cliff side. From that moment instant and final attack was his purpose.

The great night came, starlit and serene. The camp-fires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring general, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, bootied and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more." Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquillity. There lay the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles's, Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much-loved, much-blamed, and impetuous Louisburg Grenadiers. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward pain-twisted body and ugly red hair. "Damme, Jack, didst thee ever take hell in tow before?" said a sailor from the Terror of France to his fellow once, as the marines grappled with a flotilla of French fire-ships, and dragged them, spitting destruction, clear of the fleet, to the shore. "Nay, but I've been in tow of Jimmy Wolfe's red head—that's hell fire, lad," was the reply.

From boat to boat the general's eye

passed, then shifted to the ships, — the Squirrel, the Leostaff, the Seahorse, and the rest, — and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the general made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the general passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, carried by the current, silently steered. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the general's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see him plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me, and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Stobo, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted in the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low clear tone, verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say —

"The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his, — it was as tin beside Doltaire's, — but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said —

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer who said we were provision-boats for Montcalm. Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, and we rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine, and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here I drew back with Clark, for such honor as there might be in gaining the

heights first I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights, and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were up; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first gray light of morning. We made a dash for them, were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel, and brought him down. Our cheers told the general the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there, while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm; until at last, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eying us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting

in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure, and he was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon, knowing well that I had seen the passage in the mountain, and that I would make our general acquainted with it. The battalion had not been moved till twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights: stones rolled from the cliff would have destroyed an army.

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisburg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from

the left, and skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or dislodge them and drive them from the houses where they sheltered, from which they galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in ten long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlebourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind slow-traveling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance to-day. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here, of La Pompadour's spite which I had roused to action against my country, of the struggle between Doltaire and myself. The public stake was worthy of our army — worthy of the dauntless soldier, who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns moved down upon us briskly, making a

wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there, a long palisade of red.

At last, from where I was I saw our general raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

So, checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from near four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the good soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on, I noted the general sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me:

Doltaire, cool and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye on him; and presently there was a hand-to-hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I observed not far away Gabord, mounted, and attacked by three Grenadiers. Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one Grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside as Gabord's horse came down, bayoneted by the fallen Grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last Grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the left side. He grasped the musket-barrel, and struck home with fatal precision: the man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the pretty goldenrod flower which spattered the field.

It was at this moment I saw making towards me Juste Duvarney, hatred and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him, also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that one act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us two — brothers — from fighting, by fighting me himself. He reached me first, and with an "*Au diable!*" made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney's rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think: Clark hunger-

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ing for Gabord's life (Gabord had once been his jailer, too), and Juste Duvarney for mine, and the battle faring on ahead of us, for soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the rancorous word "*Renegade!*" nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

"Fair fight and fowl for spitting, my dear," he said. . . . "Go home to heaven, dickey-bird." Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. There was no doubt what the end must be, and so I fought with a desperate alertness: and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he fell where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him, and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

"Gabord! Gabord!" I called, grief-stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in, and drew out — one of Mathilde's wooden crosses. "*To cheat — the devil — yet — aho!*" he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis Gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at the Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-Second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, Juste Duvarney.

But now he was forever beyond all friendship or reconciliation.

XXIX.

The smell of unreaped harvest-fields was in the air, the bobolink was piping his evensong, the bells of some shattered church were calling to vespers, the sun was sinking behind the flaming autumn woods, as once more I entered the St. Louis Gate, with the Grenadiers and a detachment of artillery, the British colors hoisted on a gun-carriage. Till this hour I had ever entered and left this town a captive, a price set on my head, and in the very street where now I walked I had gone with a rope round my neck, abused and maltreated. I saw our flag replace the golden lilies of France on the citadel where Doltaire had baited me, and at the top of Mountain Street, near to the Bishop's palace, up which I had been carried, wounded, from the Intendance courtyard, our colors also flew.

Every step I took was familiar, yet unfamiliar too. It was a disfigured town, where a hungry, distracted people huddled among ruins, and begged for mercy and for food, and wept for their ruined homes and unhappy country, nor found time in the general overwhelming to think of the gallant Montcalm, lying in his shell-made grave at the chapel of the Ursulines, not fifty steps from where I had looked through the tapestry on Alixe and Doltaire. The convent was almost deserted now, and as I passed it, on my way to the cathedral, I took off my hat; for how knew I but that she I loved best lay there, too, as truly a heroine as the admirable Montcalm was hero, dying far from his olive vineyards at Candiac and the beloved olive branches of his home? A solitary bell was clanging on the chapel as I went by, and I saw three nuns steal past me with bowed heads. I longed to stop them and ask them of Alixe, for I felt sure that the Church knew where she was, living or dead, though none of all I asked knew aught of her, not even the Chevalier la Darante, who had come

to our camp the night before, accompanied by Joannes, the town major, with terms of surrender.

I came to the church of the Recollets as I wandered; for now, for a little time, I seemed bewildered and incapable, lost in a maze of dreadful imaginings. I entered the door of the church, and stumbled upon a body. Hearing footsteps ahead in the dusk, I passed up the aisle, and came upon a pile of débris. Looking up, I could see the stars shining through a hole in the roof, made by a shell. Hearing a noise beyond, I went on, and there, seated on the high altar, was the dwarf who had snatched the cup of rum out of the fire, the night that Mathilde had given the crosses to the revelers. He gave a low, wild laugh, and hugged a bottle to his breast. Almost at his feet, half naked, with her face on the lowest step of the altar, her feet touching the altar itself, was the girl — his sister — who had kept her drunken lover from assaulting him. The girl was dead — there was a knife-wound in her breast. Sick at the sight I left the place, and went on, almost mechanically, to Voban's house.

It was level with the ground, a crumpled heap of ruins. I passed Lancy's house, in front of which I had fought with Gabord; it too was broken to pieces. As I turned away I heard a loud noise, as of an explosion, and I supposed it to be some magazine. I thought of it no more at the time. Voban must be found — that was more important. I must know of Alixe first, and I felt sure that if any one knew of her whereabouts it would be he: she would have told him where she was going, if she had fled; if she were dead, who so likely to know, this secret, elusive, vengeful watcher? Of Doltaire I had heard nothing; I would seek him out when I knew of Alixe. He could not escape me now, in this walled town. I passed on for a time without direction, for I seemed not to know where I might

find him. Our sentries already patrolled the streets, and our bugles were calling on the heights, with answering calls from the fleet in the basin. Night came down quickly, the stars shone out in the perfect blue, and, as I walked, broken walls, shattered houses, solitary pillars, looked mystically strange. It was so quiet; as if a beaten people had crawled away into the holes our shot and shell had made, to hide their misery. Now and again a gaunt face looked out from a hiding-place, and drew back again in fear at sight of me. Once a drunken woman spat at me and cursed me; once I was fired at; and many times from dark corners I heard voices crying, "Sauvez-moi — ah, sauvez-moi, bon Dieu!" Once I stood for many minutes and watched our soldiers giving biscuits and their own share of rum to homeless French peasants hovering round the smouldering ruins of a house which carcasses had destroyed.

And now my wits came back to me, my purposes, the power to act, which for a couple of hours had seemed to be in abeyance. I hurried through narrow streets to the cathedral. There it stood, a shattered mass, its sides all broken, its roof gone, its tall octagonal tower alone substantial and unchanged. Coming to its rear, I found Babette's little house, with open door, and I went in. There sat the old grandfather in his corner, with a lighted candle on the table near him, across his knees Jean's coat that I had worn. He only babbled nonsense to my questioning, and, after calling aloud to Babette and getting no reply, I started for the Intendence.

I had scarcely left the house when I saw some French peasants coming towards me with a litter. A woman, walking behind the litter, carried a lantern, and one of our soldiers of artillery attended and directed. I ran forward, and discovered Voban, mortally hurt. The woman gave a cry, and spoke my name in a kind of surprise and relief;

and the soldier, recognizing me, saluted. I sent him for a surgeon, and came on with the hurt man to the little house. Soon I was alone with him save for Babette, and her I sent for a priest. As soon as I had seen Voban I guessed what had happened — he had tried for his revenge at last. After a little time he knew me, but at first he could not speak.

"What has happened — the Palace?" said I.

He nodded.

"You blew it up — with Bigot?" I asked.

His reply was a whisper, and his face twitched with pain: "Not — with Bigot."

I gave him some cordial, which he was inclined to refuse. It revived him, but I saw he could live only a few hours. Presently he made an effort. "I will tell you," he whispered.

"Tell me first of my wife," said I. "Is she alive — is she alive?"

If a smile could have been upon his lips then, I saw one there — good Voban. I put my ear down, and my heart almost stopped beating, until I heard him say, "Find Mathilde," and then it took to pounding wildly.

"Do you know where?" I asked.

"In the Valdoche Hills," he answered, "where the Gray Monk lives — by the Tall Calvary." He gasped with pain; I let him rest awhile, and eased the bandages on him, and soon he said, "I am to be gone soon. For two years I have wait for the good time to kill him — Bigot — to send him and his Palace to hell. I cannot tell you how I work to do it. It is no matter — no. From an old cellar I mine, and at last I get the powder lay beneath him — his Palace. So. But he does not come to the Palace much this many months, and Madame Cournal is always with him, and it is hard to do the thing in other ways. But I laugh when the English come in the town, and when I see Bigot fly to his Palace alone to get his trea-

sure-chest I think it is my time. So I ask the valet, and he say he is in the private room that lead to the treasure-place. Then I come back quick to the secret place and fire my mine. In ten minutes all will be done. I go at once to his room again, alone. I pass through the one room, and come to the other. It is a room with one small barred window. If he is there, I will say a word to him that I have wait long to say, then shut the door on us both, for I am sick of life, and watch him and laugh at him till the end comes. If he is in the other room, then I have another way as sure" —

He paused, exhausted, and I waited till he could again go on. At last he made a great effort, and continued: "I go back to the first room, and he is not there. I pass soft to the treasure-room, and I see him kneel beside a chest, looking in. His back is to me. I hear him laugh to himself. I shut the door, turn the key, go to the window and throw it out, and look at him again. But now he stand and turn to me, and then I see — I see it is not Bigot, but — M'sieu' Doltaire!

"I am sick when I see that, and at first I cannot speak, my tongue stick in my mouth so dry. 'Has Voban turn robber?' he say. I put out my hand and try to speak again, but no. 'What did you throw from the window?' he speak. 'And what's the matter, my Voban?' 'My God,' I say at him now, 'I thought you are Bigot!' I point to the floor. 'Powder!' I whisper. His eyes go like fire so terrible; he look to the window, take a quick angry step to me, but stand still. Then he point to the window. 'The key, Voban?' he say; and I answer, 'Yes.' He get pale; then he go and try the door, look close at the walls, try them — quick, quick, stop, for a panel, then try again, stand still, and lean against the table. It is no use to call; no one can hear, for it is all roar outside, and these walls are solid

and very thick. 'How long?' he say, and take out his watch. 'Five minutes — perhaps,' I answer. He put his watch on the table, and sit down on a bench by it, and for a little minute he do not speak, but look at me close, and not angry, as you would think. 'Voban,' he say in a low voice, 'Bigot was a thief.' He point to the chest. 'He stole from the King — my father. He stole your Mathilde from you! He should have died. We have both been blunderers, Voban, blunderers,' he say; 'things have gone wrong with us. We have lost all.' There is little time. 'Tell me one thing,' he go on. 'Is Mademoiselle Duvarney safe — do you know?' I tell him yes, and he smile, and take from his pocket something, and lay it against his lips, and then put it back in his breast. 'You are not afraid to die, Voban?' he ask. I answer no. 'Shake hands with me, my friend,' he speak, and I do so that. 'Ah, pardon, pardon, Monsieur,' I say. 'No, no, Voban; it was to be,' he answer. 'We shall meet again, comrade,' he say also, and he turn away from me and look to the sky through the window, and nod his head. Then he look at his watch, and get to his feet, and stand there still. I kiss my crucifix. He reach out and touch it, and bring his fingers to his lips. 'Who can tell?' he say. 'Perhaps.' For a little minute — ah, it seem like a year, and it is so still, so still — he stand there, and then he put his hand over the watch, lift it up, and shut his eyes, as if time is all done. While you can count ten it is so, and then the great crash come."

For a long time he lay silent again. I gave him more cordial, and he revived, and ended his tale. "I am a blunderer, as M'sieu' say," he went on, "for he is killed, not Bigot and me, and only a little part of the Palace go to pieces. And so they fetch me here, and I wish — my God, I wish I go with M'sieu' Doltaire."

Two hours after I went to the Intendance, and there I found that the

body of my enemy had been placed in the room where I had last seen him with Alixe. He lay on the same couch where she had lain. The flag of France covered his broken body, but his face was untouched — as it had been in life, haunting, fascinating, though the shifting lights were gone, the fine eyes closed. A noble peace hid all that was sardonic; not even Gabor would now have called him “Master Devil.” I covered up his face and left him there, — peasant and prince, — candles burning at his head and feet, and the star of Louis on his shattered breast; and I saw him no more.

All that night I walked the ramparts, thinking, remembering, hoping, waiting for the morning; and when I saw the light break over those far eastern parishes, wasted by fire and sword, I set out on a journey to the Valdoche Hills.

It was in the saffron light of early morning that I saw it, the Tall Calvary of the Valdoche Hills. The night before I had come up through a long valley, overhung with pines on one side and crimsoning maples on the other, and, traveling till nearly midnight, had lain down in the hollow of a bank, and listened to a little river leap over cascades, and, far below, go prattling on to the great river in the south. My eyes closed, but for long I did not sleep. I heard a night-hawk go by on a lonely mission, a beaver slide from a log into the water, and the delicate humming of the pine needles was a drowsy music, through which broke by and by the strange, sad crying of a loon from the water below. I was neither asleep nor awake, but steeped in this wide awe of night, the sweet smell of earth and running water in my nostrils. Once, too, in a slight breeze, the scent of some wild animal’s nest near by came past, and I found it good. I lifted up a handful of loose earth and powdered leaves, and held it to my nose, — a good, brave smell,

— all in a sort of sleep; for I was resting, too, one part of me all still and happy. How good this rich earth was; how sweet a thing to lie close to Mother Nature, the true or careless or good-for-nothing head against her knee, even with the foolishness of the child who buries his hot face in the nest of cool sand that he has made!

As I mused, Doltaire’s face passed before me as it was in life, and I heard him say again of the peasants, “These shall save the earth some day, for they are of it, and live close to it, and are kin to it.”

Then, all at once, there rushed before me that scene in the convent, when all the devil in him broke loose upon the woman I loved. But, turning on my homely bed, I looked up and saw the deep quiet of the skies, the stable peace of the stars, and I was a son of the good earth again, a sojourner in the tents of Home. I did not doubt that Alixe was alive or that I should find her. There was assurance in this benignant night. In that thought, dreaming that her cheek lay close to mine, her arm around my neck, I fell asleep. I waked to hear the squirrels stirring in the trees, the whir of the partridge, and the first unvarying note of the oriole. Turning on my dry, leafy bed, I looked down, and saw in the dark haze of dawn the beavers at their house-building.

I was at the beginning of a deep gorge or valley, on one side of which was a steep sloping hill of grass and trees, and on the other a huge escarpment of mossed and jagged rocks. Then, farther up, the valley seemed to end in a huge promontory. On this great wedge grim shapes loomed in the mist, uncouth and shadowy and unnatural — a lonely, mysterious Brocken, impossible to human tenantry. Yet as I watched the mist slowly rise, there grew in me the feeling that there lay the end of my quest. I came down to the brook, bathed my face and hands, ate my frugal breakfast of

bread, with berries picked from the hill-side, and, as the yellow light of the rising sun broke over the promontory, I saw the Tall Calvary upon a knoll, strange comrade to the huge rocks and monoliths — as it were vast playthings of the Mighty Men, the fabled ancestors of the Indian races of the land.

I started up the valley, and presently all the earth grew blithe, and the birds filled the woods and valleys with jocund noise. I was hopeful, ready for happiness, a deadly smother lifted from my heart.

It was near noon before I knew that my pilgrimage was over. Then, coming round a point of rock, I saw the Gray Monk, of whom strange legends had lately traveled to the city. I took off my hat to him reverently; but all at once he threw back his cowl, and I saw, no monk, but, much altered, the good chaplain who had married me to Alixe in the Château St. Louis. He had been hurt when he was fired upon in the water; had escaped, however, got to shore, and made his way into the woods. There he had met Mathilde, who led him to her lonely home in this hill. Seeing the Tall Calvary, he had conceived the idea of this disguise, and Mathilde had brought him the robe for the purpose.

In a secluded cave I found Alixe with her father, caring for him, for he was not yet wholly recovered from his hurt. There was no waiting now. The ban of Church did not hold her back, nor did her father do aught but smile when she came laughing and crying into my arms. The good Seigneur put out his hand to me beseechingly. I took it, clasped it.

"The city?" he asked.

"Is ours," I answered.

"And my son — my son?"

I told him how, the night that the city was taken, the Chevalier la Darante and I had gone a sad journey in a boat to the Island of Orleans, and there, in the chapel yard, near to his father's château, we had laid a brave and honest gentleman who died fighting for his country.

By and by, when their grief had a little abated, I took them out into the sunshine, a pleasant green valley lying to the north, and to the south, far off, the wall of rosy hills that hid the captured town. As we stood there, a scarlet figure came winding in and out among the giant stones, crosses hanging at her girdle. She approached us, and, seeing me, she said, "Hush! I know a place where all the lovers can hide." And she put a little wooden cross into my hand.

Gilbert Parker.

SOME TENNESSEE BIRD NOTES.

WHOEVER loves the music of English sparrows should live in Chattanooga; there is no place on the planet, it is to be hoped, where they are more numerous and pervasive. Mocking-birds are scarce. To the best of my recollection, I saw none in the city itself, and less than half a dozen in the surrounding country. A young gentleman whom I questioned upon the subject told me that they used to be common, and attributed

their present increasing rarity to the persecutions of boys, who find a profit in selling the young into captivity. Their place, in the city especially, is taken by catbirds; interesting, imitative, and in their own measure tuneful, but poor substitutes for mocking-birds. In fact, it is impossible to think of any bird as really filling that rôle. The brown thrush, it is true, sings quite in the mocking-bird's manner, and, to my ear, almost or quite

as well; but he possesses no gift as a mimic, and furthermore, without being exactly a bird of the forest or the wilderness, is instinctively and irreclaimably a recluse. It would be hard, even among human beings, to find a nature less touched with urbanity. In the mocking-bird the elements are more happily mixed. Not gregarious, intolerant of rivalry, and, as far as creatures of his own kind are concerned, a stickler for elbow-room, — sharing with his brown relative in this respect, — he is at the same time a born citizen and neighbor; as fond of gardens and dooryard trees as the thrasher is of scrublands and barberry bushes. "Man delights me," he might say, "and woman also." He likes to be listened to, it is pretty certain; and possibly he is dimly aware of the artistic value of appreciation, without which no artist ever did his best. Add to this endearing social quality the splendor and freedom of the mocker's vocal performances, multifarious, sensational, incomparable, by turns entrancing and amusing, and it is easy to understand how he has come to hold a place by himself in Southern sentiment and literature. A city without mocking-birds is only half Southern, though black faces be never so thick upon the sidewalks and mules never so common in the streets. If the boys have driven the great mimic away from Chattanooga, it is time the fathers took the boys in hand. Civic pride alone ought to bring this about, to say nothing of the possible effect upon real estate values of the abundant and familiar presence of this world-renowned, town-loving, town-charming songster.

From my window, on the side of Cameron Hill, I heard daily the singing of an orchard oriole — another fine and neighborly bird — and a golden warbler, with sometimes the *fidgety, fidgety* of a Maryland yellow-throat. What could *he* be fussing about in so unlikely a quarter? An adjoining yard presented the unnatural spectacle — unnatural, but, I am

sorry to say, not unprecedented — of a bird-house occupied in partnership by purple martins and English sparrows. They had finished their quarrels, if they had ever had any, — which can hardly be open to doubt, both native and foreigner being constitutionally belligerent, — and frequently sat side by side upon the ridge-pole, like the best of friends. The oftener I saw them there, the more indignant I became at the martins' un-American behavior. Such a disgraceful surrender of the Monroe Doctrine was too much even for a man of peace. I have never called myself a Jingo, but for once it would have done me good to see the lion's tail twisted.

With the exception of a few pairs of rough-wings on Missionary Ridge, the martins seemed to be the only swallows in the country at that time of the year; and though *Progne subis*, in spite of an occasional excess of good nature, is a most noble bird, it was impossible not to feel that by itself it constituted but a meagre representation of an entire family. Swallows are none too numerous in Massachusetts, in these days, and are pretty certainly growing fewer and fewer, what with the prevalence of the box-monopolizing European sparrow, and the passing of the big, old-fashioned, widely ventilated barn; for there is no member of the family, not even the sand martin, whose distribution does not depend in great degree upon human agency. Even yet, however, if a Massachusetts man will make a circuit of a few miles, he will usually meet with tree swallows, barn swallows, cliff swallows, sand martins, and purple martins. In other words, he need not go far to find all the species of eastern North America, with the single exception of the least attractive of the six; that is to say, the rough-wing. As compared with the people of eastern Tennessee, then, we are still pretty well favored. It is worth while to travel now and then, if only to find ourselves better off at home.

It might be easy to suggest plausible reasons for the general absence of swallows from a country like that about Chattanooga; but the extraordinary scarcity of hawks, while many persons — not ornithologists — would account it less of a calamity, is more of a puzzle. From Walden's Ridge I saw a single sparrow hawk and a single red-tail; in addition to which I remember three birds whose identity I could not determine. Five hawks in the course of three weeks spent entirely out of doors, in the neighborhood of mountains covered with old forest. Taken by itself, this unexpected showing might have been ascribed to some queer combination of accidents, or to a failure of observation. In fact, I was inclined so to explain it till I noticed that Mr. Brewster had chronicled a similar state of things in what is substantially the same piece of country. Writing of western North Carolina, he says:¹ "The general scarcity — one may almost say absence — of hawks in this region during the breeding season is simply unaccountable. Small birds and mammals, lizards, snakes, and other animals upon which the various species subsist are everywhere numerous, the country is wild and heavily forested, and, in short, all the necessary conditions of environment seem to be fulfilled." Certainly, so far as my ingenuity goes, the mystery is "unaccountable;" but of course, like every other mystery, it would open quickly enough if we could find the key.

Turkey vultures were moderately numerous, — much less abundant than in Florida, — and twice I saw a single black vulture, recognizable, almost as far as it could be seen (but I do not mean at a first glance, nor without due precaution against foreshortened effects), by its docked tail. Both are invaluable in their place, — useful, graceful, admirable, and disgusting. The vultures, the martins, and the swifts were the only

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. p. 103.

common aerial birds. The swifts, happily, were everywhere, — jovial souls in a sooty dress, — and had already begun nest-building. I saw them continually pulling up against the twigs of a partially dead tree near my window. In them nature has developed the bird idea to its extreme, — a pair of wings, with just body enough for ballast; like a racing-yacht, built for nothing but to carry sail and avoid resistance. Their flight is a good visual music, as Emerson might have said; but I love also their quick, eager notes, like the sounds of children at play. And while it has nothing to do with Tennessee, I am prompted to mention here a bird of this species that I once saw in northern New Hampshire on the 1st of October, — an extraordinarily late date, if my experience counts for anything. With a friend I had made an ascent of Mount Lafayette (one of the days of a man's life), and as we came near the Profile House, on our return to the valley, there passed overhead a single chimney-swift. What he could be doing there at that season was more than either of us could divine. It was impossible to feel any great concern about him, however. The afternoon was nearly done, but at the rate he was traveling it seemed as if he might be in Mexico before sunrise. And easily enough he may have been, if Mr. Gätke is right in his contention that birds of very moderate powers of wing are capable of flying all night at the rate of four miles a minute!

The comparative scarcity of crows about Chattanooga, and the amazing dearth of jays in the oak forests of Walden's Ridge, have been touched upon elsewhere. As for the jays, their absence must have been more apparent than real, I am bound to believe. It was their silent time, probably. Still another thing that I found surprising was the small number of woodpeckers. For the first four days I saw not a single representative of the family. It would

be next to impossible to be so much out of doors in Massachusetts at any season of the year with a like result. During my three weeks in Tennessee I saw eight flickers, seven hairy woodpeckers, two red-heads, and two or three red-cockaded woodpeckers, besides which I heard one downy and one "log-cock." The last-named bird, which is big enough for even the careless to notice, seemed to be well known to the inhabitants of Walden's Ridge, where I heard it. By what they told me, it should be fairly common, but I saw nothing of its "peck-holes." The first of my two red-headed woodpeckers was near the base of Missionary Ridge, wasting his time in exploring pole after pole along the railway. Did he mistake them for so many dead trees still standing on their own roots? Dry and seemingly undecayed, they appeared to me to offer small encouragement to a grub-seeker; but probably the fellow knew his own business best. On questions of economic entomology, I fear I should prove but a lame adviser for the most benighted woodpecker that ever drummed. And yet, being a man, I could not help feeling that this particular red-head was behaving uncommonly like a fool. Was there ever a man who did not take it as a matter of course that he should be wiser than the "lower animals"?

Humming-birds cut but a small figure in my daily notes till I went to Walden's Ridge. There, in the forest, they were noticeably abundant, — for humming-birds, that is to say. It seemed to be the time of pairing with them; more than once the two sexes were seen together, — an unusual occurrence, unless my observation has been unfortunate, after the nest is built, or even while it is building. One female piqued my curiosity by returning again and again to the bole of an oak, hovering before it as before a flower, and more than once clinging to its rough upright surface. At first I took it for granted that she

was picking off bits of lichen with which to embellish the outer wall of her nest; but after each browsing she alighted here or there on a leafless twig. If she had been gathering nest material, she would have flown away with it, I thought.

At another time, in a tangle of shrubbery, I witnessed a most lively encounter between two humming-birds; a case of fighting or love-making, — two things confusingly alike to an outsider, — in the midst of which one of the contestants suddenly displayed so dazzling a gorget that for an instant I mistook it for a scarlet flower. I did not "wipe my eye," not being a poet, nor even a "rash observer," but I admired anew the wonderful flashing jewel, now coal-black, now flaming red, with which, perhaps, the male ruby-throat blinds his long-suffering mate to all his shameful treatment of her in her season of watchfulness and motherly anxiety. Does she never remind him, I wonder, that there are some things whose price is far above rubies? I had never seen the humming-bird so much a forest-dweller as here, and gladly confessed that I had never seen him when he looked so romantically at home and in place. The tulip-trees, in particular, might have been made on purpose for him.

As the Chattanooga neighborhood was poorly supplied with hawks, woodpeckers, and swallows, so was it likewise with sparrows, though in a less marked degree. The common species — the only resident species that I met with, but my explorations were nothing like complete — were chippers, field sparrows, and Bachman sparrows; the first interesting for their familiarity, the other two for their musical gifts. In a comparison between eastern Tennessee — as I saw it — and eastern Massachusetts, the Bachman sparrow must be set against the song sparrow, the vesper sparrow, and the swamp sparrow. It is a brilliant and charming songster, one of the very finest; but it would be too costly a bargain

to buy its presence with loss of the song sparrow's abounding versatility and high spirits, and the vesper sparrow's unflinching sweetness, serenity, and charm.

So much for the sparrows, commonly so called. If we come to the family as a whole, the goodly family of sparrows and finches, we miss in Tennessee the rose-breasted grosbeak and the purple finch, two of our best esteemed Massachusetts birds, both for music and for beauty; to offset which we have the cardinal grosbeak, whose whistle is exquisite, but who can hardly be ranked as a singer above either the rose-breast or the linnet, to say nothing of the two combined.

At the season of my visit, — in the latter half of the vernal migration, — the preponderance of woodland birds, especially of the birds known as wood warblers, was very striking. Of ninety-three species observed, twenty-eight belonged to the warbler family. In this list it was curious to remark the absence of the Nashville and the Tennessee. The circumstance is significant of the comparative worthlessness — except from a historical point of view — of locality names as they are applied to American birds in general. Here were Maryland yellow-throats, Cape May warblers, Canada warblers, Kentucky warblers, prairie warblers, palm warblers, Acadian flycatchers, but not the two birds (the only two, as well as I remember) that bear Tennessee names.¹ The absence of the Nashville was a matter of wonderment to me. Dr. Rives, I have since noticed, records it as only a rare migrant in Virginia. Yet by some route it reaches eastern New England in decidedly handsome numbers. Its congener, the blue golden-wing, surprised me in an opposite direction, — by its commonness, both in the lower country near the river and on

Walden's Ridge. This, too, is a rare bird in Virginia; so much so that Dr. Rives has never met with it there. In certain places about Chattanooga it was as common as it is locally in the towns about Boston, where, to satisfy a skeptical friend, I once counted eleven males in song in the course of a morning's walk. That the Chattanooga birds were on their breeding grounds I had at the time no question, although I happened upon no proof of the fact.

In the same way, from the manner in which the oven-birds were scattered over Walden's Ridge in the middle of May, I assumed, rather hastily, that they were at home for the summer. Months afterward, however, happening to notice their southern breeding limits as given by excellent authorities, — "breeding from . . . Virginia northward," — I saw that I might easily have been in error. I wrote, therefore, to a Chattanooga gentleman, who pays attention to birds while disclaiming acquaintance with ornithology, and he replied that if the oven-bird summered in that country he did not know it. The case seemed to be going against me, but I bethought myself of Mr. Brewster's Ornithological Reconnaissance in Western North Carolina, and there I read,² "The open oak woodlands, so prevalent in this region, are in every way adapted to the requirements of the oven-bird, and throughout them it is one of the commonest and most characteristic summer birds." "Open oak woodlands" is exactly descriptive of the Walden's Ridge forest; and eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina being practically one, I resume my assured belief (personal and of no authority) that the birds I saw and heard were, as I first thought, natives of the mountain. Birds which are at home have, as a rule,

¹ Both these warblers — the Nashville and the Tennessee — were named by Wilson from the places where the original specimens were shot. Concerning the Tennessee warbler he sets down the opinion that "it is most probably a

native of a more southerly climate." It would be a pity for men to cease guessing, though the shrewdest are certain to be sometimes wrong.

² The Auk, vol. iii. p. 175.

an air of being at home ; a certain manner hard to define, but felt, nevertheless, as a pretty strong kind of evidence — not proof — by a practiced observer.

Several of the more northern species of the warbler family manifested an almost exclusive preference for patches of evergreens. I have elsewhere detailed my experience in a grove of stunted pines on Lookout Mountain. A similar growth is found on Cameron Hill, — in the city of Chattanooga, — one side of which is occupied by dwellings, while the other drops to the river so precipitously as to be almost inaccessible, and is even yet, I was told, an abode of foxes. On the day after my arrival I strolled to the top of the hill toward evening, and in the pines found a few black-polls and yellow-rumps. I was in a listless mood, having already taken a fair day's exercise under an intolerable sun, but I waked up with a start when my glass fell on a bird which at a second glance showed the red cheeks of a Cape May warbler. For a moment I was almost in poor Susan's case, —

"I looked, and my heart was in heaven."

Then, all too soon, as happened to poor Susan, also, the vision faded. But I had seen it. Yes, here it was in Tennessee, the rarity for which, spring after spring, I had been so many years on the watch. I had come South to find it, after all, — a bird that breeds from the northern border of New England to Hudson's Bay !

It is of the nature of such excitements that, at the time, the subject of them has no thought of analyzing or justifying his emotions. He is better employed. Afterward, in some vacant mood, with no longer anything actively to enjoy, he may play with the past, and from an evil habit, or flattering himself with a show of intellectuality, may turn his former delight into a study ; tickling his present conceit of himself by smiling at the man he used to be. How very wise he has grown, to be sure ! All such refinements,

nevertheless, if he did but know it, are only a poorer kind of child's play ; less spontaneous, infinitely less satisfying, and equally irrational. Ecstasy is not to be assayed by any test that the reason is competent to apply ; nor does it need either defense or apology. It is its own end, and so, like beauty, its own excuse for being. That is one of the crowning felicities of this present order of things, — the world, as we call it. What dog would hunt if there were no excitement in overhauling the game ? And how would elderly people live through long evenings if there were no exhilaration in the odd trick ?

"What good does it do ?" a prudent friend and adviser used to say to me, smiling at the fervor of my first ornithological enthusiasm. He thought he was asking me a poser ; but I answered gayly, "It makes me happy ;" and, taking things as they run, happiness is a pretty substantial "good." So was it now with the sight of this long-desired warbler. It taught me nothing ; it put nothing into my pocket ; but it made me happy, — happy enough to sing and shout, though I am ashamed to say I did neither. And even a sober son of the Puritans may be glad to find himself, in some unexpected hour, almost as ineffably delighted as he used to be with a new plaything in the time when he had not yet tasted of the tree of knowledge, and knew not that the relish for playthings could ever be outgrown. I cannot affirm that I went quite as wild over my first Cape May warbler as I did over my first sled (how well the rapture of that frosty midwinter morning is remembered, — a hard crust on the snow, and the sun not yet risen !), but I came as near to that state of heavenly felicity — to reënter which we must become as little children — as a person of my years is ever likely to do, perhaps.

It is one precious advantage of natural history studies that they afford endless opportunities for a man to enjoy

himself in this sweetly childish spirit, while at the same time his occupation is dignified by a certain scientific atmosphere and relationship. He is a collector of insects, let us say. Whether he goes to the Adirondacks for the summer, or to Florida for the winter, he is surrounded with nets and cyanide bottles. He travels with them as another travels with packs of cards. Every day's catch is part of the game; and once in a while, as happened to me on Cameron Hill, he gets a "great hand," and in imagination, at least, sweeps the board. Common-place people smile at him, no doubt; but that is only amusing, and he smiles in turn. He can tell many good stories under that head. He delights to be called a "crank." It is all because of people's ignorance. They have no idea that he is Mr. So-and-So, the entomologist; that he is in correspondence with learned men the country over; that he once discovered a new cockroach, and has had a grasshopper named after him; that he has written a book, or is going to write one. Happy man! a contributor to the world's knowledge, but a pleasure-seeker; a little of a savant, and very much of a child; a favorite of Heaven, whose work is play. No wonder it is commonly said that natural historians are a cheerful set.

For the supplying of rarities and surprises there are no birds like the warblers. Their pursuit is the very spice of American ornithology. The multitude of species (Mr. Chapman's *Handbook of the Birds of Eastern North America* enumerates forty-five species and sub-species) is of itself an incalculable blessing in this respect. No single observer is likely ever to come to the end of them. They do not warble, it must be owned, and few of them have much distinction as singers, the best that I know being the black-throated green and the Kentucky; but they are elegant and varied in their plumage, with no lack of bright tints, while their extreme activity and their largely arboreal habits render their

specific determination and their individual study a work most agreeably difficult and tantalizing. The ornithologist who has seen all the warblers of his own territory, say of New England, and knows them all by their notes, and has found all their nests, — well, he is himself a pretty rare specimen.

As for my experience with the family in Tennessee, I was glad, of course, to scrape acquaintance — or to renew it, as the case might be — with the more southern species, the Kentucky, the hooded, the cerulean, the blue-wing, and the yellow-throat: that was partly why I was here; but perhaps I enjoyed quite as keenly the sight of our own New England birds moving homeward; tarrying here and there for a day, but not to be tempted by all the allurements of this fine country; still pushing on, northward, and still northward, as if for them there were no place in the world but the woods where they were born. Of the southern species just named, the Kentucky was the most abundant, with the hooded not far behind. The prairie warbler seemed about as common here as in its favored Massachusetts haunts; but unless my ear was at fault its song went somewhat less trippingly: it sounded labored, — too much like the scarlet tanager's in the way of effort and jerkiness. Unlike the golden warbler, the prairie was found not only in the lower country, but — in less numbers — on Walden's Ridge. The two warblers that I listed every day, no matter where I went, were the chat and the black-and-white creeper.

When all is said, the Kentucky, with its beauty and its song, is the star of the family, as far as eastern Tennessee is concerned. I can hear it now, while Falling Water goes babbling past in the shade of laurel and rhododendron. As for the chat, it was omnipresent: in the valley, along the river, on Missionary Ridge, on Lookout Mountain, on Walden's Ridge, in the national cemetery, at Chickamauga, — everywhere, in short,

except within the city itself. In this regard it exceeded the white-eyed vireo, and even the indigo-bird, I think. Black-polls were seen daily up to May 13, after which they were missing altogether. The last Cape May and the last yellow-rump were noted on the 8th, the last redstart and the last palm warbler on the 11th, the last chestnut-side, magnolia, and Canadian warbler on the 12th. On the 12th, also, I saw my only Wilson's black-cap. In my last outing, on the 18th, on Walden's Ridge, I came upon two Blackburnians in widely separate places. At the time I assumed them to be migrants, in spite of the date. One of them was near the hotel, on ground over which I had passed almost daily. Why they should be so behind-hand was more than I could tell; but only the day before I had seen a thrush which was either a gray-cheek or an olive-back, and of course a bird of passage. "The flight of warblers did not pass entirely until May 19," says Mr. Jeffries, writing of what he saw in western North Carolina.¹

The length of time occupied by some species in accomplishing their semi-annual migration is well known to be very considerable, and is best observed — in spring, at least — at some southern point. It is admirably illustrated in Mr. Chapman's List of Birds seen at Gainesville, Florida.² Tree swallows, he tells us, were abundant up to May 6, a date at which Massachusetts tree swallows have been at home for nearly or quite a month. Song sparrows were noted March 31, two or three weeks after the grand irruption of song sparrows into Massachusetts usually occurs. Bobolinks, which reach Massachusetts by the 10th of May, or earlier, were still very abundant — both sexes — May 25! Such dates are not what we should have expected, I suppose, especially in the case of a bird like the bobolink, which has no very high northern range; but they

¹ The Auk, vol. vi. p. 120.

seem not to be exceptional, and are surprising only because we have not yet mastered the general subject. Nothing exists by itself, and therefore nothing can be understood by itself. One thing the most ignorant of us may see, — that the long period covered by the migratory journeys is a matter for ornithological thankfulness. In Massachusetts, for example, spring migrants begin to appear in late February or early March, and some of the most interesting members of the procession — notably the mourning warbler and the yellow-bellied flycatcher — are to be looked for after the first of June. The autumnal movement is equally protracted; so that for at least half the year — leaving winter with its arctic possibilities out of consideration — we may be on the lookout for strangers.

One of the dearest pleasures of a southern trip in winter or early spring is the very thing at which I have just now hinted, the sight of one's home birds in strange surroundings. You leave New England in early February, for instance, and in two or three days are loitering in the sunny pine-lands about St. Augustine, with the trees full of robins, blue-birds, and pine warblers, and the savanna patches full of meadow larks. Myrtle warblers are everywhere. Phœbes salute you as you walk the city streets, and flocks of chippers and vesper sparrows enliven the fields along the country roads. In a piece of hammock just outside the town you find yourself all at once surrounded by a winter colony of summer birds. Here are solitary vireos, Maryland yellow-throats, black-and-white creepers, prairie warblers, red-poll warblers, hermit thrushes, red-eyed chewinks, thrashers, catbirds, cedar-birds, and many more. White-eyed vireos are practicing in the smilax thickets, — though they have small need of practice, — and white-bellied swallows go flashing and twittering overhead. The world is good, you say, and life is a festival.

² The Auk, vol. v. p. 267.

My vacation in Tennessee afforded less of contrast and surprise, for a two-fold reason: it was near the end of April, instead of early in February, so that migrants had been arriving in Massachusetts for six or seven weeks before my departure; and Tennessee has nothing of the foreign, half-tropical look which Florida presents to Yankee eyes; but even so, it was no small pleasure to step suddenly into a world full of summer music. Such multitudes of birds as were singing on Missionary Ridge on that first bright forenoon! The number of species was not great when it came to counting them, — morning and afternoon together yielded but forty-two; but the whole country seemed alive with wings. And of the forty-two species, thirty-two were such as summer in Massachusetts or pass through it to their homes beyond. Here were already (April 27) the olive-backed thrush, and northern warblers like the black-poll, the bay-breast, and the Cape May, none of which would be due in Massachusetts for at least a fortnight. Here, too, were yellow-rumps and white-throated sparrows, though the advance guard of both species had reached New England before I left home. The white-throats lingered on Walden's Ridge on the 13th of May, a fact which surprised me more at the time than it does in the review.

One bird was seen on this first day, and not afterward. I had been into the woods north of the city, and was returning, when from the bridge over the Tennessee I caught sight of a small flock of black birds, which at first, even with the aid of my glass, I could not make out, the bridge being so high above the river and its banks. While I was watching them, however, they began to sing. They were bobolinks. Probably the species

is not common in eastern Tennessee, as the name is wanting in Dr. Fox's List of Birds found in Roane County, Tennessee, during April, 1884, and March and April, 1885.¹

I have ventured upon some slight ornithological comparison between southeastern Tennessee and Massachusetts, and, writing as a patriot (or a partisan), have seen to it that the scale inclined northward. To this end I have made as much as possible of the absence of robins, song sparrows, and vesper sparrows, and of the comparative dearth of swallows; but of course the loyal Tennessean is in no want of a ready answer. Robins, song sparrows, vesper sparrows, and swallows are *not* absent, except as breeding birds. He has them all in their season,² and probably hears them sing. On the whole, then, he may fairly retort, he has considerably the advantage of us Yankees: he sees our birds on their passage, and drinks his fill of their music before we have caught the first spring notes; while we, on the other hand, see nothing of his distinctively southern birds unless we come South for the purpose. Well, they are worth the journey. Bachman's finch alone — yes, the one dingy, shabbily clad little genius by the Chickamauga well — might almost have repaid me for my thousand miles on the rail.

It was a strange mingling of sensations that possessed me in Chattanooga. The city itself was like other cities of its age and size, with some appearance of a community that had been in haste to grow, — a trifle impatient, shall we say (impatience being one of the virtues of youth), to pull down its barns and build greater; just now a little checked in its ambition, as things looked; yet still enterprising, still fairly well satisfied with

¹ The Auk, vol. iii. p. 315. Of sixty-two species seen by me during the last four days of April, eleven are not given by Dr. Fox, namely, Wilson's thrush, black-poll warbler, bay-breasted warbler, Cape May warbler, black-

throated blue warbler, palm warbler, chestnut-sided warbler, blue golden-winged warbler, bobolink, Acadian flycatcher, yellow-billed cuckoo.

² See Dr. Fox's list.

itself, with no lack of energy and bustle. As it happened, there was a stir in local politics at the time of my visit (possibly there always is), and at the street corners all patriotic citizens were exhorted to do their duty. "Vote for Tom — for sheriff," said one placard. "Vote for Bob —," said another, in capitals equally importunate. In Tennessee, as everywhere else, the politician knows his trade. Familiarity, readiness with the hand, freedom with one's own name (Tom, not Thomas, if you please), and a happy knack at remembering the names of other people, — these are some of the preëlection tests of statesmanship.

All in all, then, between politics and business, the city was "very much alive," as the saying goes; but somehow it was not so often the people about me that occupied my thoughts as those who had been here thirty years before. Precious is the power of a first impression. Because I was newly in the country I was constantly under the feeling of its past. Hither and thither I went in the region round about, listening at every turn, spying into every bush at the stirring of a leaf or the chirp of a bird; yet I had always with me the men of '63, and felt always that I was on holy ground.

Bradford Torrey.

THE BIBLIOTAPH.

A PORTRAIT NOT WHOLLY IMAGINARY.

A POPULAR and fairly orthodox opinion concerning book-collectors is that their vices are many, their virtues of a negative sort, and their ways altogether past finding out. Yet the most hostile critic is bound to admit that the fraternity of bibliophiles is eminently picturesque. If their doings are inscrutable, they are also romantic; if their vices are numerous, the heinousness of those vices is mitigated by the fact that it is possible to sin humorously. Regard him how you will, the sayings and doings of the collector give life and color to the pages of those books which treat of books. He is amusing when he is purely an imaginary creature. For example, there was one Thomas Blinton. Every one who has ever read the volume called *Books and Bookmen* knows about Thomas Blinton. He was a man who wickedly adorned his volumes with morocco bindings, while his wife "sighed in vain for some old *point d'Alençon lace*." He was a man who was capable of bidding fifteen pounds

for a Foppens edition of the essays of Montaigne, though fifteen pounds happened to be "exactly the amount which he owed his plumber and gas-fitter, a worthy man with a large family." From this fictitious Thomas Blinton all the way back to Richard Heber, who was very real, and who piled up books as other men heap together vulgar riches, book-collectors have been a picturesque folk.

The name of Heber suggests the thought that all men who buy books are not bibliophiles. He alone is worthy the title who acquires his volumes with something like passion. One may buy books like a gentleman, and that is very well. One may buy books like a gentleman and a scholar, which counts for something more. But to be truly of the elect one must resemble Richard Heber, and buy books like a gentleman, a scholar, and a madman.

You may find an account of Heber in an old file of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He began in his youth by mak-

ing a library of the classics. Then he became interested in rare English books, and collected them *con amore* for thirty years. He was very rich, and he had never given hostages to fortune; it was therefore possible for him to indulge his fine passion without stint. He bought only the best books, and he bought them by thousands and by tens of thousands. He would have held as foolishness that saying from the Greek which exhorts one to do nothing too much. According to Heber's theory, it is impossible to have too many good books. Usually one library is supposed to be enough for one man. Heber was satisfied only with eight libraries, and then he was hardly satisfied. He had a library in his house at Hodnet. "His residence in Pimlico, where he died, was filled, like Magliabechi's at Florence, with books from the top to the bottom; every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition." He had a house in York Street which was crowded with books. He had a library in Oxford, one at Paris, one at Antwerp, one at Brussels, and one at Ghent. The most accurate estimate of his collections places the number at 146,827 volumes. Heber is believed to have spent half a million dollars for books. After his death the collections were dispersed. The catalogue was published in twelve parts, and the sales lasted over three years.

Heber had a witty way of explaining why he possessed so many copies of the same book. When taxed with the sin of buying duplicates he replied in this manner: "Why, you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without *three* copies of a book. One he must have for his show copy, and he will probably keep it at his country house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends."

In the pursuit of a coveted volume

Heber was indefatigable. He was not of those Sybaritic buyers who sit in their offices while agents and dealers do the work. "On hearing of a curious book he has been known to put himself into the mail-coach, and travel three, four, or five hundred miles to obtain it, fearful to trust his commission to a letter." He knew the solid comfort to be had in reading a book catalogue. Dealers were in the habit of sending him the advance sheets of their lists. He ordered books from his death-bed, and for anything we know to the contrary died with a catalogue in his fingers.

A life devoted to such a passion is a stumbling-block to the practical man, and to the Philistine foolishness. Yet you may hear men praised because up to the day of death they were diligent in business,—business which added to life nothing more significant than that useful thing called money. Thoreau used to say that if a man spent half his time in the woods for the love of the woods he was in danger of being looked upon as a loafer; but if he spent all his time as a speculator, shearing off those woods and making Earth bald before her time, he was regarded as an upright and industrious citizen.

Heber had a genius for friendship as well as for gathering together choice books. Sir Walter Scott addressed verses to him. Professor Porson wrote emendations for him in his favorite copy of Athenæus. To him was inscribed Dr. Ferrier's poetical epistle on Bibliomania. His virtues were celebrated by Dibdin and by Burton. In brief, the sketch of Heber in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1834, contains a list of forty-six names,—all men of distinction by birth, learning, or genius, and all men who were proud to call Richard Heber friend. He was a mighty hunter of books. He was genial, scholarly, generous. Out-of-door men will be pleased to know that he was active physically. He was a tremendous walker, and en-

joyed tiring out his bailiff by an all-day tramp.

Of many good things said of him this is one of the best: "The learned and curious, whether rich or poor, have always free access to his library." Thus was it possible for Scott very truthfully to say to Heber, "Thy volumes open as thy heart."

No life of this Prince of Book-Hunters has been written, I believe. Some one with access to the material, and a sympathy with the love of books as books, should write a memoir of Heber the Magnificent. It ought not to be a large volume, but it might well be about the size of Henry Stevens's *Recollections of James Lenox*. And if it were equally readable it were a readable book indeed.

Dibdin thought that Heber's tastes were so catholic as to make it difficult to classify him among hunters of books. The implication is that most men can be classified. They have their specialties. What pleases one collector much pleases another but little or not at all. Collectors differ radically in the attitude they take with respect to their volumes. One man buys books to read, another buys them to gloat over, a third that he may fortify them behind glass doors and keep the key in his pocket. Therefore have learned words been devised to make apparent the varieties of motive and taste. These words begin with *biblio*; you may have a *biblio* almost anything.

Two interesting types of maniac are known respectively as the bibliotaph and the biblioclast. A biblioclast is one who indulges himself in the questionable pleasure of mutilating books in order more sumptuously to fit out a particular volume. The disease is English in origin, though some of the worst cases have been observed in America. Clergymen and presidents of colleges have been known to be seized with it. The victim becomes more or less irresponsible, and presently runs mad. Such an one was John Bag-

ford, of diabolical memory, who mutilated not less than ten thousand volumes to form his vast collection of title-pages. John Bagford died an unrepentant sinner, lamenting with one of his later breaths that he could not live long enough to get hold of a genuine Caxton and rip the initial page out of that.

The bibliotaph buries books; not literally, but sometimes with as much effect as if he had put his books underground. There are several varieties of him. The dog-in-the-manger bibliotaph is the worst; he uses his books but little himself, and allows others to use them not at all. On the other hand, a man may be a bibliotaph simply from inability to get at his books. He may be homeless, a bachelor, a denizen of boarding-houses, a wanderer upon the face of the earth. He may keep his books in storage or accumulate them in the country, against the day when he shall have a town house with proper library.

The most genial lover of books who has walked city streets for many a day was a bibliotaph. He accumulated books for years in the huge garret of a farmhouse standing upon the outskirts of a Westchester County village. A good relative "mothered" the books for him in his absence. When the collection outgrew the garret it was moved into a big village store. It was the wonder of the place. The country folk flattened their noses against the panes and tried to peer into the gloom beyond the half-drawn shades. The neighboring stores were in comparison miracles of business activity. On one side was a harness-shop; on the other a nondescript establishment at which one might buy anything, from sunbonnets and corsets to canned salmon and fresh eggs. Between these centres of village life stood the silent tomb for books. The stranger within the gates had this curiosity pointed out to him along with the new High School and the Soldiers' Monument.

By shading one's eyes to keep away

the glare of the light, it was possible to make out tall carved oaken cases with glass doors, which lined the walls. They gave distinction to the place. It was not difficult to understand the point of view of the dressmaker from across the way who stepped over to satisfy her curiosity concerning the stranger, and his concerning the books, and who said in a friendly manner as she peered through a rent in the adjoining shade, "It's almost like a cathedral, ain't it?"

To an inquiry about the owner of the books she replied that he was brought up in that county; that there were people around there who said that he had been an exhorter years ago; her impression was that now he was a "political revivalist," if I knew what that was.

The phrase seemed hopeless, but light was thrown upon it when, later, I learned that this man of many buried books gave addresses upon the responsibilities of citizenship, upon the higher politics, and upon themes of like character. They said that he was humorous. The farmers liked to hear him speak. But it was rumored that he went to colleges, too. The dressmaker thought that the buying of so many books was "wicked." "He goes from New York to Beersheba, and from Chicago to Dan, buying books. Never reads 'em because he hardly ever comes here."

It became possible to identify the Bibliotaph of the country store with a certain mature youth who some time since "gave his friends the slip, chose land-travel or seafaring," and has not returned to build the town house with proper library. They who observed him closely thought that he resembled Heber in certain ways. Perhaps this fact alone would justify an attempt at a verbal portrait. But the additional circumstance that, in days when people with the slightest excuse therefor have themselves regularly photographed, this old-fashioned youth refused to allow his "likeness" to be taken, — this circumstance must do what

it can to extenuate minuteness of detail in the picture, as well as over-attention to points of which a photograph would have taken no account.

You are to conceive of a man between thirty-eight and forty years of age, big-bodied, rapidly acquiring that rotund shape which is thought becoming to bishops, about six feet high though stooping a little, prodigiously active, walking with incredible rapidity, having large limbs, large feet, large though well-shaped and very white hands; in short, a huge fellow physically, as big of heart as of body, and, in the affectionate thought of those who know him best, as big of intellect as of heart.

His head might be described as leonine. It was a massive head, covered with a tremendous mane of brown hair. This was never worn long, but it was so thick and of such fine texture that it constituted a real beauty. He had no conceit of it, being innocent of that peculiar German type of vanity which runs to hair, yet he could not prevent people from commenting on his extraordinary hirsute adornment. Their occasional remarks excited his mirth. If they spoke of it again, he would protest. Once, among a small party of his closest friends, the conversation turned upon the subject of hair, and then upon the beauty of *his* hair; whereupon he cried out, "I am embarrassed by this unnecessary display of interest in my Samsonian assertiveness."

He loved to tease certain of his acquaintances who, though younger than himself, were rapidly losing their natural head-covering. He prodded them with ingeniously worded reflections upon their unhappy condition. He would take as a motto Erasmus's unkind salutation, "*Bene sit tibi cum tuo calvitio*," and multiply amusing variations upon it. He delighted in sending them prescriptions and advertisements clipped from newspapers and medical journals. He quoted at them the remark of a pale, bald, blond

young literary aspirant, who, seeing him, the Bibliotaph, passing by, exclaimed audibly and almost passionately, "Oh, I perfectly adore *hair*!"

Of his clothes it might be said that he did not wear them, but rather dwelt at large in them. They were made by high-priced tailors and were fashionably cut, but he lived in them so violently—that is, traveled so much, walked so much, sat so long and so hard, gestured so earnestly, and carried in his many pockets such an extraordinary collection of notebooks, indelible pencils, card-cases, stamp-boxes, penknives, gold tooth-picks, thermometers, and what not—that within twenty-four hours after he had donned new clothes all the artistic merits of the garments were obliterated; they were, from every point of view, hopelessly degenerate.

He was a scrupulously clean man, but there was a kind of civilized wildness in his appearance which astonished people; and in perverse moments he liked to terrify those who knew him but little by affirming that he was a near relative of Christopher Smart, and then explaining in mirth-provoking phrases that one of the arguments used for proving Smart's insanity was that he did not love clean linen.

His appetite was large, as became a large and active person. He was a very valiant trencher-man; and yet he could not have been said to love eating for eating's sake. He ate when he was hungry, and found no difficulty in being hungry three times a day. He should have been an Englishman, for he enjoyed a late supper. In the proper season this consisted of a bountiful serving of tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, with a glass of lemonade. As a variant upon the beverage he took milk. He was the only man I have known, whether book-hunter or layman, who could sleep peacefully upon a supper of cucumbers and milk.

There is probably no occult relation between first editions and onions. The

Bibliotaph was mightily pleased with both: the one, he said, appealed to him æsthetically, the other dietetically. He remarked of some particularly large Spanish onions that there was "a globular wholesomeness about them which was very gratifying;" and after eating one he observed expansively that he felt "as if he had swallowed the earth and the fullness thereof." His easy, good-humored exaggerations and his odd comments upon the viands made him a pleasant table companion: as when he described a Parker House Sultana Roll by saying that "it looked like the sanguinary output of the whole Crimean war."

High-priced restaurants did not please him as well as humbler and less obtrusive places. But it was all one, — Delmonico's, the Bellevue, a stool in the Twelfth Street Market, or a German café on Van Buren Street. The humors of certain eating-houses gave him infinite delight. He went frequently to the Diner's Own Home, the proprietor of which, being both cook and Christian, had hit upon the novel plan of giving Scriptural advice and practical suggestions by placards on the walls. The Bibliotaph enjoyed this juxtaposition of signs: the first read, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly;" the second, "Look out for your Hat and Coat."

The Bibliotaph had no home, and was reputed to live in his post-office box. He contributed to the support of at least three clubs, but was very little seen at any one of them. He enjoyed the large cities, and was contented in whichever one he happened to find himself. He was emphatically a city man, but what city was of less import. He knew them all, and was happy in each. He had his favorite hotel, his favorite bath, his work, bushels of newspapers and periodicals, friends who rejoiced in his coming as children in the near advent of Christmas, and finally book-shops in which to browse at his pleasure. It was interesting to hear him talk about city life. One of

his quaint mannerisms consisted in modifying a well-known quotation to suit his conversational needs. "Why, sir," he would remark, "Fleet Street has a very animated appearance, but I think the full tide of human existence is at the corner of Madison and State."

His knowledge of cities was both extensive and peculiar. I have heard him name in order all the hotels on Broadway, beginning at the lower end and coming up as far as hotels exist, branching off upon the parallel and cross streets where there were noted caravansaries, and connecting every name with an event of importance, or with the life and fortunes of some noted man who had been guest at that particular inn. This was knowledge more becoming in a guide, perhaps, but it will illustrate the encyclopædic fullness of his miscellaneous information.

As was natural and becoming in a man born within forty miles of the metropolis, he liked best the large cities of the East, and was least content in small Western cities. But this was the outcome of no illiberal prejudice, and there was a quizzical smile upon his lips and a teasing look in his eyes when he bantered a Westerner. "A man," he would sometimes say, "may come by the mystery of childbirth into Omaha or Kansas City and be content, but he can't come by Boston, New York, or Philadelphia." Then, a moment later, paraphrasing his remark, he would add, "To go to Omaha or Kansas City by way of New York and Philadelphia is like being translated heavenward with such violence that one *passes through* — into a less comfortable region!"

Strange to say, the conversation of this most omnivorous of book-collectors was less of books than of men. True he was deeply versed in bibliographical details and dangerously accurate in his talk about them, but, after all, the personality back of the book was the supremely interesting thing. He abounded in anecdote, and could describe graphically the

men he had met, the orators he had heard, the occasions of importance where he had been an interested spectator. His conversation was delightfully fresh and racy because of the vividness of the original impressions, the unusual force of the ideas which were the copies of these impressions, and the fine artistic sense which enabled him to determine at once what points should be omitted, and what words should be used most fittingly to express the ideas retained.

He had no pride in his conversational power. He was always modest, but never diffident. I have seen him sit, a respectful listener, absolutely silent, while some ordinary chatterer held the company's attention for an hour. Many good talkers are unhappy unless they have the privilege of exercising their gifts. Not so he. Sometimes he had almost to be compelled to begin. On such occasions one of his intimates was wont to quote from Boswell: "Leave him to me, sir; I'll make him rear."

The superficial parts of his talk were more easily retained. In mere banter, good-humored give-and-take, that froth and bubble of conversational intercourse, he was delightful. His hostess, the wife of a well-known comedian, apologized to him for having to move him out of the large guest-chamber into another one, smaller and higher up, — this because of an unexpected accession of visitors. He replied that it did not incommode him; and as for being up another flight of stairs, "it was a comfort to him to know that when he was in a state of somnolent helplessness he was as near heaven as it was possible to get in an actor's house." The same lady was taking him roundly to task on some minor point in which he had quite justly offended her; whereupon he turned to her husband and said, "Jane worships but little at the shrine of politeness because so much of her time is mortgaged to the shrine of truth."

When asked to suggest an appropriate

and brief cablegram to be sent to a gentleman who on the following day would become sixty years of age, and who had taken full measure of life's joys, he responded, "Send him this: '*You don't look it, but you've lived like it.*'"

His skill in witty retort often expressed itself by accepting a verbal attack as justified, and elaborating it in a way to throw into shadow the assault of the critic. At a small and familiar supper of bookish men, when there was general dissatisfaction over an expensive but ill-made salad, he alone ate with apparent relish. The host, who was of like mind with his guests, said, "The Bibliotaph does n't care for the quality of his food, if it has filling power." To which he at once responded, "You merely imply that I am like a robin: I eat cherries when I may, and worms when I must."

His inscriptions in books given to his friends were often singularly happy. He presented a copy of Lowell's Letters to a gentleman and his wife. The first volume was inscribed to the husband as follows: —

"To Mr. ———, who is to the owner of the second volume of these Letters what this volume is to that: so delightful as to make one glad that there's another equally as good, if not better."

In volume two was the inscription to the wife, worded in this manner: —

"To Mrs. ———, without whom the owner of the first volume of these Letters would be as that first volume without this one: interesting, but incomplete."

Perhaps this will illustrate his quickness to seize upon ever so minute an occasion for the exercise of his humor. A young woman whom he admired, being brought up among brothers, had received the nickname, half affectionately and half patronizingly bestowed, of "the Kid." Among her holiday gifts for a certain year was a book from the Bibliotaph, a copy of Old-Fashioned Roses, with this dedication: "To a Kid, had Abraham

possessed which, Isaac had been the burnt-offering."

It is as a buyer and burier of books that the subject of this paper showed himself in most interesting light. He said that the time to make a library was when one was young. He held the foolish notion that a man does not purchase books after he is fifty; I shall expect to see him ransacking the shops after he is seventy, if he shall survive his eccentricities of diet that long. He was an omnivorous buyer, picking up everything he could lay his hands upon. Yet he had a clearly defined motive for the acquisition of every volume. However absurd the purchase might seem to the bystander, he, at any rate, could have given six cogent reasons why he must have that particular book.

He bought according to the condition of his purse at a given time. If he had plenty of money, it would be expensive publications, like those issued by the Grolier Club. If he was financially depressed, he would hunt in the out-of-door shelves of well-known Philadelphia bookshops. It was marvelous to see what things, new and old, he was able to extract from a ten-cent alcove. Part of the secret lay in this idea: to be a good book-hunter one must not be too dainty; one must not be afraid of soiling one's hands. He who observes the clouds shall not reap, and he who thinks of his cuffs is likely to lose many a bookish treasure. Our Bibliotaph generally parted company with his cuffs when he began hunting for books. How many times have I seen those cuffs with the patent fasteners sticking up in the air, as if reaching out helplessly for their owner; the owner in the mean time standing high upon a ladder which creaked under his weight, humming to himself as he industriously examined every volume within reach. This ability to live without cuffs made him prone to reject altogether that orthodox bit of finish to a toilet. I have known him to spend an

entire day in New York between club, shops, and restaurant, with one cuff on, and the other cuff — its owner knew not where.

He differed from Heber in that he was not "a classical scholar of the old school," but there were many points in which he resembled the famous English collector. Heber would have acknowledged him as a son if only for his energy, his unquenchable enthusiasm, and the exactness of his knowledge concerning the books which he pretended to know at all. For not alone is it necessary that a collector should know precisely what book he wants; it is even more important that he should be able to know a book *as* the book he wants when he sees it. It is a lamentable thing to have fired in the dark, and then discover that you have shot a wandering mule, and not the noble game you were in pursuit of. One cannot take his reference library with him to the shops. The tests, the criteria, must be carried in the head. The last and most inappropriate moment for getting up bibliographical lore is that moment when the pressing question is, to buy or not to buy. Master Slender, in the play, learned the difficulties which beset a man whose knowledge is in a book, and whose book is at home upon a shelf. It is possible to sympathize with him when he exclaims, "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here!" In making love there are other resources; all wooers are not as ill equipped as Slender was. But in hunting rare books the time will be sure to come when a man may well cry, "I had rather than forty dollars I had my list of first editions with me!"

The Bibliotaph carried much accurate information in his head, but he never traveled without a thesaurus in his valise. It was a small volume containing printed lists of the first editions of rare books. The volume was interleaved; the leaves were crowded with manuscript notes. An appendix contained a hun-

dred and more autograph letters from living authors, correcting, supplementing, or approving the printed bibliographies. Even these authors' own lists were accurately corrected. They needed it in not a few instances. For it is a wise author who knows his own first edition. Men may write remarkable books, and understand but little the virtues of their books from the collector's point of view. Men are seldom clever in more ways than one. Z. Jackson was a practical printer, and his knowledge as a printer enabled him to correct sundry errors in the first folio of Shakespeare. But Z. Jackson, as the Rev. George Dawson observes, "ventured beyond the composing-case, and, having corrected blunders made by the printers, corrected excellencies made by the poet."

It was amusing to discover, by means of these autograph letters, how seldom a good author was an equally good bibliographer. And this is as it should be. The author's business is, not to take account of first editions, but to make books of such virtue that bibliomaniacs shall be eager to possess the first editions thereof. It is proverbial* that a poet is able to show a farmer things new to him about his own farm. Turn a bibliographer loose upon a poet's works, and he will amaze the poet with an account of *his* own doings. The poet will straightway discover that while he supposed himself to be making "mere literature" he was in reality contributing to an elaborate and exact science.

The Bibliotaph was not a blind enthusiast on the subject of first editions. He was one of the few men who understood the exceeding great virtues of second editions. He declared that a man who was so fortunate as to secure a second edition of Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary was in better case than he who had bothered himself to obtain a first. When it fell in with his mood to argue against that which he himself most affected, he would quote the childish bit

of doggerel beginning "The first the worst, the second the same," and then grow eloquent over the dainty Templeman Hazlitts which are chiefly third editions. He thought it absurd to worry over a first issue of Carlyle's French Revolution if it were possible to buy at moderate price a copy of the third edition, which is a well-nigh perfect book, "good to the touch and grateful to the eye." But this lover of books grew fierce in his special mania if you hinted that it was also foolish to spend a large sum on an *editio princeps* of Paradise Lost or of Robinson Crusoe. There are certain authors concerning the desirability of whose first editions it must not be disputed.

The singular readiness with which bookish treasures fell into his way astonished less fortunate buyers. Rare Stevensons dropped into his hand like ripe fruit from a tree. The most inaccessible of pamphlets fawned upon him begging to be purchased, just as the succulent little roast pigs in The New Paul and Virginia run about with knives and forks in their sides pleading to be eaten. The Bibliotaph said he did not despair of buying Poe's Tamerlane for twenty-five cents one of these days; and that a rarity he was sure to get sooner or later was a copy of that English newspaper which announced Shelley's death under the caption Now He Knows whether there is a Hell or Not.

He unconsciously followed Heber in that he disliked large-paper copies. Heber would none of them because they took up too much room; their ample borders encroached upon the rights of other books. Heber objected to this as Prosper Mérimée objected to the gigantic English hoopskirts of 1865, — there was space on Regent Street for but one woman at a time.

Original as the Bibliotaph was in appearance, manners, habits, he was less striking in what he did than in what he said. It is a pity that no record of his

talk exists. It is not surprising that there is no such record, for his habits of wandering precluded the possibility of his making a permanent impression. By the time people had fully awakened to the significance of his presence among them he was gone. So there grew up a legend concerning him, but no true biography. He was like a comet, very shaggy and very brilliant, but he stayed so brief a time in a place that it was impossible for one man to give either the days or the thought to the reproduction of his more serious and considered words. A greater difficulty was involved in the fact that the Bibliotaph had many socii, but no fidus Achates. Moreover, Achates, in this instance, would have needed the reportorial powers of a James Boswell that he might properly interpret genius to the public.

This particular genius illustrated the misfortune of having too great facility in establishing those relations which lie midway between acquaintance and friendship. To put the matter in the form of a paradox, he had so many *friends* that he had no *friend*. Perhaps this is unjust, but friendship has a touch of jealousy and exclusiveness in it. He was too large-natured to say to one of his admirers, "Thou shalt have no other gods save myself;" but there were those among the admirers who were quite prepared to say to him, "We prefer that thou shalt have no other worshipers in addition to us."

People wondered that he seemed to have no care for a conventional home life. He was taxed with want of sympathy with what makes even a humble home a centre of light and happiness. He denied it, and said to his accusers, "Can you not understand that after a stay in *your* home I go away with much the feeling that must possess a lusty young calf when his well-equipped mother tells him that henceforth he must find means of sustenance elsewhere?"

He professed to have been once in

love, but no one believed it. He used to say that his most remarkable experience as a bachelor was in noting the uniformity with which eligible young women passed him by on the other side of the way. And when a married friend offered condolence, with that sleek complacency of manner noteworthy in men who are conscious of being mated for life better than they deserve, the Bibliotaph said, with an admiring glance at the wife, "Your sympathy is supererogatory, sir, for I fully expect to become your residuary legatee."

It is most pleasing to think of this unique man "buffeting his books" in one of those temporary libraries which formed about him whenever he stopped four or five weeks in a place. The shops were rifled of not a few of their choicest possessions, and the spoils carried off to his room. It was a joy to see him display his treasures, a delight to hear him talk of them. He would disarm criticism with respect to the more eccentric purchases by saying, "You would n't approve of this, but *I* thought it was curious"—and then a torrent of facts, criticisms, quotations, all bearing upon

the particular volume which you were supposed not to like; and so on, hour after hour. There was no limit save that imposed by the receptive capacity of the guest. It reminded one of the word spoken concerning a "hard sitter at books" of the last century, that he was a literary giant "born to grapple with whole libraries." But the fine flavor of those hours spent in hearing him discourse upon books and men is not to be recovered. It is evanescent, spectral, now. This talk was like the improvisation of a musician who is profoundly learned, but has in him a vein of poetry too. The talk and the music strongly appeal to robust minds, and at the same time do not repel the sentimentalist.

It is not to be supposed that the Bibliotaph pleased every one with whom he came in contact. There were people whom his intellectual potency affected in a disagreeable way. They accused him of applying great mental force to inconsidered trifles. They said it was a misfortune that so much talent was going to waste. But there is no task so easy as criticising an able man's employment of his gifts.

Leon H. Vincent.

THE CARAVANSARY.

I KEEP a caravansary,
And, be it night or day,
I entertain such travelers
As chance to come my way:

Hafiz, maybe, or Sadi,
Who, singing songs divine,
Discovered heaven in taverns,
And holiness in wine!

Or Antar and his Arabs,
From burning sands afar,
So faint in love's sweet trances,
So resolute in war!

The Brahmin from the Ganges,
 The Tartar, Turcoman, —
 Savage hordes, with spears and swords,
 Who rode with Genghis Khan!

Or mummies from old Egypt,
 With priestly, kingly tread,
 Who, in their cerecloths, mutter
 The Ritual of the Dead!

Who keeps a caravansary
 Knows neither friend nor foe;
 His doors stand wide on every side
 For all to come and go.

The Koran, or the Bible,
 Or Veda, — which is best?
 The wise host asks no questions,
 But entertains his guest!

R. H. Stoddard.

A LITTLE DOMESTIC.

It was René who always carried my chair to the woods, resting the inverted seat on his flat cap. He was so constantly the farm-wife's shadow and helper that I thought him the young son of the house until she explained he was only a "p'tit domestique."

His elder brother, a larger image of himself, went out to the fields, and was to be seen only with the other laborers. In past summers he had probably taken his turn as madame's hand-boy, while René, too young for anything but a goose-herd, found employment nearer home. But René's satisfaction in his present degree of advancement shone all over his face. I heard madame scolding him in the milk cellar, particularly when her cheek was swollen diagonally out of shape with the toothache. The notice her lodger took of this affliction was deferentially received, and replied to with the resigned plaint, "Je souf' martyre." At the little domestic, however, she let

loose the distorted jaw. And René minded it not a bit. His wide smile was unflinching. He took his scoldings as part of his rearing, which madame, doubtless, avoiding sentiment and sticking to her duty, intended them to be. You never heard his thin treble raised in excuse or self-defense. René belonged to a class of children — never seen in our New World — who are brought up in wholesome subjection.

His sabots squeaked with a peculiar wooden sound. He had tow hair, and very blue eyes, and small white teeth which daily lowered the pail of baked pears. He had an enormous patch, which reached almost from shoulder to heel, on his high blue trousers. Altogether, René had the look of a blond brownie, and his chores were those which were once believed to fall to the brownie's share.

Short conversations, chiefly on my side, occurred when we sallied out with chair and writing materials. René

thumped along, grinning shyly with amiable desire to please; but he was too well taught to open his mouth to his betters unless it became necessary to answer questions. Of himself he had nothing at all to tell. With pleased interest in the farm and his whole environment, though, he would tell me what caused the throbbing, rumbling noise in the stone stables: "La batterie; on bat le gra'n." The little fellow seemed keen for each day's life as it grew out of the day's life preceding it.

René and his brother were sons of the convent man-servant, who had seven children. It is the custom in Marne, when a peasant has a large family of boys, to hire some of them out for the six spring and summer months. Each boy gets his food and lodging and forty francs for the entire season of his service. He thus earns half his year's living, and something to shoe and clothe himself with in winter, when he goes to school. Eight dollars might easily keep the most restless boy shod in wood and clad in coarse wool. In this way the overburdened father brings up good laborers; and their religious education is assured. As for general knowledge, they may pick up what they can. The French are great newspaper readers. Everywhere the *facteur* distributes mail. In the very depths of the country, or at shop doors, or on waiting cabs, you see newspapers in all sorts of hands. The *Petit Journal* is read much in the north. In Paris it is *Le Soleil* and *Figaro*, while many others are widespread.

A lad very unlike René, probably a vineyard worker, brown and lean, once came up from the valley and crossed the path through my outdoor study. He paused with a rabbit's questioning shyness as the parting boughs showed him a trespasser; but lifting his cap with a muttered "Bon jour," he bolted through as if he were the culprit.

In the still heats of noon you could hear the cawing of crows. The sultri-

ness which seems to melt human flesh under our own skies can never have been known in France. For there the cooling rain is constantly at hide-and-seek with the sun. Once a black storm shrouded the west side of the prairie while farmhouse and valley basked in sunshine.

Blackberry brambles and tall wild flowers followed the line of woods like a hedge. Wherever you looked the land was beautiful, except at the fortress-like front of *Les Buissons*. Cows tramped past the door, and a favorite scratching-place of chickens was the pear-strewn ground. The usual gush of bloom which adorns most French domiciles was missing here. Madame had her patch of inclosed garden where she raised salads and herbs. From my woods study I could see René or one of the men come out of the kitchen door and swing the wire salad basket, having been set by madame to wash and prepare lettuce for my dinner. But the only flowers about *Les Buissons* were volunteer ones in the hedges. I did not miss them when I sat outdoors, until there came days when they would have made brightness betwixt housed eyes and a lowering sky. Elsewhere in the world it may be as bleak in early September; but I am certain nothing drives heat out of the blood like a stone house centuries old. It was at this time that madame and I engaged in our stubborn struggle about the chimney. She lighted no fire, but she brought in to me a little iron thing with a handle and open scrolled lid, which she called a "couvert," full of glowing coals and ashes. She set it on the table for my hands, and then on the floor for my feet. In a tightly shut room it might have thrown off some charcoal gas, but it retained heat a long time, and she constantly opened the door to nod her triumphant head at me and take credit to herself because I was so well warmed. Spurts of chill rain drove in lines against the window. The world was utterly a

November world. The laborers were under shelter, and madame had a steaming kettle on her fire to regale them with hot soup, while I huddled over a couvert.

Before these depressing autumn days, which drove me untimely away from the farm, I often came in and found René keeping house alone in the kitchen. If no task of scouring tinware had been set for him, he carved baked pears with a pocket knife and distended himself with them. When such dignified labor as churning was to be done, a grown man turned the crank of the barrel churn, and madame measured out a drink of brandy for the service. So gentle and harmless are the people of Marne, there was no terror in finding one's self practically alone in a remote farmhouse. René, at such times, was deputed to fill the water-jug on my toilet-stand, which astonished madame by needing so many fillings, and to serve the déjeuner. He did it with conscientious cheerfulness, bringing the hot water for my tea, and standing by to serve. For galette, a kind of wheaten cake, split while hot, buttered, and eaten with cream, he had a yearning with which an American could hardly sympathize.

There were but two evident bedchambers in the house, the loft under the tiles being devoted to the storing of seed. René and his fellow-servants must have slept somewhere in the stables. The happy-go-lucky housing and feeding of peasants do not tend to divide man severely from his brethren the cattle. Whether the spring at the woods edge or the pit in the court furnished water for the ablutions of these people, it was impossible for a sojourner to determine. They had the clean look of the French, whom Heaven seems to excuse from much purifying of themselves. Englishmen have made their tubbing a by-word, and Americans consider no house fit to live in which is not piped with an abundant water supply; while a French-

man is said to warn all his friends ten days before he intends taking a bath, and to bid them farewell — and then to fail to take the bath. Yet he looks clean.

René's mother once slipped over from the convent about dusk, with a friend to bear her company, on pretext of bringing me letters which the facteur had misdelivered. When her errand was discharged she talked much with the patron's wife, perhaps adroitly creating good will for her lads, though she did not appear to seek them out to coddle them.

If René stabled with ploughman and shepherd, such neighbors did him no harm. Without doubt they had a crucifix hanging somewhere in sight, and such honest fellows would not set bad examples to a little boy not yet prepared for his first communion. He also had his brother to scuffle with, until the stamping of horses was lost on their sleepy ears.

The Marne peasant is a citizen of a republic, but he spends no time quarreling about politics. With a sense of social differences bred into his nature before America was discovered, he continues to respect his baron as much as an Englishman, and to be puzzled by the lack of titles in the New World.

"De — what?" madame inquired carefully, when she set my name down at the head of her "note" of supplies.

Children care little for a beautiful landscape if they cannot fellowship with and make it a playground. René let himself out when he was down with the stone-breaker or off with the shepherd's dog. Then he danced and flourished his arms, and a mighty barking and shouting would ring over the farm. An old woman, climbing a vineyard path leaning on her staff, once stopped to look at him and remember her childhood. She was bent half double, and the gnarled ugliness of her face expressed such suffering as seems the outgrowth of age and poverty in the Old World. It is as if centuries of pres-

sure had distorted these old peasants to hideousness.

One fact which interested the little domestic in himself was that he had been born on St. Alpin's fête-day. Therefore, in addition to the handful of names always generously poured on the head of a christened child in France, his saint's name of St. Alpin was given him to finish the list. French children do not have their own birthdays regarded; their patron saints' days are celebrated instead, with gifts and offerings.

At Les Buissons this day was called the fête of Villevenarde. Long custom had made it a season of family reunions, dancing, and general feasting. It was a movable festival, like Easter, falling sometimes on the first, sometimes on the second Sunday in September, but never on any day except Sunday.

It was less than two kilometres from Les Buissons past the hedges, across fields, through a wood, and down through the park to the abbey convent of the Assumption. It was much less than that from the convent, past the mill, along a level stretch of valley road, dipping through the abbey village of Andecy, and stretching around a wooded height to the old village of Baye. Long before Columbus, long before Alfred the Great, these stone houses were built on their winding street, and men drank wine and women washed, and the slow life of the provinces went on here. In such early days, if the château of Baye was not built in its hollow and hidden by a jungle of wood and walls as high as a fortress, the count or his prototype had some kind of castle, and rode clanking in chain mail or girt with leather thongs with his wild followers behind him.

St. Alpin was born at Baye, and he died there in the year A. D. 455. At that time the people of Gaul were not yet one united nation. Attila the Hun, with his fierce hordes, overran the country. The Roman Empire was not dead, and Romans and Visigoths joined with

the inhabitants to drive out the enemy. What kind of men and women walked the winding unpaved lane of Baye in that fifth century, and how was the seed of a gentle sainthood dropped there? St. Alpin, we are told, was born of rich parents; presumably of forbears who had enough to eat and to wear, a roof over them, a little grazing land and some forest, with geese and cattle. It is not said he came of any hereditary lord of Baye, or that anybody lorded it over Baye in the days of Attila. The presumption merely is that Alpin's up-bringers were not ravening like wolves in hunger and misery, but had something to give to others in the hamlet; and he, instead of digging, or joining some band of pillagers, had opportunity to turn his mind to religion. From the first he was a good boy. His parents sent him to be educated by the Bishop of Troyes, where he "copied the virtues of his master." Like a good shepherd, as he grew older, he went from village to village teaching the people. The gathering and restraining of barbarians in those times was no light task.

St. Alpin was elected Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne against his own will, for he preferred to go humbly around among the scattered flocks. "Having seen the invaders, commanded by Attila, menace the plains of Chalons," says the old record, "he addressed Heaven with fervor, and obtained by his prayers the deliverance of his flock." We know that the battle of Chalons broke the power of the Huns and drove them out of Gaul.

On his last round among the villages the bishop died at Baye, and was laid in the crypt of the little chapel there. The crypt remains to this day, and all the old chapel arches are preserved in the present church. The first outcry and wailing of bereavement over the good man passed to steady veneration of his cofined body. The crypt at Baye had two staircases, now walled up, down one of which the people could come to ven-

erate his remains, and pass up again by the opposite staircase. The body lay under a long, low arch. There are yet three steps leading up to its resting-place, much worn by the knees which ascended them in those early centuries. Opposite, under a window, is an altar. The people passed between the altar and the relics of St. Alpin.

In 860 A. D. his bones were taken from Baye to Chalons, where they now rest in the cathedral "*dans une ch  sse d'argent,*" with the exception of one bone of his head which is in a particular reliquary. They are much visited, and are guarded in a chapel behind the grand altar; and on Pentecost Monday they are carried in procession.

It gives an American, whose saints are all in embryo yet, a peculiar sensation to wander around the birthplace of an actual miracle-worker, and feel his presence lingering in the customs of the inhabitants. All over that commune St. Alpin yet broods with loving care. A child who is frightened, a man who is in trouble, a woman burdened with grief, invokes the help of St. Alpin, certain that the good bishop is as open to their affairs as he was to the affairs of their ancestors fourteen hundred years ago.

There was one long walk in a piece of woods which ran from the valley far across the uplands, and once, when I lost myself in its windings and cross-tracks, I saw far ahead a garment appearing and disappearing, — cassock, or cloak, or woman's dress, or peasant's smock. You could not be sure of color or shape in those sylvan places, or of anything except a presence flying and not to be certainly fixed by the eye, so indiscernibly did the human figure melt amongst leaves and tree-boles. Maybe it was St. Alpin taking a century-old path through those ever-renewed woods down to Villevenarde. Why should not the guardian saint of a country sometimes betake himself again into his mortal guise and priestly cassock and his ancient paths?

Ren   knew Christmas only as a holy day in the church calendar. The Assumption of the Virgin is a summer-day festival all over France, especially at Ren  's native abbey, the country convent of the nuns of the Assumption. But a lad in that part of Marne could compare nothing else with the feast of St. Alpin.

Ren   and I both looked forward to this f  te of Villevenarde; which, I was told, did not necessarily begin with going down to the village to mass. No; madame had been recently confessed, and she would have enough to do on St. Alpin's morning without troubling herself about the religion he had so zealously spread. For a week beforehand the oven was daily heated, and tub-shaped loaves came out of it, hard enough to daunt anybody but a peasant. Madame told me she had made two dozen prune pies, all having the crust of butter. One of these seductive tarts, tasting like leather and unripe persimmons, was served as sweets with my dinner; and the slighting notice which such a rich preparation received madame probably credited to a palate depraved by coffee made with an egg. But the f  te so deranged her affairs all the week that my food became a secondary consideration.

St. Alpin's birthday was actually on Friday, the 7th of September. On Sunday, however, "*tous mes parents*" would arrive at the farm, the peasant told me, and his wife pictured the lively scene. Oh, assuredly, Leah would be there, and a houseful of relatives would meet, would eat, sing, dance, tell contes. Then, added madame, drolly affixing business to the pleasures of the day, at four o'clock they would pull the cows; for was not that the hour every day "*pour tirer les vaches,*" and could blessed St. Alpin have any desire to stop the order of nature?

But it fell out that I never saw the f  te of Villevenarde, a sudden and important journey to the north of France pushing it into the background. The day happened to be raw and wet. A

storm tramped over Les Buissons and all that region. Even the white stone convent, which usually seemed to bask in the heart of sunshine, was chill as a white stone tomb as I drove away.

I hope the fête was kept in warmth and jollity before the kitchen fire at Les Buissons; that Leah and all the relations braved the weather and survived the pasty, danced, told contes, duly pulled the cows, and renewed all the ties of St. Alpin's day.

René took my parting franc with a chastened zest which foresaw that his elders would add it to the eight for the purchase of his winter clothing. To be chair-bearer for a flitting American was the least interesting of his experiences at Les Buissons. Of this I am certain: if the blossom of René's year was St. Alpin's day, he did not fail in some way to pluck the blossom and enjoy it.

During my stay at Les Buissons I did not see the little domestic with a book in his hand. It is true there were no books in sight, except the veterinary treatises of the absent Charles. And René, no doubt, associated the task of reading with his winter schooldays, his study for confirmation, the priest's reprimands and exhortations, and even with cuffs and tears.

His monotonous and simple life, so

full of gladness for himself, so unimportant even to his father and mother, who had children to spare, is a type of provincial France. In a dozen years we shall see him hulking about Paris in the ill-fitting uniform of a soldier serving his time, or crowded in third-rate railway compartments, still with that wide-mouthed look of joy in everything the world offers for his diversion. I have seen grown-up René standing in the Luxembourg Gallery in a trance before some picture. They are undersized fellows; you would think the French nation had an army of boys; and provincial is stamped on all their stolid faces. And a good thing for France it is that huge crops of them are constantly coming up in the provinces; little domestics, learning slowly the life of the soil, learning surely the morality and traditions of centuries. They ballast a state. A Marne boy, when his military service ends, comes back to Marne, and takes a wife and roots himself in the soil.

I think it likely that no picture will ever be finer to René than the valley behind Les Buissons, and no sight that Paris can offer him will quite equal the haystacks of Marne, thatched down to the eaves, under the projection of which he may measure his growth year by year.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

PIRATE GOLD.

IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO: ROBBERY.

XIII.

No plummet ever sank so deep as Jamie sank the thoughts of those few months. No oblivion more vast than where he buried it. No human will so strong as that he bent upon it, bound it down with. No sin absolved was ever so

forgotten. One wonders if Jamie, at the day of judgment even, will remember it. Perhaps 't will then be no more the sin he thought it. For Jamie's nature, like that of spiny plants, was sensitive, delicate within, as his outer side was bent and rough; and he fancied it, first, a selfishness; then, as his lonely fancy got

to brooding on it, an actual sin. James Bowdoin's unlucky laugh had taught him how it seemed to others; and was not inordinate affection, to the manifest injury of the object loved, a sin? Jamie felt it so: and he had the Prayer Book's authority therefor. "Inordinate and sinful affections," — that is the phrase; both are condemned.

But he kept it all the closer from Mercedes. It did not grow less; he had no heart to cease loving. Manlike, he was willing to face his God with the sin, but not her. He sought to change the nature of his love; perhaps, in time, succeeded. But all love has a mystic triple root; you cannot unravel the web, on earth at least. Religious, sexual, spiritual, — all are intertwined.

Jamie and Mercedes lived on in the little brick house, as he had promised. Only one thing the Bowdoins noticed: he now dressed and talked and acted like a man grown very old. His coats were different again; his manner was more eccentric than ever. His hair helped him a little, for it really grew quite white. He asked Mercedes now to call him father.

"Jamie is posing as a patriarch," said Mr. Bowdoin; he smiled, and then he sighed.

Old Mr. Bowdoin did not forget his promise to have his granddaughters call upon Mercedes. Now and then they sent her tickets for church fairs. But it takes more love than most women have for each other to give the tact, the self-abnegation, that such unequal relations, to be permanent, require. The momentary gush of sympathy that the Bowdoin girls felt upon their grandfather's account of Sadie's loneliness was chilled at the first haughty word Mercedes gave them. It takes an older nature, more humbled by living, than is an American young lady's, to meet the poor in money without patronizing, and the proud at heart without seeming rude. So this attempted intimacy faded.

Jamie gave his life to her. His manner at the office altered; he became proud and reserved. More wonderful still, he shortened his time of attendance; not that he was inattentive while there, but he no longer observed unnecessary hours, as he had been wont to do, after the bank closed; as soon as Mr. James Bowdoin left, he would lock up the office and go himself. His life was but waiting upon Mercedes.

When he was in the office he would sit twiddling his thumbs. The pretense at bookkeeping, unreal bookkeeping, he abandoned. The last old ship, the Maine Lady, had served him in good stead for many years; he had double-entered, ledgered, and balanced her simple debits and credits like a stage procession. But now he made no fiction about the vanished business.

It was characteristic of Jamie that still he did not hanker for more money. He recognized his adopted daughter's need for sympathy, for emotions, even for love, if you will; but yet it did not occur to him that he might earn more money. His salary was ample, and out of it he had made some savings. And Mercedes had that impatience of details, that *ennui* of money matters, that even worldly women show, who care for results, not processes.

It had always been the custom of the McMurtagh family to pass the summers, like the winters, in the little house on Salem Street; but this year Jamie rented a cottage at Nantasket. He told the Bowdoins nothing of this move until they asked him about it, observing that he regularly took the boat. To Jamie it was the next thing to Nahant, which was of course out of the question. But the queer old clerk was not fitted to shine in any society and Mercedes found it hard to make her way alone. They wandered about the beach, and occasionally to the great hotel when there was a hop, of evenings, and listened to the bands; but Mercedes' beauty was too striking and her

manners were too independent to inspire quick confidence in the Nantasket matrons ; while Jamie missed his pipe and shirt-sleeves after supper. He had asked, and been forbidden, to invite John Hughson down to stay. Still less would Sadie have her girl acquaintances ; and all Salem Street's kindest feelings were soured in consequence. There was an invitation from Nahant that summer, but it seemed, to Mercedes' quick sense, formal, and she would not go.

She had had her piano moved down "to the beach," at much expense ; and for a week she played in the afternoons. But even this accomplishment brought her no notice. People would look at her, in passing, and then, more curiously, at her foster-father : that was all. Mercedes, in her youth, could not realize how social confidence is a plant of slow growth. The young girls of the place were content with saying she "was not in their set ;" the young men who desired her acquaintance must seek it surreptitiously, and this Mercedes would not have. The people of the great hotel were a more mixed set, and among them our couple was much discussed. Something got to be known of Jamie : that he was confidential clerk to the well-known firm of Boston's older ship-owners, and that she was his adopted daughter. Soon the rumor grew that he was miserly and rich.

Poor Jamie ! He thought more of all these things than Mercedes ever supposed. What could he do to give her friends of her own age ? What could he do to find her lovers, a husband ? McMurtagh slept not nights for thinking on these things. John Hughson he now saw to be impossible ; Harley Bowdoin was out of the question ; but were there not still genteel youths, clerks like himself, but younger, some class of life for his petted little lady ? Jamie had half-thoughts of training some nice lad to be fit for her, — Jamie earned money amply ; of training him, too, to take his place and earn his salary. Every dis-

contented look in Mercedes' lovely face went to Jamie's heartstrings.

One day, going home by the usual boat, he saw his dear girl waiting for him on the wharf. It always lightened Jamie's heart when she did this, and he hurried down to the gangplank, to be among the first ashore and save her waiting. But as he stepped upon it he saw that she was talking to a gentleman. There was a little heightened color in her cheeks ; she was not watching the passengers in the boat. Jamie turned aside through the crowd to walk up the road alone. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that they were following. When nearly at their cottage, he turned about irresolutely and met them. Mercedes, with a word of reproach for walking home alone (at which Jamie's old eyes opened), introduced him : "Mr. David St. Clair — my father."

"I made Miss McMurtagh's acquaintance at the Rockland House last night, — she plays so beautifully." Then Jamie remembered that he had gone out to smoke his pipe upon the piazza.

He looked at the newcomer. St. Clair was dressed expensively, in what Jamie thought the highest fashion. He wore kid gloves and a high silk hat ; he had a white waistcoat and a very black mustache. Mercedes had blushed again when she presented him, and suddenly there was a burst of envy in poor Jamie's heart.

XIV.

No girl, before she came to love, ever scrutinized a suitor so closely as old Jamie did St. Clair. The little old Scotch clerk was quicker far to see the first blossoms of love in her heart than Mercedes herself, than any mother could have been ; for each one bore a pang for him ; and he, who had renounced, and then set his heart to share each feeling with her, who had wanted but her confidence, wanted but to share with her as

some girl might her heart histories, now found himself far outstripping her in conscious knowledge. He did not realize the impossibility of the sympathy he dreamed. He had fondly thought his man's love a justification for that intimacy from which, in natures like Mercedes', even a mother's love is excluded.

All Jamie's judgment was against the man, and yet his heart was in touch with hers to feel its stirring for him. The one told him he was not respectable; the other that he was romantic. His career was shadowy, like his hair. In those days still a mustache bore with it some audacity, and gave a man who frankly lived outside the reputable callings something of the buccaneer. St. Clair called himself a gentleman, but did not pretend to be a clerk, and frankly avowed that he was not in trade. Jamie could not make him out at all. He hoped, indeed, he was a gentleman. Had he been in the old country, he could have credited it better; but gentlemen without visible means of support were, in those days, unusual in Boston.

Poor Jamie watched his daughter like any dowager, that summer. But the consciousness of his own sin (for so now he always thought of it) troubled him terribly. How could he urge his lady to repel the advances of this man without being open to the charge of selfishness, of jealousy? Jamie forgot that the girl had never known he loved her.

He made feeble attempts to egg on Hughson. The honest teamster was but a lukewarm lover. His point of view was that the girl looked down upon him, and this chilled his passion. He had come to own his teams now. He never drove them. He was a capitalist, an employer of labor; and, at Jamie's request, he came down one night, in black broadcloth and red-handed, to pass the night. But it did not work. When Mr. St. Clair called in the evening, he adopted a tone of treating both Jamie and Hughson as elderly pals, so that the latter lost his temper,

and, as Mercedes claimed, insulted his elegant rival.

Then Jamie bade Hughson to come no more, for his love for Mercedes was so true that he felt in his heart why St. Clair appealed more to hers.

But the summer was a long and anxious one, and he was glad when it was over and they were back in Salem Street. They had made no other acquaintance at Nantasket. "Society" to Jamie remained a sealed book. Clever Mercedes was not clever enough to see he knew she blamed him for it. St. Clair only laughed. "These people are nobody," said he; and he talked of fashionable and equipaged friends he had known in other places. Where? Jamie suspected, race-courses; his stories of them bore usually an equine flavor. But he was not a horse-dealer; his hands were too white for that.

Poor old Mr. Bowdoin had had a hangdog feeling with old Jamie ever since that day his son had laughed. He had dared criticise nothing he noticed at the office, and Jamie grew more crusty and eccentric every day. James Bowdoin was less indulgent, and soon saw that something new was in the wind. But the last thing that both expected was a demand on Jamie's part for an increased salary. Jamie made it respectfully, with his hat off, twirling in his hand, and the Bowdoins eyed him.

"It isna that I'm discontented with the place or the salary in the past," said Jamie, "but our expenses are increasing. I have rented a house in Worcester Square."

"In Worcester Square? And the one in Salem Street?"

"'Tis too small for me family needs," said Jamie. "I have sold it."

"Too small?"

"Me daughter is about to be married," said Jamie reluctantly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Bowdoins in a breath. "May we congratulate her?"

"Ye may do as ye like," said Jamie.

"T is one Mr. David St. Clair, — a gentleman, as he tells me."

"Is he to live with you, then?"

"Yes, sir. He wants work — that is" — Jamie hesitated.

"He has no occupation?"

Jamie was visibly irritated. "If I bring the gentleman down, ye may ask him your ain sel'."

"No, no," said Mr. James. "That is, we should, of course, be glad to meet the gentleman any time. What is his name?"

"David St. Clair."

"David Sinclair," repeated the old gentleman.

"Mercedes Silva," said Mr. James musingly.

"McMurtagh, if you please," said Jamie.

"Jamie," said old Mr. Bowdoin, "our business is going away. The steamers will ruin it. For a long time there has not been enough to occupy a man of your talents. And the old bookkeeper at the bank — the Old Colony Bank — has got to resign. I've already asked the place for you. The salary is — more than we here can afford to pay you. In fact, we may close the counting-room."

Jamie rubbed his nose and shifted his feet. "Ta business is a goot business, and t' firm is a fine old firm." It was evident he was in the throes of unexpressed affection. In all his life he had never learned to express it. "Ye'll na be closing the old counting-room?"

"I may come down here every day or so, just to keep my trusts up. I'll use it for a writing-room; it's near the bank" —

"An' I'll come down an' kep' the books for you, sir," said Jamie; and the "sir" from his lips was like a caress from another man.

XV.

Jamie took his place on the high stool behind the great ledgers of the Old Colony Bank, and the house on Worcester

Square was even bought, with his savings and the price of the house on Salem Street. Only one thing Jamie flatly refused, and that was to permit Mercedes' marriage until St. Clair had some visible means of support. She pouted at this and was cruel; but for once the old clerk was inflexible, even to her. Mercedes would perhaps have married against his will; but Mr. St. Clair had his reason for submitting.

And that gentleman was particular in his choice of occupation, and Mercedes yet more particular for him. The class of which St. Clair came is a peculiar one; hardly known to the respectable world, less known then than now; and yet it has often money, kindness, reputability even, among its members; they marry and have children among their own class; they are not church-going, but yet they are not criminal. As actor families maintain themselves for many generations (not the stars, but the ordinary histrionic families; you will find most of the names on the playbills to-day that were there in the last century, neither above nor below their old position), so there are sporting families who live in a queer, not unprosperous world of their own, marry and bring up children, and leave money and friends behind them when they die. And Sinclair came of people such as these. "St. Clair" was his own invention. Of course Jamie did not know it, nor did Mercedes; and in fact he was honestly in love with her, to the point of changing his way of life to one of routine and drudgery.

But no place could be found (save indeed a retail grocer's clerkship), and Mercedes began to grow worried, and occasionally to cry. St. Clair spent his evenings at the house; and at such times Jamie would wander helplessly about the streets. St. Clair's one idea was to be employed about the bank, to become a banker. Had he been competent to keep the books, I doubt not Jamie would have given them up to him.

Great is the power of persuasion backed by love, even in a bent old Scotchman. Will it be believed, Jamie teased and schemed and promoted until he made a vacancy of the place of messenger, and got it for his son-in-law. Perhaps old Mr. Bowdoin had ever had a slight feeling of remorse since he had seen nipped in the bud that affair with young Harleston. He did not approve of the present match. Yet he fancied the bridegroom might be a safer spouse with a regular occupation and a coat more threadbare than he habitually wore.

Nothing now stood in the way of the marriage; and it took place with some *éclat*, — in King's Chapel, indeed, with all the Bowdoins, even to Mrs. Abby. Jamie gave the bride away. Hughson (to Mercedes' relief) took it a bit rusty and would not come. Then the pair went on a wedding journey to Niagara and Trenton Falls; and old Jamie, the day after the ceremony, came down looking happier than he had seemed for years. There was a light in his lonely old face; it comes rarely to us on earth, but, by one who sees it, it is not forgotten. Old Mr. Bowdoin saw it; and, remembering that interview scarce two years gone by, his nose tingled. It is rare that natures with such happy lives as his are so "dowered with the love of love." But when old Jamie looked at him, he but asked some business question; and Jamie marveled that the old gentleman blew his nose so hard and damned the weather so vigorously.

When the St. Clairs came back, Jamie moved to an upper back room, and gave them the rest of the new house. Mercedes was devotedly in love with her husband. She would have liked to meet people, if but to show him to them. But she knew no one worthy save the Bowdoins, and they did not get on with him. His own social acquaintance, of which he had boasted somewhat, appeared to be in other cities. And ennui (which causes more harm in the world than many a

more evil passion) began imperceptibly to take possession of him.

However, they continued to live on together. St. Clair was fairly regular at his work; and all went well for more than a year.

XVI.

No year, probably, of James McMurtagh's life had he been so happy. It delighted him to let St. Clair away early from the bank; and to sit alone over the ledgers, imagining St. Clair's hurrying home, and the greeting kiss, and the walk they got along the shells of the beach before supper, with the setting sun slanting to them over the wide bay from the Brookline hills. When they took the meal alone, it delighted Jamie to sit at Mercy's right and have her David help him; or, when they had "company," it pleased the old man almost as much to stay away and think proudly of them. Such times he would sit alone on the Common and smoke his pipe, and come home late and let himself in with his latch-key, and steal up quickly to his own bedroom at the top of the house.

Now that he was so happy, and had left his old friends the Bowdoins, a wave of unconscious affection for them spread over his soul. Under pretext of keeping their accounts straight — which now hardly needed balancing even once a month — old Jamie would edge down to the counting-room upon the wharf, after hours, or even for a few minutes at noon-time (perhaps sacrificing his lunch therefore), to catch old Mr. Bowdoin at his desk and chat with him (under plea of some omitted entry needing explanation), and tell him how well David was doing, and Mercedes so happy, and what company they had had to tea the night before. So that one day Mr. Bowdoin even ventured to give him a golden bracelet young Harleston Bowdoin had sent, soon after the wedding, from France;

and Jamie took it without a murmur. "Ah, 't is a pity, sir, ye din't keep the old house up, for the sake of the young gentlemen, if nothing more," said he; and "Ah, Jamie," was Mr. Bowdoin's reply, "it's all dirty coal-barges, now; the old house would not know its way about in steamers. We'll have to take to banking, like yourself and Sinclair there."

Jamie laughed with pleasure; and father and son went each to a window to watch him as he sidled up the street.

"Caroline never would have stood it," said the old man.

"Neither would Abby," said the younger one. "Yet you made me marry her;" and they both chuckled. It was the habit of the Bowdoin males to marry them to women without a sense of humor, and then to take a mutual delight in the consequences.

"You only married her to get a house," said the old man. (This was the inexhaustible joke they shared against Mrs. Abby that in nearly twenty years had never failed to rouse her serious indignation.) "I saw her coming out of that abolitionist meeting yesterday."

"That's cousin Wendell Phillips got her into that," said Mr. James. "Old Jamie was there, too."

"Old Jamie has got so much love to spare that it spills around," said Mr. Bowdoin, "even on comfortable niggers just decently clothed. That's not your wife's trouble." To which the son had no other repartee than "James!" drawled in the solemn bass of amazed indignation that his mother's voice assumed when goaded into speech by his father's sallies. It was his boast that "Abby" never yet had ventured to address him thus. And so this precious pair separated; the father going home to his grandchildren, and the son to the club for his afternoon rubber of whist. They still took life easy in the forties.

Why was it that old Jamie, who should by rights have had his heart broken, was

happier than fortunate David? Both loved the same woman; and no tenor hero ever loved so deeply as old Jamie, and he had lost her. But he came of the humble millions that build the structure of human happiness silently, by countless, uncounted little acts. David was of the ephemera, the pleasure-loving insects. Now these will settle for a time; but race will tell, and they are not the race of quiet labor.

One almost wonders, in these futureless times, that so many of the former still remain. For the profession of pleasure is so easy, so remunerative; even of money it often has no lack. St. Clair came of a family that from horse-racing, bar-keeping, betting, had found money easier to get than ever had Jamie's people, and (when they had chosen to invest it) had invested it in less reputable but more productive ways. One fears the spelling-books mislead in their promise of instant, adequate reward and punishment. The gods do not keep a dame-school for us here on earth, and their ways are less obvious than that. One hazards the suggestion, it is fortunate if our multitudes (in these socialistic, traditionless times) do not yet discover how comfortable, for hedonistic ends, their sons and daughters still may be without respectability and reputability.

St. Clair lived before them; and his mind was never analytic. The word "bore" had not yet been imported, nor the word "ennui" naturalized in a civilization whence two hundred years of Puritans had sought to banish it. But although Adam set the example of falling to the primal woman, it may be doubted whether Eve, at least, had not a foretaste of the modern evil. And more souls go now to the devil (if they could hope there were one!) for the being bored than any other cause.

David did not know what ailed him. He loved his wife (not too exclusively; that was not in his shallow nature); he had a fine house and the handling of

money. To his friends he was a banker. They were at first envious of his reputability, and that pleased him while it lasted. But it annoyed him that it had not dawned on their untutored minds that handling money was not synonymous with possession. A banker! At least he had the control of money; could lend it; might lend it to his friends.

There was, in those days, an outpost of Satan — overrated perhaps in importance by the college authorities, with proportionate overawing effect upon the students — on the riverside, over against Cambridge. Here “trials of speed,” trotting speed, were held; bar-rooms existed; it was rumored pools were sold. Hither the four hundred, the liberal four hundred, of Boston’s then existent vice were wont to repair and witness contests for “purses.” It was worth, in those days, a bank clerk’s position or an undergraduate’s degree ever to be seen there.

It may be imagined with what terror, a terror even transmuting itself to pity dictating a refusal on Mercedes’ part, old Jamie heard of a proposition, one holiday, that David should take his wife there. Mercedes would not go; and St. Clair laughed at her, in private, and went alone. She was forced to be the accomplice of his going.

The fact is, St. Clair, from the tip of his mustache to his patent-leather shoes, was bored with regular hours, respectability, and the assurance of an income adequate to his ordinary spending. Something must be done for joy of life. He gave a champagne supper to his old cronies, at a tavern by the wayside, and bore their chaff. Then he bet. Then he stayed away from home a day or two.

A butterfly cares but for sunshine. His love for Mercedes was quite animal; he cared nothing for her mind; all poor Jamie’s expensive schooling was wasted, more unappreciated by him than it would have been by John Hughson. So, one day, St. Clair came home to find her crying; and his love for her then ended.

XVII.

Mercedes, remember, lived in the earlier half of this strange century, now so soon to go to judgment. In these last years, when women seek men’s rights in exchange for woman’s reason, reactionary males have criticised them as children swapping old lamps for new, fine instruments for coarser toys. As a poet has put it, why does

“a woman

Dowered by God with power of life or death
Now cry for coarser tools,”

and seek to exchange the ballot for Prospero’s wand? Like other savages, she would exchange fine gold for guns and hatchets. (Beads, trinkets, the men might pardon them!)

A woman of power once said she had rather reign than govern. But reigns, with male St. Clairs, so soon are over! Mercedes’ dynasty had ended. She knew it before St. Clair was conscious of it, and poor Jamie knew it when she did.

It was his custom to stay late at the bank, after hours. It closed at two o’clock; and in those days all merchants then went home to their dinner. Jamie, unknown to the cashier, would assume what he could of St. Clair’s work, to get him home the sooner to Mercedes. It is to be hoped he always went there.

As one looks back on the days of great events, one wonders that the morning of them was not consciously brightened or shadowed by the happening to come. For, after many years, that morning, — of the meeting, or the news, or whatever it was, — dull and gray as in fact it was, seems now all glorified in memory, illumined with the radiance it bore among its hours. Jamie never could remember what he did that morning or that day. It was close to half past four by the clock; the cashier, the other clerks, had gone; the charwoman was sweeping. He was mechanically counting over the cash in the cash drawer (it had been counted

over before by the teller, so Jamie's count was but excess of caution); he was separating the gold and silver and Massachusetts bills from the bills that came from banks of other States. (These never were credited until collected, and so not counted yet as cash, but credited to the collection account; in Jamie's eyes, bank-bills of other States were not so honest as Massachusetts issues, any more than their merchants were like James Bowdoin's Sons.) He was thinking, with a sadness not admitted to himself, of Mercedes; trying to believe his judgment a fancy; trying to see, in his mind's eye, David's arrival home (he had sent him off the half an hour before), hoping even for kisses by him for Mercedes (for he grudged him not her love, but wished his the greater). And now, with half his mind, he was adding up the long five columns of figures, as he could do almost unconsciously, thinking of other things. He had carried down the third figure, when suddenly there came that warm stirring at the roots of the hair that presages, to the slower brain, the heart's grasp of a coming disaster.

The figure was a 4 he carried down. His count of the cash had made it a 2.

Nonsense. He passed his hand to his quickened heart and made an effort to slow his breath. It was his mistake; he had been thinking of other things, of Mercedes. He leaned back against the high desk and rested. Besides, what foolish fear to jump at fault for error, at fault of David St. Clair! He had not been near the cash drawer.

It was the teller's mistake. And this time poor Jamie added up like a school-boy, totting each figure. No thought of his Mercedes now.

Fourteen thousand *four* hundred and twelve, sixty-four cents. The teller's addition was right.

Jamie looked at the cash again. There were two piles of bank-bills, one of gold and silver. Among the former was one packet of hundred-dollar bills in a belt,

marked "\$5000." This wrapper he had not (as he now remembered) verified when he had made his count. His heart stood still; prompting the head to remember that it was a package collected by the bank's messenger on a discount, by David St. Clair.

Poor Jamie tore off the band. He sat down, and counted the bills again with a shaking hand.

There were only forty-eight of them.

XVIII.

The packet was two hundred dollars short. And David had brought it in.

Two hundred dollars! Only two hundred dollars! In God's name, why did he not borrow it, ask me for it? thought poor Jamie. He must have known it would be at once discovered. And mixed curiously with Jamie's dismay was a business man's contempt for the childishness of the theft. And yet they called such men sharpers!

For never from that moment, from that time on, did poor Jamie doubt the sort of man Mercedes had married. Never for one moment did the idea occur to him that the robbery might be overlooked, the man reformed. Jamie's heart was as a little child's, but his head was hard enough. He had seen too much of human nature, of business methods and ways, to doubt what this thing meant or what it led to. He had been trying to look through Mercedes' eyes. He had known him for a gambler all along; and now it appeared that he was a man not to be trusted even with money. And he had given him Mercedes!

There had been Harley Bowdoin. She had liked him first; and but for them, his employers — But no; old Jamie could not blame his benefactor, even through his wife. It was not that. No one was at fault but he himself. If he had even loved her less, it had been better for her: 't was his fault, again his fault.

Sobbing, he went through the easy form of making good the theft; this with no thought of condoning the offense, but for his little girl's name. It was simple enough: it was but the drawing a check of his own to cover the loss. Oh, the fool the scoundrel had been!

Jamie drew the check, and canceled it, and added it to the teller's slip. Then he closed the heavy books, put the cash drawer back in the safe, closed the heavy iron doors, gave a turn of his wrist and a pull to the handle, said a word to the night watchman, and went out into the street. It was the soft, broad sunlight of a May afternoon; by the clock at the head of the street he saw that it was not yet six o'clock. But for once Jamie went straight home.

Mr. St. Clair had not come in, said the servant. (They now kept one servant.) Mrs. St. Clair was lying down. Jamie went into the parlor, contrary to his wont, and sat down awkwardly. It was furnished quite with elegance: Mercedes had been so proud of it! His little girl! And now he had married her to a thief! People might come to scorn her, his Mercedes.

They had tea alone together; and Jamie was very tender to her, so that she became frightened at his manner, and asked if anything was wrong with David.

"No," said Jamie. "Has he not been home? Do you not know where he is?"

"No," sighed the wife. "He has always told me before this."

Jamie touched her hand shyly. "Do you still love him, dear?"

But she flung away from him angrily, and went upstairs. And old Jamie waited. He dared not smoke his pipe in the parlor, nor even on the doorstep (which was a pleasant place; there was a little park, with trees, in front), for Mercedes thought it ungenteel. The present incongruity of this regard for appearances never struck Jamie, and he waited there. After eleven o'clock he fancied he might venture; the neighbors

were not likely to be up to notice it. So he lit his pipe and listened. There was still a light in her window; but David St. Clair did not come. Her window stood open, and Jamie listened hard to hear if she were crying. Shortly after midnight the birds in the square began to twitter, as if it were nearly dawn. Then they went to sleep again, but Jamie went on smoking.

It was daylight when St. Clair appeared, in a carriage. He had the look of one who has been up all night, and started nervously as he saw Jamie on the doorstep. Then he pulled himself together, buttoning his coat, and, giving the driver a bill, he turned to face the old clerk.

"Taking an early pipe, Mr. McMurtagh?"

"I know what ye ha' done," said Jamie simply. "I ha' made it guid; but ye must go."

St. Clair's bravado collapsed before Jamie's directness.

"Make what good?" he blustered.

"The two hundred dollars ye took," said Jamie.

"Two hundred dollars? I took? Old man, you're crazy."

"I tell ye I ha' made it guid," said Jamie.

"Made it good? I could do that myself, if — if" —

"Perhaps ye'll be having the money about ye now?" said Jamie. "Can ye give it me?"

St. Clair abandoned pretense. Perhaps curiosity overcame him, or his morning nerves were not so good as Jamie's. "Of course I'll get the money. I lent it to a friend. But how did you ever know the d—d business was short?"

Jamie looked at him sadly. This was the man he had hoped to make a man of business. "Mon, why did n't ye ask me for it? Do ye suppose they didna count their money the nicht?"

"You're so d—d mean!" swore St. Clair. "Have you told my wife?"

"Ye 'll not be telling Mercy?" gasped Jamie, unmindful of the result. "I have told no one."

"I 'll make it all right with the teller, then," said the other.

"Ye 'll na be going back to the bank!" cried Jamie.

"Not go back? Do you suppose I can't be trusted with a matter of two hundred dollars?"

"Ye 'll not be going back to the bank!" said Jamie firmly. "Ye 'll be taking Mr. Bowdoin's money next."

"If it were n't for the teller — He 's not a gentleman, and last week I was fool enough to tell him so. Did the teller find it out?"

"I found it out my own sel'."

"Then no one else knows it?"

"Ye canna go back."

"Then I 'll tell Sadie it 's all your fault," said David.

Poor Jamie knocked his pipe against the doorstep and sighed. The other went upstairs.

XIX.

It was some days after this that old Mr. Bowdoin came down town, one morning, in a particularly good humor. To begin with, he had effected with unusual success a practical joke on his august spouse. Then, he had gone home the night before with a bad cold; but (having given a family dinner in celebration of his wife's birthday and the return to Boston of his grandson Harley, and confined himself religiously to dry champagne) he had arisen quite cured. But at the counting-room he was met by son James with a face as long as the parting glass of whiskey and water he had sent him home with at eleven the previous evening. "James Bowdoin, at your time of life you should not take Scotch whiskey after madeira," said he.

"You seem fresh as a May morning," said Mr. James. "Did the old lady find out about the bronze Venus?"

Son and father chuckled. The old gentleman had purchased in his wife's name a nearly life-size Venus of Milo in bronze, and ordered it sent to the house, with the bill unreceipted, just before the dinner; so the entire family had used their efforts to the persuading old Mrs. Bowdoin that she had acquired the article herself, while shopping, and then forgotten all about it.

"Mrs. J. Bowdoin, Dr. To one Bronze Venus. One Thousand Dollars. Rec'd Paym't' — blank!" roared Mr. Bowdoin. "I told her she must pay it out of her separate estate, — I could n't afford such luxuries!"

"Why, James!" mimicked the younger.

"I never went near the store," mimicked the older.

"And when we told her it was all a sell, she was madder than ever."

"Your mother never could see a joke," sighed Mr. Bowdoin. "She says the statue 's improper, and she 's trying to get it exchanged for chandeliers. She would n't speak to me when I went to bed; and I told her I 'd a bad cold on my lungs, and she 'd repent it when I was gone. But to-day she 's madder yet."

Mr. James Bowdoin looked at his father inquiringly.

Mr. Bowdoin laughed aloud. "She had n't a good night, she says."

"Dear me," said the younger man, "I 'm sorry."

"Yes. I 'd a bad cold, and I spoke very hoarsely when I went to bed. And in the night she woke up and heard a croupy sound. It was this," and Mr. Bowdoin produced a compressible rubber ball with a squeak in it. "'James,' said she — you know how she says 'James'?"

Mr. James Bowdoin admitted he had heard the intonation described.

"'James,' says she, 'is that you?' I only squeaked the ball, which I had under the bedclothes. 'James, are you ill?' 'It 's my chest,' I squeaked faintly, and

squeezed the ball again. 'I think I'm going to die,' said I, and I squeaked it every time I breathed." And Mr. Bowdoin gave audible demonstration of the squeak of his rubber toy. "Well, she was very remorseful, and she got up to send for the doctor; and faith, I had to get up and go downstairs after her and speak in my natural voice before she'd believe I was n't in the last gasp of a croup. But she won't speak, herself, this morning," added the old gentleman rather ruefully. "What's the matter here?"

"Jamie has been down; and he says his son-in-law has decided to leave the bank."

"Dear me! dear me!" The old gentleman's face grew grave again. "Nothing wrong in his accounts, I hope?"

"He says that he has decided to go to New York to live."

"Go to New York! What'll become of the new house?"

"He has friends there. They are to sell the house."

"What'll become of Jamie?"

"Jamie's going back to Salem Street."

The old gentleman gave a low whistle. "I must see him," and he took his hat again and started up the street.

But from Jamie he learned nothing. The old man gave no reason, save that his son-in-law "was going to New York, where he had friends." It cost much to the old clerk to withhold from Mr. Bowdoin anything that concerned his own affairs; particularly when the old gentleman urged that he be permitted to use his influence to reinstate David at the bank. Jamie grew churlish, as was the poor fellow's manner when he could not be kind, and tried even to carry it off jauntily, as if St. Clair were bettering himself. Old Mr. Bowdoin's penetration went behind that, or he might have gone off in a huff. As it was, he half suspected the truth, and forbore to question Jamie further.

But it was harder still for the poor old

clerk when he went home to Mercedes. For it was St. Clair who had sulked and refused to stay in Boston. He had hinted to his wife that it was due to Jamie's jealousy that he had lost his place at the bank. Mercedes did not believe this; but she had thought that Jamie, with his influence, might have kept him there. More, she had herself, and secretly, gone to the counting-room to see old Mr. Bowdoin, as she had done once before when a child, and asked that St. Clair might be taken back. "Do you know why he lost the place?"

She did not. Perhaps he had been irregular in his attendance; she knew, too, that he had been going to some horse-races.

"Jamie has not asked me to have him taken back," said Mr. Bowdoin.

And she had returned, angry as only a loving woman can be, to reproach poor Jamie. But he would never tell her of her husband's theft. St. Clair was sharp enough to see this. Jamie had settled the Worcester Street house on Mercedes when they were married; and now St. Clair got her to urge Jamie to sell it and let him invest the money in a business opening he had found in New York with some friends; stock-brokerage he said it was. This poor Jamie refused to do; and Mercedes forgave him not. But St. Clair insisted still on going. Perhaps he boasted to his New York friends of his banking experience; it was true that he had got some sort of an opening, with two young men of sporting tastes whom he had met.

Preparations for departure were made. The furniture was being taken out, and stored or sold; and each piece, as it was carried down the stairs, brought a pang to Jamie's heart. The house was offered for sale; Jamie drew up the advertisement in tears. He did not venture to sit with them now of evenings; it was Jamie, of the three, who had the guilty feeling.

The evening before their going came. St. Clair was out at a farewell dinner,

"tendered him," as he proudly announced, by his friends. Jamie, as he passed her door, heard Mercedes crying. He could not bear it; he went in.

"My darling, do not cry," the old man whispered. "Is it because you are going away? All I can do for you — all I have shall be yours!"

"What has David done? I know he has done something" —

"Nothing — nothing is wrong, dear; I assure you" —

"Then why are you so hard to him? Why will you not put the money in the business?"

Jamie was holding her hand. "My little Mercy," said he, "my little lady. Forgive me — do you forgive me?"

Mercedes looked at him, coldly, perhaps.

"For the love of God, do not look like that! In the world or out of it, there's none I care for but just you, dear." Then Mercedes began to cry again, and kissed him. "And as for the money, dear, he'll have it as soon as I find the business is a decent one."

XX.

Of course they had the money, and in some months the people at the bank began to hear fine accounts of St. Clair's doings in New York. Not so much, perhaps, from Jamie as from one or two other clerks to whom St. Clair had taken the trouble to write a letter or two. As for Jamie, he went back to live in the little house on Salem Street. He was too old, he said, to board, at his time of life.

All the same, he grew thin and older-looking. He did not pretend to take the same interest in his work. Many and grave were the talks the two Bowdoins, father and son, had about him. The first few weeks after the departure of the St. Clairs, they feared actually for his life. He seemed to waste away. Then, one week, he went on to New York himself, and after that grew better. This

was when he carried on to St. Clair the money coming from the sale of the house. Up to that time he had had no letter from Mercedes, though he wrote her every week.

He took care to place the money in Mercedes' name as special capital. But the other two men seemed to be active, progressive fellows. They reposed confidence in St. Clair, and they had always known him. After all, the old man tried to think, the qualities required to keep moneys separate were not those that went best to make it, and stock-broking was suited to a gambler as a business. For Jamie shared intensely the respectable prejudices against stock-broking of the elders of that day.

After this, he occasionally got letters from his Mercedes. They came addressed to the bank (as if she never liked to recognize that he was back in Salem Street), and it grew to be quite a joke among the other clerks to watch for them; for they had noticed their effect on Jamie, and they soon learned to identify the handwriting which made him beam so that half the wrinkles went, and the old healthy apple-color came back to his cheeks.

Sometimes when the letter came they would place it under his blotter, and if it was a Tuesday (and she generally wrote for Tuesday's arrival) old Jamie's face would lengthen as he turned his mail over, or fall if he saw his desk empty. Woe to the clerk who asked a favor in those moments! Then the clerk next him would slyly turn the blotting-paper over, and Jamie would grasp the letter and crowd it into his pocket, and his face would gleam again. He never knew they suspected it, but on such occasions the whole bank would combine to invent a pretext for getting Jamie out of the room, that he might read his letter undisturbed. Otherwise he let it go till lunch-time, and then, they felt sure, took no lunch; for he would never read her letters when any one was looking on.

They all knew who she was. It was the joke of years at the Old Colony Bank. They called Mercedes "old Jamie's foreign mail."

She never wrote regularly, however; and if she missed, poor McMurtagh would invent most elaborate schemes, extra presents (he always made her an allowance), for extorting letters from her. The sight of her handwriting at any time would make his heart beat. Harley Bowdoin had by this time been taken into the counting-room. He was studying law as a profession (there being little left of the business), and Jamie appeared to be strangely fond of him. Often, by the ancient custom, he would call Harleston "Mr. James," Mr. James Bowdoin having no sons. Mr. James himself spoke of this intimacy once to his father. "Don't you see, it's because the boy fell in love with his Mercedes?" said the old gentleman. Certain it is, the two were inseparable. One fancies Harleston heard more of Mrs. St. Clair than either of Jamie's older friends.

For Jamie, in her absence, grew to love all whom she had ever known, all who had ever seen her; how much more, then, this young fellow who had shown the grace to love her, too! Jamie was fond of walking to the places she had known, and he even took to going to church himself, to King's Chapel, where she had been so often. When his vacation came, the next summer, he went on to New York, and stayed at a cheap hotel on Fourth Avenue, and would go to see her; not too often, or when other people were there, for he was still modest, and only dared hope she might not hate him. It was all his fault, and perhaps he had been hard with her husband. But she suffered him now, and Jamie returned looking ten years younger. St. Clair seemed prosperous, and Jamie even mentioned his son-in-law to the other clerks, which was like a boast for Jamie.

Perhaps at no time had the two Bowdoin thought of him so much. He lived

now as if he were very poor, and they suspected him of sending all his salary to Mercedes. "It makes no difference raising it; 't would all go just the same," said Mr. Bowdoin. "Man alive, why did n't you let him take the money, that day down the wharf, and take the girl yourself? You used to be keen enough about girls before you got so bald," added the old gentleman, with a chuckle. He was rather proud of his own shock of soft white hair.

"That's why you were in such a haste to marry me, I suppose," growled Mr. James. "You had no trouble of that kind yourself."

"Trouble? It's only your mother protects me. I was going down town in a 'bus to-day, and there I saw your mother coming out of one of those abolition meetings of her cousin, Wendell Phillips, — I told her he'd be hanged some day, — and there opposite sat an old gentleman, older than I, sir, and he said to me, 'Married, sir? So am I, sir. Married again only last week. Been married fifty years, but this one's a great improvement on the first one, sir, I can assure you. *She brushes my hair!*' That's more than you can get a wife to do for you, James!"

The father and son chirruped in unison.

"Did you tell my mother of your resolve to try again, sir?"

"I did, I did, and that my next choice was no incendiary abolitionist, either. I told her I'd asked her already, to keep her disengaged, — old Miss Virginia Pyncheon, you know; and, egad! if your mother did n't cut her to-day in the street! But what do you think of old Jamie?"

"I don't know what to think. He certainly seems very ill."

"Ah, James," said the old man, "why did you laugh that day? If only the fairy stories about changing old clerks to fairy princes came true! She could not have married any one to love her like old Jamie."

XXI.

Jamie had had no letter for many weeks. The clerks talked about it. Day by day he would go through the pile of letters on his desk in regular order, but with trembling fingers; day by day he would lay them all aside, with notes for their answers. Then he would go for a moment into the great dark vault of the bank, where the bonds and stocks were kept, and come out rubbing his spectacles. The clerks would have forged a letter for him had they deemed it possible. There was talk even of sending a round-robin to Mrs. St. Clair.

It was a shorter walk from Salem Street than it had been from his daughter's mansion, and poor Jamie had not so much time each day to calculate the chances of a letter being there. Alas, a glance of the eye sufficed. Her notes were always on squarish white notepaper sealed in the middle (they still used no envelopes in those days), and were easy to see behind the pile of business letters and telegrams. And the five minutes of hope between breakfast and the bank were all old Jamie had to carry him through the day, for her letters never arrived in the afternoon.

But this foggy day Jamie came down conscious of a certain tremor of anticipation. It has been said that he had no religion, but he had ventured to pray the night before, — to pray that he might get a letter. He was wondering if it were not wrong to invoke the Deity for such selfish things. For the Deity (if there were one, indeed) seemed very far off and awful to Jamie. That there was anything trivial or foolish in the prayer did not occur to Jamie; it probably would have occurred to Mercedes.

But he got to the office at the usual time. The clerks were not looking at him (had he known it, a bad sign), and he cast his eye hastily over the pile. Then his face grew fixed once more. No

letter from her was there, and he began to go through them all in routine order, the telegrams first.

The next thing that happened, the nearest clerk heard a sound, and looked up, his finger on the column of figures and "carrying" 31 in his head. Old Jamie spoke to him. "I — I — must go out for an hour or two," he said. "I have a train to meet." His face was radiant, and all the clerks were looking up by this time. No one spoke, and Jamie went away.

"Did you see, he was positively blushing," said the teller.

There was a momentary cessation of all business at the bank. When old Mr. Bowdoin came in, on his way down to the wharf, he was struck at once with the atmosphere of the place.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look like you'd all had your salaries raised."

"Old Jamie's got his foreign mail," said the cashier.

But Jamie went out into the street to think of it undisturbed. It was a telegram: "Am coming on to-morrow. Meet me at five, Worcester depot. MERCEDES." She did not say anything about St. Clair, and Jamie felt sure he was not coming.

The fog had cleared away by this time, and he went mechanically down to the old counting-room on the wharf. Harleston Bowdoin was there alone, and Jamie found himself facing the young man before he realized where his legs had carried him.

"What is it, Jamie?" said Harley.

"She's coming on to make me a visit," said Jamie simply. "Mercedes — Mrs. St. Clair, I mean." Then he wandered out, passing Mr. Bowdoin on the stairs. He did not tell him the news, and the old gentleman nearly choked in his desire to speak of it. As he entered the office, "Has he told you?" cried Harleston.

"Has he told *you*?" echoed the old

gentleman. Harley told. Then Mr. Bowdoin turned and bolted up the street after Jamie.

"Old fellow, why don't you have a vacation, — just a few days? The bank can spare you, and you need rest." His hand was on the old clerk's shoulder.

"Master Harley wull ha' told ye? But I'm na one to neglect me affairs," said Jamie.

"Nonsense, nonsense. When is she coming?"

Jamie told him.

"Why don't you take the one-forty and meet her at Worcester? She may have to go back to-morrow."

Jamie started. It was clear he had not thought of this. As they entered the bank, Mr. Bowdoin cried out to Stanchion, the cashier, "I want to borrow McMurtagh for the day, on business of my own."

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Stanchion.

Jamie went.

There is no happiness so great as happiness to come, for then it has not begun to go. If the streets of the celestial city are as bright to Jamie as those of Boston were that day, he should have hope of heaven. It was yet two hours before his train went, but he had no thought of food. He passed a florist's; then turned, and went in, blushing, to buy a bunch of roses. He was not anxious for the time to come, such pleasure lay in waiting. When at last the train started, the distance to Worcester never seemed so short. He was to come back over it with her!

In the car he got some water for his roses, but dared not smell of them lest their fragrance should be diminished. After reaching Worcester, he had half an hour to wait; then the New York train came trundling in. As the cars rolled by he strained his old eyes to each window; the day was hot, and at an opened one Jamie saw the face of his Mercedes.

XXII.

The next morning, old Mr. James Bowdoin got up even earlier than usual, with an undefined sense of pleasure. As was his wont, he walked across the street to sit half an hour before breakfast in the Common. The old crossing-sweeper was already there, to receive his penny; and the orange-woman, expectant, sold her apex orange to him for a silver thri-penny bit as his before-breakfast while awaiting the more dignified cunctation of his auguster spouse.

The old gentleman's mind was running on McMurtagh; and a robust grin than usual encouraged even others than his chartered pensioners to come up to him for largess. Mr. Bowdoin's eyes wandered from the orange-woman to the telescope-man, and thence to an old elm with one gaunt dead limb that stretched out over the dawn. It was very pleasant that summer morning, and he felt no hurry to go in to breakfast.

Love was the best thing in the world; then why did it make the misery of it? How irradiated old Jamie's face had been the day before! Yet Jamie would never have gone to meet her at Worcester, had he not given him the hint. Dear, dear, what could be done for St. Clair, as he called himself? Mr. Bowdoin half suspected there had been trouble at the bank. Mercedes such a pretty creature, too! Only, Abby really never would do for her what she might have done. Why were women so impatient of each other? Old Mr. Bowdoin felt vaguely that it was they who were responsible for the social platform; and he looked at his watch.

Heavens! five minutes past eight! Mr. Bowdoin got up hurriedly, and, nodding to the orange-woman, shuffled into his house. But it was too late; Mrs. Bowdoin sat rigid behind the coffee urn. Harley looked up with a twinkle in his eye.

"James, I should think, at your time of life, you'd stop rambling over the Common before breakfast,—in carpet slippers, too,—when you know I've been up so late the night before at a meeting in behalf of"—

A sudden twinkle flashed over the old gentleman's rosy face; then he became solemn, preternaturally solemn. Harley caught the expression and listened intently. Mrs. Bowdoin, pouring out cream as if it were coals of fire on his head, was not looking at him.

"There!" gasped old Mr. Bowdoin, dropping heavily into a chair. "Always said it would happen. I feel faint!"

"James?" said Mrs. Bowdoin.

"Always said it would happen—and there's your cousin, Wendell Phillips, out on the Common, hanging stark on the limb of an elm-tree."

"James!"

"Always said it would come to this. Perhaps you'd go out in carpet slippers, if you saw your wife's cousin hanged before your eyes"—

"JAMES!" cried Mrs. Bowdoin. But the old lady was equal to the occasion; she rose (—"and no one there to cut him down!" interpolated the old gentleman feebly) and went to the door.

The two men got up and ran to the window. There was something of a crowd around the old elm-tree; and, pressing their noses against the pane, they could see the old lady crossing the street.

"I think, sir," said Mr. Harley to his grandfather, "it's about time to get down town." And they took their straw hats and sallied forth. But as they walked down the shady side of the street, old Mr. Bowdoin's progress became subject to impediments of laughter, which were less successfully suppressed as they got farther away, and in which the young man finally joined. "Though it's really too bad," he added, by way of protest, now laughing harder than his grandfather.

"I'm going to get her that carriage

to-day," said the elder deprecatingly. Then, as if to change the subject, "Did you see old Jamie after he left, yesterday?"

"I think I caught him in a florist's, buying flowers," answered Harley.

"Buying flowers!" The old gentleman burst into such a roar that the passers in the crowded street stopped there to look at him, and went down town the merrier for it. "At a florist's! But what were you doing?" he closed, with sudden gravity.

"All right, governor, quite all right. I was buying them for grandma's birthday. That's all over. Though I'm sorry for her, just the same. How does the man live, now?"

"Jamie says he's doing well," answered the other hurriedly. "By the way, stop at the bank and tell them to give old Jamie a holiday to-day. He'd never take it of himself."

"Are n't you coming down?" Harley spoke as he turned in by Court Square; a poor neighborhood then, and surrounded by the police lodging-houses and doubtful hotels.

"Not that way," said Mr. Bowdoin. "I hate to see the faces one meets about there, poor things. Hope the flowers will get up to your grandmother, Harley; she'll need 'em!" And the old man went off with a final chuckle. "Hanging on a tree! Well, 't would be a good thing for the country if he were." Of such mental inconsistencies were benevolent old gentlemen then capable.

But when Harley reached the bank, though it was late, Jamie had not yet arrived. Harley thought he knew the reason of this; but when old Mr. Bowdoin came, at noon, the clerk was still away; and the old gentleman, who had been merry all day, looked suddenly grave, and waited. At one Jamie came in, hurrying.

"I hoped you would have taken a holiday to-day," said Mr. Bowdoin.

"I have come down to close the books," replied Jamie, not sharply. Mr. Bowdoin looked at him.

"Mr. Stanchion could have done that. Stanchion!"

"The books are nearly done, sir," said that gentleman, hurrying to the window.

"I prefer to stay, sir, and close the books myself, if Mr. Stanchion will forgive me." He spoke calmly; he gave both men a sudden sense of sorrow. Mr. Bowdoin accompanied him behind the rail.

"Come, Jamie, you need the rest, and Mercedes" —

"She has gone back, sir — and I — have business in New York. I must ask for three days off, beginning to-morrow."

"You shall have it, Jamie, you shall have it. But why did you not go back with Mercedes?"

Jamie made no reply but to bury his face in the ledger, and the old gentleman went away. The bank closed at two o'clock; by that time Jamie had not half finished his figuring. The cashier went, and the teller; each with a "good-night," to which Jamie hardly responded. The messenger went, first asking, "Can I help you with the safe?" to which Jamie gave a gruff "I am not ready." The day watchman went, and the night watchman came, each with his greeting. Jamie nodded. "You are late to-day." "I had to be." Last of all, Harley Bowdoin came in (one suspects, at his grandfather's request), on his way home from the old counting-room on the wharves.

"Still working, Jamie?"

"I must work until I finish, Mr. Harley."

"It's late for me," said Harley, "but a ship came in."

"A ship!"

"Oh, only the *Maine Lady*. Well, good-night, Jamie."

"Good-night, Mr. Harley." Jamie had never used the "Mr." to Harley before, of all the Bowdoin's; and now it

seemed emphasized, even. The young man stopped.

"Tell me, Jamie, can I help you in anything?"

"No!" cried old Jamie; and Harley fled.

Left alone, Jamie laid down his pen. It seemed his figuring was done. But he continued to sit, motionless, upon his high stool. For Mercedes had told him, between Worcester and Boston, that her David would be in prison, perhaps for life, unless he could get him twenty thousand dollars within forty-eight hours.

She had pleaded with him all the way to Boston, all the way in the carriage down to the little house. His roses had been forgotten in the car. In vain he told her that he had no money.

She could not see that St. Clair had done anything wrong; it was a persecution of his partners, she said; the stock of a customer had been pledged for his own debt. Jamie understood the offense well enough. And then, in the evening, he had known that she was soon to have a child. But with this money all would be forgiven; and David would go back to New Orleans, where his friends urged him to return, "in his old profession." Could not Jamie borrow it, even? said Mercedes.

It was not then, but at the dawn, after a sleepless night, that Jamie had come to his decision. After all, what was his life, or his future, yes, or his honor worth to any one? His memory, when he died, what mattered it to any one but Mercedes herself? And she would not remember him long. Was it not a species of selfishness — like his presumption in loving her — to care so for his own good name? So he had told Mercedes that he "would arrange it." After her burst of tears and gratitude, she became anxious about David; she feared he might destroy himself. So Jamie had put her on the morning train, and promised to follow that night.

The clock struck six, and the watch-

man passed by on his rounds. "Still there?"

"I 'm nearly done," said Jamie.

The cash drawer lay beside him; at a glance he saw the bills were there, sufficient for his purpose. He took up four rolls, each one labeled "\$5000" on the paper band. Then he laid them on the desk again. He opened the day-book to make the necessary false entry. Which account was least likely to be drawn upon? Jamie turned the leaves rapidly.

"James Bowdoin's Sons." Not that. "The Maine Lady." He took up the pen, started to make the entry; then dashed it to the floor, burying his face in his hands.

He *could* not do it. The old book-keeper's whole life cried out against a sin like that. To falsify the books! Closing the ledger, he took up the cash drawer and started for the safe. The watchman came in again.

"Done?" said he.

"Done," said Jamie.

The watchman went out, and Jamie entered the roomy old safe. He put the ledgers and the cash drawer in their places; but the sudden darkness blinded his eyes. In it he saw the face of his Mercedes, still sad but comforted, as he had left her at the train that morning.

He wiped the tears away and tried to think. He looked around the old vault,

where so much money, idle money, money of dead people, lay mouldering away; and not one dollar of it to save his little girl.

Then his eye fell on the old box on the upper shelf. A hanged pirate's money! He drew the box down; the key still was on his bunch; he opened the chest. There the gold pieces lay in their canvas bag; no one had thought of them for twenty years. Now, as a thought struck him, he took down some old ledgers, ledgers of the old firm of James Bowdoin's Sons, that had been placed there for safe-keeping. He opened one after another hurriedly; then, getting the right one, he came out into the light, and, finding the index, turned to the page containing this entry:—

Dr. Pirates.

June 24, 1829: To account of whom it may concern (pp. 8/8 & doubloons) \$20,911.00

He dipped his pen in ink, and with a firm hand wrote opposite:

Cr.

June 22, 1848. By money stolen by James McMurtagh, to be accounted for \$20,911.00

Then the old clerk drew a line across the account, returned the ledger to its place in the safe, and locked the heavy iron doors. The canvas bag was in his hands; the chest he had put back, empty.

F. J. Stimson.

UNCLAIMED ESTATES.

ONE of the most hopeless delusions prevalent in the United States, as alluring as the search for the philosopher's stone of the Middle Ages, and not confined to the illiterate classes, is the belief that there are in Europe estates innumerable, and of unlimited value, awaiting rightful heirs and claimants. In the mean time these estates are supposed to

be locked up in Probate or Chancery courts, in the Bank of England and similar institutions, or in the occupancy of fraudulent, or wrongful, if innocent, tenants.

Most of the claimants of these estates are probably ignorant how well founded their claims may be; the idea of their having any claim having been first sug-

gested to them by the advertisements, catalogues, or circulars of fraudulent and unscrupulous claim agents. The latter sometimes compile a list of names purporting to be those of persons who have been advertised for in proceedings in the Court of Chancery, and otherwise, to claim money and property; also the names of testators in cases in which heirs are not known, and of persons advertised for in respect to unclaimed dividends. The agents also state that on the receipt of one guinea they will search records and documents relating to any name in the list, which in one publication extends over 228 pages, containing four columns of 67 names each, making a grand total of over 60,000 names, after allowing over 1000 for repetitions, which seem to be numerous. Out of this prodigious number of lost estates and heirs, the agents are sure to attract a goodly number of persons who will forward a guinea on the chance, particularly when it is stated that "if by any chance a name should not be connected with money or property the fees are at once returned." The unscrupulous agent not only does not waste any time in investigating the claim after the guinea is received, but from time to time sends in a bill of charges for sums professedly expended in searches and legal proceedings, and pleads delays and obstacles of all kinds in getting possession of the estate sought for. It would be interesting to know how many guinea fees are ever returned. There are doubtless some *bona fide* cases of claims to estates being brought to trial, though no successful ones are known.

Claims of this class, which generally are entirely imaginary and delusive, differ in this respect from the celebrated Tichborne case, which occurred in England in 1874, where there was an actual estate and a really lost heir, and where the claimant was the only fraudulent feature. Whether the idea of personifying the lost Roger Tichborne originated in

the claimant's own brain, or was suggested to him by designing persons who hoped to live on him when he came into possession, will probably never be known. It is stated that the claimant, after serving out his sentence of imprisonment at hard labor, confessed that he was a butcher of the name of Orton, and that his whole claim was fraudulent, as had been conclusively proved at the trial. The costs to the rightful owners were enormous, and hampered the estate for some years, though, fortunately, the affair happened during the minority of the heir. It was astonishing that a large number of intelligent persons could be found to subscribe to the fund in aid of the false claimant. Had he been successful, he would have been the counterpart of Tittlebat Titmouse, the claimant in the well-known story *Ten Thousand a Year*, which was written many years before the Tichborne case occurred.

The Department of State at Washington and our legations and embassies abroad are inundated with inquiries concerning "unclaimed estates," indicating in every case that there is a fraudulent estate agent in the background as prime mover in the matter. In reply to the writers, the Department of State has prepared printed circulars, based on the reports of our diplomatic officials in Europe, exposing the designs of claim agents, and indicating the proper methods of searching for estates, though at the same time pointing out the futility of doing so. As far as our officials are aware, after the most careful inquiries, not a single so-called "unclaimed estate" has ever been found, nor has any occupant of a known estate ever been dispossessed in favor of a new claimant. In some cases where the fraud was palpable, our diplomatic agents have taken measures to have legal proceedings instituted, and with success, against several fraudulent agents. These have resulted in the closing of the agencies, and the conviction and punishment of the guilty parties.

Such is the general view of the subject, but a few instances and particulars may be of interest and advantage to the public, and may deter credulous persons from wasting time and good money on fraudulent agents and unfounded claims. It is also well for claim agents and claimants to know at the start that the transmission through the mail of letters containing schemes for the purpose of obtaining money or property under false pretenses is forbidden by law, and that the governments of the United States and Great Britain are in accord to intercept such letters, and bring the senders, if possible, to trial and punishment. The only case in this country which has been prosecuted with the result of convicting and punishing the estate agent was under the provisions of the law against using the mails for the purpose of swindling the public. The English convictions were for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The principal claims brought to the notice of our embassy in England are those against the Jennens, or Jennings, the Hedges, the Bradford, the Hyde, the Horne, and the Townley estates, to say nothing of the many claims to untold sums of money said to be lying in the Bank of England, or in Chancery, or in the public funds of England or India.

The Jennings claimants have become so numerous that a Jennings Claim Association, located at last accounts in Canada, has been formed, with entrance fees and assessments levied annually for the benefit of the unscrupulous managers who pretend to act for the deluded members. Applications to the Department of State by claimants of the Jennings estate had already become so numerous in 1844 that our minister in London at that time, after consulting a firm of well-known solicitors there, ascertained that the lost estate in question belonged to one John Jennens of Erdington and Birmingham, who died in 1653, and whose estates eventually passed to one

William Jennens, who died in 1798, possessed of about £2,000,000 sterling. As he had omitted to sign his will, his estates passed to his heir-at-law, George William Augustus Curzon, and in 1844 belonged to Earl Howe, the head of the Curzon family. Mr. Jennens's personal property passed to his cousin, and was divided among Earl Beauchamp and others. The claim to the estate has been repeatedly before the courts; and in November, 1880, Vice-Chancellor Malins, in the case of "Willis and others *vs.* Earl Howe and others," when giving judgment against the claimant, is said to have remarked, "If such a claim could be allowed after a period of eighty-two years, no one would be safe in the possession of his property." As regards this estate, it is therefore safe to say that there is not the slightest hope for any claimant, and that the Jennings Claim Association is only a trap to catch credulous persons, any payments by the members of the association being so much lost money put into the pockets of sharpers.

The Hedges estate, funds belonging to which are supposed to be lying in the Bank of England, stands upon nearly the same footing as the Jennings estate. The deputy governor of the Bank of England informed the American legation in London, about two years ago, that no funds could be found standing on their books in the name of Sir Charles Hedges, and that the investigation of a well-known genealogist showed that Sir Charles Hedges's will had been duly proved by his son William, who inherited his property and left a number of descendants. The Bradford, Hyde, and Horne estates were also described by the same authority as ordinary myths by which many persons had been beguiled. The Bank of England accountants further state that there are no large unclaimed sums on their books. Such sums as there are can be obtained only by identification of the stock or investment by the

legal representatives, or by proceedings in the Court of Chancery. The bank is not the custodian of any real estate whatsoever, nor of the property of persons dying intestate, nor of unclaimed dividends in Chancery, and it is useless to inquire of the bank for deposits held for any one's benefit. All stocks or dividends unclaimed for ten years are transferred to the Commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, who will always refund the same to lawful owners proving title. No lists of unclaimed funds in the Bank of England have been published since 1845, it having been found that such lists were used to deceive credulous persons. A list of unclaimed funds in Chancery, which amount to only about £1,000,000 sterling, is published every three years in the *London Gazette*; but the amount in each case is not stated, and the names of the parties to the suit in which such funds have been deposited being ordinarily entirely different from those of the original owners of the property, it would be useless to apply for them merely under the original owners' names. Prior to the Probate Act of 1858 English wills were filed in local courts, mostly under the jurisdiction of the bishops, and consequently are extremely difficult to find; but since 1858 duplicates have been sent to Somerset House, where copies can be obtained for a small fee.

The Lawrence Townley, or Chase, estate in England seems to be singled out by swindlers for their special efforts, and, fortunately, is the one in which these false agents, under many aliases, have been brought to bay and punished. This estate, claimed by many persons of the name of Lawrence and Chase, was represented to consist of \$800,000,000, more or less, lying in the Bank of England awaiting distribution. As a fact, there is no money in that bank belonging to any Townley, Lawrence Townley, or Chase estate. One excuse for the claims was an act of Parliament passed in August,

1884, which was supposed to distribute this property. The Townley estate, which is situated in the counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, has been for a very long time in the possession of its rightful owners, and there are no unknown or American heirs to any portion of it. The act of Parliament in question was merely to arrange some equities arising under successive marriage settlements and conveyances executed at various times, and to carry out a decree of the Court of Chancery in an amicable suit brought for that purpose. The American claimants of this estate were advertised for and encouraged by a person calling himself Colonel James F. Jacquess, with a confederate named Howell Thomas. These two swindlers were finally stopped in their career by the London police. Thomas was convicted of swindling Jacquess, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Jacquess was tried later for conspiring with Thomas to obtain money under false pretenses, was convicted, and sentenced at the Old Bailey, November 29, 1894, to twenty months' imprisonment at hard labor. The trial and conviction in the United States of William Lord Moore, a swindler of the same class, will be narrated later on. Doubtless these will not be the last cases of this kind of imposture, as almost incredibly large gains are made by such nefarious proceedings.

Colonel Jacquess, at the preliminary hearing in the police court in July, 1894, confessed that he had received from his dupes in America about £10,000 between 1876 and 1885, and that between 1885 and 1894 he had received at least £22,000. Like most adventurers of this class, he had, according to his own account, had a great variety of occupations. He had been a teacher in a ladies' school, a preacher, a private in the ranks as well as colonel and general in our civil war, and an official in our general post-office; had engaged in commercial pursuits; had started an employment bureau for emancipated negroes; and finally was called

to the bar, but never practiced. At the second examination of Jacquess, October 3, 1894, William E. French, one of the American witnesses, of the firm of William French & Co., of Evansville, Indiana, and a business partner of Jonathan Jacquess, a brother of the colonel, deposed that Colonel Jacquess and an attorney named Karr had told him that two brothers named Lawrence, living in America, were the rightful heirs to the Townley estate, and that these two Lawrences, not having sufficient money to prosecute their claims to it, were raising money on bonds. The witness agreed to buy bonds of the face value of \$25,000, paying \$500 for them. On the bonds was printed a statement that the Lawrences were the true heirs, and on the back was the following: "The Court of Chancery of England, ordered by the House of Commons, February 23, 1865, decided that the Lawrence Townley estate remains unsettled, and is yet subject to a claimant, and marked in the Chancery book 'Heirs gone to America.'" The court also issued the following decree: "that the heirs of Mary Townley, who married a Lawrence and settled in America, are the legal heirs of the estate." Witness said that he had purchased subsequently more of the bonds, at a total face value of \$100,000. Since then he had dined with Colonel Jacquess, who said that proceedings with regard to the estate were progressing favorably.

The prosecuting attorney did not consider that this testimony was sufficient to establish the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, nor was that the question then at issue. This suit, in fact, was brought by Jacquess against Thomas, whom he had employed as his solicitor in getting claims through the courts, to force him to account for the sums he had received from his American victims, and was decided in favor of Jacquess, Thomas being sentenced to imprisonment. It was in consequence of the evidence brought out at this trial that Jacquess

and Thomas were jointly tried on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. It must be said to the credit of Thomas that, when acting for Jacquess, he had really done his best to get the claim to the Townley estate through the courts, beginning with the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. Here it was referred to a judge in Chambers, who in his turn referred it to the Divisional Court, which struck out the statement of claim as being frivolous and vexatious, and dismissed the action. Another action brought in the Chancery Division was likewise dismissed. The case was then taken up to the Court of Appeal, where it was dismissed as being vexatious and oppressive. Thomas next carried it before the House of Lords, which confirmed the decision of the Court of Appeal, and settled the question finally. After all this litigation, it is not astonishing that there was no money left to turn over to Jacquess. All the papers in the case were then sent to the public prosecutor, and criminal proceedings were taken against Thomas to force him to account to Jacquess, with the result that Thomas was sent to prison. It was, however, a case of a thief catching a thief, as was proved in the subsequent trial of the two together, when Thomas pleaded guilty, and Jacquess was convicted by the verdict of the jury. The judge, in passing sentence, remarked that he should have been glad to impose a heavy fine to deprive Thomas and Jacquess of their ill-gotten gains; but as it appeared that they were both without means, he could only sentence them to imprisonment for as foul a conspiracy as men could well concoct. Jacquess was seventy-four years old, and Thomas forty-three.

It may be serviceable to those claiming, or planning to claim, estates in England to know, on the authority of the American embassy in London, that under recent statutes known as the Personal Property Act, the Real Property

Limitation Act, and the Intestate Act, any attempt to recover real estate from the Crown or individuals after a lapse of twelve years, which may be extended to thirty under certain circumstances, and personal property after a lapse of twenty years after the time at which the right to bring an action or suit for the recovery thereof shall have first accrued to the person making the claim, however valid the claim to the property may have been originally, is certain to end in failure.

Holland is another country where it is supposed by many Americans that vast estates, from the value of twelve million dollars down, have been lying unclaimed for the last two hundred years, and that nothing is necessary but to demand them at some probate office. For the last seventeen years the American legation at the Hague has notified claimants, either directly or through the Department of State, that there are no probate courts in Holland, and that wills are generally deposited in the care of the notary who draws them up. He makes a duplicate copy, and enters the title and subject matter under a number in his register, which is examined and verified by the registrar once a month. It is evident, where names, dates, and localities are lacking, as is generally the case in the communications of claimants, that, after the lapse of one or two generations, estates can be found only, if at all, by extensive advertising. In 1852 the Dutch Parliament established a state commission for the settlement of claims on the estates of deceased persons, as well as those against the government. This commission gave notice that all claims to property then in their hands must be sent in within five years and six months, after which time such estates would escheat to the state. The great estate sought for in Holland is that of a General Metzgar, who died about two hundred years ago, leaving, as is currently supposed, some twelve millions of dollars. One of the

claimants admitted to our minister at the Hague that if ordinary interest were added to the principal of this claim all the European governments together would be unable to pay it, but that she was willing to wait for the interest. Being discouraged by her reception at the legation, she presented her claim — which had been beguilingly drawn up by a French attorney in the shape of a large pamphlet — in person to the king, at the door of his palace. In due time she received a reply from the finance minister that the whole matter had been several times examined by the courts, and decided adversely to the claimants. In most of the Dutch claims the family name alone of the testator is given, but neither the name, the place of death, nor the location of the estate is supplied to assist in tracking it. No official notice of unclaimed Dutch estates is ever inserted in foreign newspapers, and therefore the lists of unclaimed estates published by agents are not from official sources, as asserted by them.

Our embassy in Paris does not give the names of any claimants of estates, but says that the number of inquiries is large, and that in no case has the existence of the supposed estate or of the unclaimed fortune been verified. The legislation of France is such as to dispose effectually, and without appeal, of all claims, even if inherently just and founded on an actual and known heritage, which were not presented and proven within the period prescribed by the French statute of limitations. Under French law, the liquidation of estates is ordinarily in the hands of a notary, and in searching for an estate the usual method is to address a circular letter to every notary in the city and department where the estate is likely to be, giving the name and date of death of the original owner. When there is no landed estate, the heirs-at-law can divide the property among themselves without legal proceedings. If nobody claims an estate,

the state takes it in trust, and the Department of Justice inserts notices of the fact in the official journal. The period of proscription as regards unclaimed estates is thirty years from the date of decease, after which all claims are barred, unless some irregularity in the liquidation can be proven.

In Germany there is likewise a statute of limitations, and there too not a case is known to our embassy where the existence of an unclaimed estate has been verified. As a rule, the data furnished by claimants are insufficient to substantiate any claim, or to identify the locality of a single estate, even when the statute of limitations does not apply to great periods of time elapsing since the testator's death. One great drawback for the claimants is the absence of all probate machinery, and the fact that estates are usually divided amicably among the heirs without resort to any court, transfers of landed estate being made on the land register of the locality, in the presence of the grantor and grantee. Wills have to be deposited in a court during the lifetime of the testator, except in the Rhine provinces, where a will entirely holographic is valid. Wills are opened by the court for interested parties when they produce a certificate of death, or at any rate six weeks after the testator's known death. After fifty-six years have elapsed since deposit of the will without information of the testator's death, the supposed heirs are summoned by advertisement to appear. If in six months no one comes forward, the will is opened, to ascertain whether charitable institutions are mentioned in it. If this be the case, such beneficiaries are called upon to prove the death of the testator. The will is then closed again. When the fact of death is established, the will is opened once more, and published. A certificate of heirship is issued by the court on adequate proof. If the proof is inadequate, or no heirs come forward, a further notice of three months is given

in the official gazette; and should this receive no response, the state regards the property as derelict, and takes possession of it. Even then, if a rightful heir appears within thirty years, his title is acknowledged under certain restrictions. Continued possession by the state for these thirty years gives a valid title, if not disputed in the mean time, in which case it is temporarily in the custody of a special official. As there are several hundred courts thus holding estates, it is essential that claimants should ascertain accurately which court holds the estate in trust. As far as can be learned by the embassy, after careful inquiry, there is not at present any large estate that for more than thirty years has been awaiting distribution, and every effort to discover alleged unclaimed estates has been fruitless. The consuls have permission to investigate claims to estates when their official duties permit, and if remuneration for their services be guaranteed.

The above gives the history of unclaimed estates in Europe; there are no large or important ones; and yet, in spite of the wide circulation of the facts by our Department of State, and by our embassies and legations abroad, for the past fifty years, and of the detection, conviction, and punishment of several claim agents, the imposture, as it offers such large returns, still goes on, and as many moths as ever singe themselves in the flame of alluring advertisements and circulars of unscrupulous agents.

One of the most daring and successful of these swindlers was William Lord Moore, of 5 Ingersol Road, London, England, with a connection in New York styled the European Claims Agency, E. Ross, Manager. Moore's real name was Howard, and as his trial is the first one of the kind that has occurred in this country, it may be interesting to know the history of the man, and his system of procedure as developed at his trial. That this is the only instance of one of

this class of swindlers being brought to bay and convicted in this country is not owing to there being no other persons equally guilty, but to the fact that in frauds of this kind, extending as they do all over the United States, and relating to estates situated in foreign countries, it is difficult for any one victim to bring a suit, or for the numerous dupes to combine against the swindlers. It was not until the numerous complaints to the police in New York and other cities, and to our embassy in London, against Howard, obliged the United States government to take some steps for the protection of its citizens that anything was done to check these systematic frauds. In May, 1892, letters inquiring about Moore in London and Howard in the United States having poured in to the embassy, Mr. Lincoln, our minister at that time, wrote to the British Postmaster-General, calling his attention to Moore's correspondence, and suggesting that the British post-office should stop the delivery to Moore of letters coming from the United States, and return to the writers any valuable inclosures found therein. Otherwise it seemed impossible to put a stop to the scheme in England, as the persons imposed upon in the United States were not of a class that could afford a journey to England to give the necessary testimony in an ordinary criminal prosecution. The Postmaster-General, in reply, regretted that he could not meet the minister's wishes in regard to the detention of Moore's letters, as he did not consider the facts in the case sufficient to warrant him in intercepting letters, but suggested that if it seemed necessary for the protection of its citizens, the American government should detain at New York registered letters addressed to Moore in England. He would send to the legation, however, any letters of inquiry in regard to Moore which might come from the United States. Mr. Lincoln at once wrote to the Department of State at Washington, inclos-

ing the correspondence, and stating that, with the assistance of the London police, he had found Moore, who had confessed his swindles, and promised to discontinue them, but that letters were being constantly received at the legation which indicated that the business was being still successfully carried on, in spite of warnings sent out to America through the Associated Press. Mr. Lincoln also called the Secretary's attention to the act of Congress of September 19, 1890, allowing the Postmaster-General, on sufficient evidence of fraud, to stop registered letters and return them to the writers. This correspondence was printed by the Department of State as a circular to be sent in answer to letters of inquiry from victims, and the prosecution of Howard shows that Mr. Lincoln's suggestions were adopted.

At the time of his arrest, in 1893, at Jackson, Tennessee, George Frederic Burgoyne Howard had been known for some years as a preacher and prominent member of the Central Fairview Association of the Baptist Church, whence he derived the prefix "Rev." or "Dr." He also edited a religious periodical in New York, entitled *The Fairview Advocate*, previously *The True Baptist*, in which he advertised the fraudulent foreign-estate scheme of which he was convicted. But he appears first to have come into prominence by a suit for fifty thousand dollars damages brought by him against well-known citizens and newspapers of the city of Jackson and the State of Tennessee for defamation of character. This suit, lasting for months, during which his history was traced through more than one of the States and to Europe, resulted in a verdict of one cent damages for the plaintiff. The doctor had then, and still has, a host of faithful friends, convinced of his honesty and innocence. After the termination of the damage suit, which practically amounted to a defeat, he returned to his pastoral duties for a while, and then, in 1890, moved

to New York, nominally to practice law ; returning to Jackson from time to time to pay up the expenses of his lawsuit. In New York he opened an office at 227 Grand Street, under the name of E. Ross, as a European claims agent. Here he succeeded in deceiving hundreds of simple-minded persons and in avoiding legal proceedings. When officers went to arrest him, he had left for foreign parts. In 1891 he appeared at 5 Ingersol Road, Shepherds Bush, London, as William Lord Moore, and continued his dishonest career by correspondence with persons in the United States, in much the same manner as the above-mentioned Jacquess in his Townley estate fraud, but does not seem to have confined his deceptions to any particular estate. The American embassy in London having, with the aid of the police, found Howard, alias Ross, alias Moore, and obliged him to confess his guilt, he returned to New York, and recommenced, or rather continued, operations under the name of Joseph Ledger, "American agent for the Supreme Court of Chancery, London ;" going so far as to furnish mock documents and false seals purporting to emanate from the High Court of Chancery. Then, when he found it was becoming too dangerous for him in New York, he returned to Jackson, Tennessee, called himself the president of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad, a purely imaginary corporation, and announced that he made a specialty of collecting claims in all parts of the United States and Europe, and that he visited Europe once a year for that purpose. After a while complaints and evidences of Howard's fraudulent practices poured in to the postal and police authorities so abundantly that a warrant was issued for his arrest, and his office was searched and his desk broken open for incriminating documents. Howard had fled from Jackson when the warrant was issued, but was arrested by telegram in Chicago. By satisfactory explanations he managed

to effect his release, and left for Canada. But the government offered a considerable reward for his capture, and soon he returned to Jackson, gave himself up, and was placed under heavy bonds. A true bill was found against him by the grand jury, and his trial was begun in the federal court in Jackson on the 4th of November, 1893, he having the privilege of conducting his own defense with the aid of other counsel. There were eight indictments against him, which, after much argument and opposition on the part of his counsel, Mr. L. T. M. Canada, were ordered by the court to be recorded for trial under one heading as a consolidated case. A plea in abatement, on the ground of irregular proceedings on the part of the attorney-general, was then argued for a whole day, and decided by the jury in favor of the government.

The defendant took part in his own defense, and is described as presenting his usual nonchalant appearance, and as even being eloquent. He compared the attorney-general to "a sleuth-hound from whom there was no escape, whether upon the rugged mountain side, in the valley beneath, or upon the bosom of the ocean," and himself to "a pursued man and a victim, who would, however, be protected, from having found the thread of gold, the truth, that would serve him." After the verdict, the attorney-general asked to have Howard sentenced, but the court decided to let the trial go on, and a new jury was impaneled. The attorney-general stated in his argument that Howard's scheme was, by making people believe that they were heirs to vast estates in Europe, to lead them to pay him small sums of money for expenses incurred in getting the information. Thousands of his letters had been sent out for the purpose of opening up a correspondence with credulous persons. He proposed to show that letters had been sent from New York by E. Ross and Joseph Ledger, and from London by William Lord Moore, all of whom were one and the same Dr.

G. B. Howard. Subsequently to the operations of Moore in London and Ledger in New York, postal cards were sent out by Howard, as the president of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad in Jackson, to the same persons addressed from the other agencies. Upon Dr. Howard's office being searched, letters and accounts were found, already prepared and only awaiting his signature, for the amounts collected from his correspondents, and a number of clerks were busy sending out circulars to his dupes. Numbers of witnesses from all parts of the United States were called, who testified to the receipt of letters from Moore, Ross, Ledger, and Howard, asking for remittances, to be used in looking up estates. Postmen from New York testified to the identity of Howard, Ross, and Ledger, to whom they had delivered letters in New York at an average rate of two hundred a day, and also to the fact that Howard had opened a Dominion employment bureau in New York, under the name of G. W. Harris. He was fully identified as having been in New York under all these different names, by lodging-house keepers, elevator men, and others. The London police inspector who, at the request of the American legation, had found Moore in London came over to testify to his identity with the defendant. This officer stated that there was no Supreme Court of Chancery or tax assessor, as appeared on Howard's fraudulent certificates. Experts in chirography testified to the handwriting of the letters from Moore, Howard, Ross, and Ledger being one and the same. Strange to say, the trial resulted in a disagreement of the jury, which was therefore discharged, and a new one was impaneled.

On the 6th of December the case was tried all over again. The government now had the additional advantage of the testimony of Mr. New, who had been consul-general at London when Howard was there, and of Mr. Lincoln, who was minister at the same time, as well as of Mr.

Hodson, the messenger of the legation, who had interviewed Howard in London in company with the police inspector. The inspector's identity and statements were fully vouched for, and the cross-examination of Hodson by the doctor was very damaging to the defendant. Mr. Hodson testified that in the archives of the legation was the deposition of one Julian Howlett that the defendant, Howard, was his son, and that his name was Frederick Howlett, thus adding one more to his numerous aliases. The defendant made a sorry argument in his own behalf, almost entirely of a sentimental, and even of a blasphemous tone when he compared his treatment to that of his Lord and Master. The attorney-general easily shattered the slight attempt that Howard had made to disprove his identity with Moore, Ross, and Ledger, which was what the first jury had disagreed on, and also the flimsy fabric of the Gulf and Tennessee Railroad, which no one but the doctor himself had ever heard of. The judge, in his charge to the jury, simplified the case very much by telling them that it was immaterial how many aliases or how many places of business the defendant had, it being sufficient to prove his fraudulent intentions and acts in one only. On the first ballot, the jury found a unanimous verdict of guilty, and the court, after having overruled the motion for a new trial, and refuted the arguments against a continuous sentence, passed sentence of fine and imprisonment on each of the eight counts; making in all nine years and one month imprisonment and twelve hundred dollars fine, besides the costs of the suit, amounting to about twenty-three thousand dollars, which were taxed to the defendant. Howard's name was stricken from the rolls as a practicing attorney in the district court and the circuit federal court. Four of the witnesses for the defense were then arrested for perjury, and sent to jail to await their trial before the grand jury.

So ended this tedious case, in which

the second trial alone had occupied twenty-five days, one hundred witnesses had been heard, a cartload of letters and documents had been read, and the counsel on both sides had argued thirty-five hours. The testimony of some of Howard's victims was really touching in its manifestation of the innocence and confidence with which they had paid their hard-earned little sums to him, and trustingly accepted

all his procrastinating and lying statements and his false documents. Even to the last some refused to give up their faith in him, and said that their business was still in his hands. His position in the church appeared to have a charm for them, and to make a martyr of him. There seems to be no limit to the credulity of those who are the heaviest sufferers from this species of fraud.

H. Sidney Everett.

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. REED.

THE approach of the presidential campaign reminds every thoughtful man that duties of a new kind in national politics have presented themselves. Tasks of administration now call for attention more loudly than the old party tasks; and the qualities of the President that we elect, for the next term at least, are of greater importance than the political doctrines that we emphasize. Recent events have made this especially plain.

Certain of the old problems that have come over from the immediate post-bellum period yet engage us, — let us hope in their vanishing forms: such, for example, as the tariff, — whether we shall keep the rates of duty as they are, or make them higher or lower; and the currency, — whether we shall continue a forced-loan form of it, and thereby perpetually encourage inflation. These, of course, are important problems that we have not yet disposed of. But to these are now added quite as serious and urgent duties of a new kind, which impose an unusual responsibility on the President, and which ought to put us in a thoughtful mood as we approach the election; for they are all administrative duties. Shall we be wisely bold or simply reckless in our relations with other governments? Shall we make sure, as experience has taught us that it is wise

to make sure, of a safeguard in the character and courage of the chief executive against an inflation of the currency? Shall we continue to extend the classified civil service till it take in the most isolated postmaster and the remotest consular agent? It is well for us to try our presidential candidates by these tests before the nominating conventions meet, for afterwards we shall have but two to choose between, and these two, it is little comfort to reflect, may both be "convention accidents."

There is the greater reason, too, for a critical estimate of candidates now, because the campaigns for the nominations have been begun with all the old vulgar self-assertion, as if the prime duties of the time did not call for a President of whom office-seeking should be unthinkable, and as if the time of sheer party tests had not gone by. There was a period, of course, when party tests were perhaps the best tests, and when parties were our most important political instruments. Blunt and cumbersome as they were, they served fairly well for the main work in hand a generation ago. By party management we made sure of the results of the war; and the party, being a sort of army, was a convenient instrument for the massing of opinion on contested subjects during the reconstruction era

and after. It naturally took on military methods and even military nomenclature. Not unnaturally, too, the party was unduly magnified, and almost overshadowed the government itself. And it is from some of the evils of this very system that we must now make our escape; for even the presidency became part and parcel of the party, and thereby lost much of its proper use and dignity. So completely, indeed, was the chief executive merged in the party that he came to be regarded as its servant. The saying became current that any respectable man would make an acceptable President if he were loyal to his party. Thus a presidential election came to have no meaning except as a contest between the parties. This degraded position of the executive office falls so far short of the proper or historic conception of it that wonder is expressed at every election why this great civic act of choosing the head of the republic is not more impressive. After an election, men congratulate one another for a day or two, or exchange good-natured gibes, and go their way as if nothing uncommon had happened. It necessarily follows, when the party obscures the presidency, that we choose commonplace men to the office.

But if we are to make any real political progress, the relative position of the party and of the President in our political machinery must now be changed, if not reversed. For the new duties are not duties that the parties seem able to take up and perform; and for the lack of their ability or willingness to take hold on these new duties they have lost their compactness. Every election reveals more clearly their shifting boundaries. One year one party is "obliterated;" two years later the other party is "obliterated;" and two years later still the first party is again "obliterated." The stolid practitioners of politics, who regard each obliteration as the crack of doom or as a call to perpetual power, forget that on every occasion the

obliterated party is the party just then in authority, and that obliteration is only another name for popular weariness of the latest performance. With their unerring discrimination between a real duty and a sham duty, the people know that the parties no longer lay hold on the vital matter. They will soon see, if they do not already see, that it is to the President now — to executive officers, indeed, of all grades — that the conscience of the nation looks for the next steps in political progress.

Moreover, we are far enough away from the time of party strife to see that the presidency was too lightly esteemed during the whole period from Lincoln to Cleveland. If during this time we had had Presidents who stood out from their party and somewhat above it, — if indeed there were men who could have done so, — we might have kept our politics on the heroic level that we reached in the impulse to save the Union. We might at least have kept political life up to the level of our every-day life; for it is a shameful thing that while we have so wonderfully added to the devices for comfort and multiplied the opportunities for growth, lifting the life of the people, and broadening it, and making it fuller than ever before, our politics have constantly fallen to a lower plane. Legislatures have declined; municipal misgovernment has brought humiliation; the spoilsman has everywhere been active, if not everywhere dominant; the inflationist, repeatedly rebuffed, has repeatedly risen; and the demagogue has revived a forgotten part in the Jingo. During this time we did accomplish the one large political task that we took in hand, for the South is again an integral part of the Union. But so long as we forgot our administrative duties in our party zeal, the whole tone of political life, when it did not become criminal, at least became commonplace. And the measure of the lapse has been the decline of our executives, great and small.

If, therefore, it were ever true that any respectable man who "has made no party enemies," and who stands the test of party loyalty, is a proper presidential candidate, it is not true now. In fact it was never true. No one can study the work of the recent Congresses without reaching the conclusion that we have less to fear if there be a resolute man in the White House, whichever party be dominant in Congress, than if either party be dominant in Congress and we have not a courageous executive. The Fifty-First Congress, which was Republican, in 1890 dallied with inflation instead of strangling it, and enacted the so-called Sherman coinage law, which President Harrison approved. Congress and President suffered, whether for this reason or not, an overwhelming defeat. A disastrous financial panic came inevitably; and the Fifty-Third Congress, which was Democratic, was called in extra session in 1893 on purpose to deal with the currency. The House reelected to the speakership a free-coinage member, and repealed the silver-purchase clause of the mischievous act only under compulsion. The result of the work of each Congress alike was that President Cleveland had to resort to unusual measures to maintain the national credit. To the executive fell the duties that Congress had shirked.

To go back further, it is easy to show how the part played by the President has always been a more important part than mere party tests contemplate. It was President Jefferson, and not Congress or his party, that made the Louisiana purchase. It was President Jackson, and not Congress or his party, that put down nullification. It was President Lincoln that rose more quickly to every high occasion than Congress or even his party. It is to three post-bellum Presidents that we owe vetoes of inflation bills; and it is to recent Presidents, rather than to Congress or to either party, that we owe such progress as we have made in civil service reform. Contrariwise, to two

weak or perverse Presidents, one just before Lincoln and one just after him, we owe heavier burdens than can ever be computed.

Of course we shall have further need for parties; and whether we need them or not, neither one of them is going really to suffer obliteration; but before another absorbing party conflict comes, that party which is wise enough to use the present opportunity to magnify and strengthen the executive office and to further administrative reforms will have not only a tactical, but also a prodigious moral advantage. But if we are asked this year to elect a man President merely because he is a Republican or merely because he is a Democrat, we may not make any advance at all; and the party that nominates a man for no other reason than that he is a partisan hero will show that it has no sense of the present opportunity.

Moreover, the presidential office constantly becomes, by an accretion of responsibilities, a more important office. The presidential functions continually get broader. The time is past, if it ever was, when a man, simply because he is a successful politician, can successfully fill the post. For example, there has been a constantly widening range of activity through the members of the Cabinet. The secretaries have themselves become great administrators to an extent that neither the public nor the politicians appreciate. When, for instance, under the Postmaster-General there are 70,000 postmasters, to say nothing of the employees under these, and when there are great tasks to be performed in increasing the efficiency of this service to a point not yet reached or dreamed of, and especially when the reformation of this great branch of the service from the spoilsmen is in the hands of the Postmaster-General; when the Secretary of the Interior has such far-reaching functions as are implied in our dealing with the Indians and with such of the public lands as are

left; and when the importance even of the Secretary of Agriculture has become so great that it touches the whole rural population, — when these lesser Cabinet offices reach so far in their responsibilities and activities, the greater portfolios are of correspondingly greater importance. The almost incalculable amount of scientific work conducted by the government, a mere title catalogue of which would fill a volume, is all more or less affected by the appreciation and the spirit of the executive and of the members of the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a part of the executive machinery not even mentioned in the Constitution, which has grown now to the very first rank and value. A man of the widest culture and experience is required to diffuse a proper spirit through this vast organism, the like of which, in many respects, does not exist anywhere else. The sheer breadth of the presidential function and influence has far outrun the anticipation of the fathers and the necessities of any preceding time.

There is still another reason why a mere party hero is no longer necessarily an acceptable presidential candidate. There has been a specialization of executive functions. Men are selected for mayors of cities more and more frequently by reason of their executive qualities, and less and less by reason of their party allegiance; and it is with increasing frequency, we think, that governors of States are chosen from among the available men who have been mayors, or who have had some such executive experience. There is clearly such a thing as training for high executive duties, and the increasing appreciation of this fact makes the spoilsman's conception of the presidency more and more absurd.

From whatever point of view we regard the subject, therefore, the selection of presidential candidates is one of the most important acts in the whole range of our political duties; and it is unfortunate that serious discussion of the fit-

ness for the presidency even of avowed candidates is usually put off till it is too late to affect the action of the nominating conventions.

Of the conspicuous candidates for the nomination of either party the earliest to begin his campaign was Mr. Thomas B. Reed. Now Mr. Reed's career has not been a career directly to train him for the presidency. His experience has not been executive, except as the duties of the speakership may be regarded as executive, — as they are, of course; but nevertheless they differ essentially from the duties of the President. His political life began in 1868 as a member of the legislature of Maine, to the lower house of which he was twice elected, and to the upper house once; then he became attorney-general for the State, and afterwards solicitor of the city of Portland; and in 1876 he was elected to Congress. He has since been reelected without interruption, and at the end of his present term he will have served for twenty years. For nearly thirty years, therefore, he has been continuously in the public service, and beyond doubt he has unusual talents for public affairs.

He entered Congress after the period of the great reconstruction debates; for in 1877, when he took his seat, the Democrats had a majority in the House. His congressional service, therefore, has fallen within the later period of party skirmishing, a time of continuous clash, for the most part on less important topics than the great subjects of the first decade after the war. In exercise of this sort he soon won distinction. Strongly partisan and exceedingly quick at repartee, he has every quality of an effective leader in a running party debate, and a leader he soon became. His practiced readiness in condensed speech is remarkable, and the epigram is his chief weapon. "A statesman," he recently said, "is a successful politician that is dead;" and the sentiment as well as the saying is char-

acteristic. When, as Speaker, he was counting a quorum in the House, and one angry Democrat strode down the aisle exclaiming, "How do you know I am present?" Mr. Reed's reply was, "Does the gentleman deny that he is present?" A prosy Democratic member, in the course of a debate, once remarked that he would rather be right than be President. "Do not be alarmed," Mr. Reed replied, "you will never be either." This is not wit, but rather a cleverness at retort, and eighteen years of continuous practice has given him great skill. By his impromptu performances, always courageously and often defiantly done, he rose to the leadership of his party in the House. He did not rise by the part he took in the thorough discussion of any great subject. Not more than half a dozen times in his whole congressional career has he made a set speech. Although Mr. Reed has accumulated much miscellaneous information, he seems not to have made himself master of any subject or group of subjects. It has been wholly as a party leader that he has risen above the rank and file. He has never identified himself with any great cause. He has never set a moral force in motion. As a member of the Potter committee to investigate the presidential election of 1876, he did one of his most conspicuous services to his party, but his clever cross-questions were designed not so much to bring out the historic truth concerning the election as to fasten upon the Democratic candidate the stigma of a thwarted attempt to buy the office.

The leadership of his party in the House naturally brought him election to the speakership when, in 1891, the Republicans had a majority in the House. It is on his career as Speaker that his present prominence rests; and his greatest achievement in the chair was the reformation that he made in congressional procedure. In this Congress the Republicans had only a small majority. The

Democratic minority, therefore, could technically absent themselves, and, unless all the Republican members were present, balk the proceedings for lack of a quorum. Technically, to absent one's self it was necessary only to refuse to answer when the roll was called. A member could keep his seat in the House and yet be "absent." This method of bringing the proceedings to a halt had often been adopted, and had by use acquired a sort of legitimacy; and the Democratic minority proposed in this way to prevent objectionable legislation. Common sense and public necessity demanded that some way be found out of so absurd a predicament.

Mr. Reed was equal to the emergency, with a surplus of energy left over, indeed, which spent itself in unnecessary and sometimes undignified comments from the chair. In spite of precedents and in spite of the rules of the House, he himself, as Speaker, counted a quorum and declared a quorum present. This was common sense, at least, and, as Mr. Reed expressed it in a somewhat loose phrase, it was also in accordance with the broad principles of parliamentary law. Certainly it was a necessity. His error, if he committed any error, was, as usual, an error of impetuosity. But his purpose was accomplished, and Congress was forever thereafter, no doubt, freed from such an absurd system as had long been in practice. It was a noteworthy and courageous achievement, in every way characteristic of so well trained and determined a party leader. The stormiest sessions that had been held for many years followed this bold action of the Speaker. But he was imperturbable and unswerving.

It is this achievement that not only made certain his second election as Speaker, but has given the principal impetus to his candidacy for the presidential nomination; for this resolute action has, for the time at least, made him a party hero. Now, there is nothing in

Mr. Reed's career which makes it unfair to him to say that his courageous counting of a quorum was, as he regarded it, a party service. He considered it a party duty, and as a party duty it was done. He himself had, in fact, as most other members of Congress had, taken frequent advantage of the same absurd technicality to prevent the majority from acting. Indeed, he delivered a speech in the second session of the Forty-Sixth Congress in defense of the filibustering tactics of the Republicans during the first session, in which he said :—

"It is a valuable privilege for the country that the minority shall have the right, by this extraordinary mode of proceeding, to call the attention of the country to measures which a party, in a moment of madness and of party feeling, is endeavoring to enforce upon the citizens of this land. And it works equally well with regard to all parties, for all parties have their times when they need to be checked, so that they may receive the opinions of the people who are their constituents and who are interested in the results of their legislation. I say that, as a practical matter, the results hitherto, throughout all our history, have justified the construction which those upon this side of the House have put upon the matter, and which has been put equally by members of the other side in times past."

Here, then, is the secret of his career. From the first it has been as a party servant or as a party leader that he has done his work. Not only is he a strong partisan; he is little more than a partisan. He has done nothing to show that he regards our present political duties as in any way different from the duties to which he first turned his hand twenty years ago, and the political party is yet the only instrument that he would use. So late, indeed, as the last session of Congress, and on so important a matter as the relief of the national treasury, he permitted his partisanship to override

a broader duty. There was before the House a bill authorizing the sale of low-rate, short-term gold bonds, which had been introduced as an "administration" measure. It was known to be the President's wish that it should pass. The only alternatives were, on the one hand a bond issue on far less advantageous terms, and on the other a confession of national bankruptcy. There were enough sound-money Democrats to pass the bill if all the sound-money Republicans would vote with them; but at the crucial moment Mr. Reed blocked the way merely for partisan advantage. He had a coin-bond bill of his own, with which he was able, by virtue of his party leadership, to hold the great mass of the Republicans in check, and to keep them from going over to the support of the administration. As must have been foreseen, both bills failed, and the treasury was obliged to resort to such unsatisfactory means for relief as the existing laws afforded. Rather than permit Congress to do its plain duty when a President of the other party had asked it to do so, he preferred to force upon the President the necessity of saving the national credit in a more costly and less popular way.

To civil service reform Mr. Reed has been tolerant, even somewhat actively tolerant when his friends have had its execution. But the morality of the merit system has never appealed to him strongly. He has never opposed it, for he is too frank to starve a law already on the books by withholding an appropriation to carry it into effect. He is a fair and open antagonist, but he has looked on the reform with good nature rather than with approval. He has always had the feeling that a Republican ought every time to draw a trump card. If he should become President, perhaps we should not have reason to fear that the reform would slip back, but it would hardly be set forward, unless he saw some partisan advantage or renown in extending it. So, too, as regards sound currency. He

cannot be thought of as an inflationist, but he would again seek partisan advantage in dealing even with this problem. From his sheer excess of energy, too, he might doggedly commit or permit mistakes in our dealings with other nations, and he might encourage the worst Jingoism — of his own party — if he thought he saw a party end to serve thereby.

The nomination of Mr. Reed by the Republican party, therefore, would be notice that its programme is to keep our politics in the old rut, and that it does not recognize the new class of duties that have thrust themselves forward. This would be unfortunate, because we ought not longer to consider the great office as a party prize, but as a grave responsibility wisely to be bestowed.

DON QUIXOTE.

It is always good news to hear that new champions are coming forward to translate Don Quixote into English. It is a bold deed, well worthy a knight-errant of the pen; and if many men make the attempt, we may be perhaps so fortunate as hereafter to have a true English translation. Don Quixote, it is said in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has been translated into every language in Europe, even including Turkish, but I cannot believe that any language is so fit as English to give the real counterfeit presentment of the book. One might guess that a Romance language would do better, but, on reflection, French prose lacks humor, and Italian has not sufficient subtlety to give the lights and shadows of Don Quixote; and as for German prose, in spite of Goethe it still is German prose. There is a scintilla of truth, so far as this translation is concerned, in the saying of Charles V., that French is the language for dancing-masters, Italian for singing birds, and German for horses. I should like to be able to read the Turkish translation. I imagine that there must be a dignity and self-respect in the language that would befit Don Quixote to a nicety; but for Sancho it would not do, — even Candide's experience could not persuade me that it would be for him *le meilleur monde possible*:

he would be homesick talking Turkish. There are a number of English translations, — one by Mr. Shelton long ago, one by Smollett, and others by Motteux, Jarvis, Duffield, Ormsby, and Watts, — all more or less inadequate, if I may judge from parts, for I have never been so willful-blame as to read them all. In truth, the translation is a very difficult matter. Don Quixote himself is one of the most delicately drawn characters in fiction; almost every Spanish word he speaks stands out in the reader's mind, separate and distinct, like a stroke in a Rembrandt etching. How can you measure out their English equivalents in the finely adjusted scales of language unless you have ten talents for weights? Epigrams are commonly of little use in finding the way to truth, but Coleridge has left a saying that, I think, helps us materially in this matter of translation. "Prose," he said, "is words in the best order; Poetry is the best words in the best order." Now, by what sleight of hand shall a man keep this best order of words in shifting thoughts from one language to another? In poetry we are waking up to this, and Homer and Dante are rendered into English prose. Now and again a man, if he have the luck to be a man of genius, may make English poetry when he professes to translate a

foreign poet. Such a one was Mr. Fitzgerald. But I know of no one who has made both poetry and a translation, with a few exceptions: such as Shelley in his translation of the angels' chorus in Faust, Dr. Hedge with Luther's hymn, and Wordsworth with Michelangelo's sonnet, "Ben può talor col mio ardente desio." Maybe the translators of the Old Testament were such.

Of all prose that I know, I should say that Don Quixote was the hardest to translate out of the original tongue; for Cervantes has used his words in the best order very often, and his Spanish tongue was of so fine a temper — for it had been framed among high-strung gentlemen, quick in quarrel, urbane in manner, and of a broad human courtesy such as gentlemen have in Utopia, and all men, I needs must think, in heaven — that the translator need be of a stout heart. Words are delicate works. Nature has nurtured them, art has toiled over them. For a thousand years those Spanish words have been shaped by Spanish mouths, and now some zealous translator, like a lean apothecary, expects to catch their fragrance and cork it up in English smelling-bottles. All a nation's sentiment has gone into its words. Great musicians, architects, painters, and sculptors put into their works the feelings of their country and of their age, but these works remain the works of individuals and bear their personal stamp, whereas all the nation, at all times, from generation to generation, has been putting its passions into its speech. The Spanish heart is not the English heart.

Moreover, the translator of Cervantes has another great difficulty. Don Quixote is the delineation of a man's character; he is as real as any hero in fiction from Achilles to Alan Breck, and much more so than the heroes who lie buried in Westminster Abbey.

"Er lebt und ist noch stärker
Als alle Todten sind."

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This very reality lies in the arrangement of words, and slips through the translator's fingers. The hero was alive and then is done into English, a process that has much similarity to embalming. To draw the likeness of a living being in words is one of the most difficult tasks in art. We all, no doubt, can remember some figure coming, in the days of our childhood, into our Eden from the vague outer world, that impressed itself deeply in our memories. Such a one I can remember, — a delicately bred gentleman, one of those in whom the gentle element was so predominant that perhaps the man was pushed too much aside. His bearing spoke of training and discipline received in some place out of Eden that we knew not of, and there was a manner of habitual forbearance, almost shrinking, in his daily actions, as if he feared that whatever he touched might turn to sorrow, which still kept us behind the line across which his tenderness was ever inviting us. I think to describe his smile and to translate Don Quixote would be tasks of like quality.

But of all books in the world Don Quixote is the book for an English-speaking boy. There is a time in his boyhood while the sun of life throws a long shadow behind him, when, after he has read the Waverley Novels, Cooper, and Captain Marryat, he pauses hesitating between Thackeray and Dickens. Which shall he take? The course is long, for a boy is a most just and generous reader. He reads his novelist straight through from start to finish, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby, Old Curiosity Shop, and all, ending finally with a second reading of Pickwick. That is the way novels should be read. Reading the first novel of one of the *ricos hombres* of literature is like Aladdin going down into the magic cave: it summons a genie, who straightway spreads a wonderful prospect before you, but it is not till the second or third book that you understand all the power

of the master slave. It is at that moment of hesitation that Don Quixote should be put into the boy's hands; but that cannot be done now because there is no satisfactory English translation. Of course, Don Quixote is a man's book, also,—the great human book, as Mr. Lowell following Sainte-Beuve calls it. Cervantes has breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and, like the macrocosm, it has a different look for the boy and for the man of fifty. You can find in it the allegory that the ideal is out of place in this workaday world, that the light shineth in a darkness which comprehendeth it not. You can find the preaching of vanity, if such be your turn of mind, in Don Quixote as well as in the world. But the schoolboy does not look for that; there is no vain thing in life for him, and perhaps his is the clearer vision. And with this schoolboy, pausing as I have suggested on the brink of Thackeray or Dickens, a translation of Don Quixote has the best chance of success. Its defects will be of such a nature as will mar the man's enjoyment, but not his. It will give him the gallant gentleman pricked by a noble contempt for the ignoble triumphant and for the acquiescent many; he shall have there the lofty disregard of facts that hedge in housekeepers, barbers, and parsons; he shall find courage, endurance, knightliness, and reverence for woman. After a boy has once been squire to Sir Kenneth, to Ivanhoe, and to Claverhouse, what business has he in life but to right wrongs, to succor maidens, and to relieve widows and all who are desolate and oppressed? What if this gallant gentleman be a monomaniac, and be subjected to disasters at the hands of farmyard louts and tavern skinkers, by windmills and galley slaves: must not Ivanhoe's squire march through Vanity Fair and lodge in Bleak House, his long breeches unentangled in spurs, and his chief weapon of offense carried in his waistcoat pocket? Carducci says

that he read Don Quixote for the first time when a boy, and that then he "did not know the irony that God put into the world, and which the great poet had imitated in his little world of print and paper." Carducci is mistaken; there is no question of knowledge and ignorance. The boy has his world as heavy to an ounce, weighed in scales of *avoirdupois*, as that of a man of fifty, and there is no irony in it. The boy is not the subject of illusion; there is in fact no irony there. The man of fifty, *le soi-disant désillusionné*, is certainly on the border of presumption, to say that it is there, and then to call the boy an *ignoramus*. To be sure, he commonly couples his offensive epithet with some mitigating adjective, as "happy fool," or thus, "his pretty ignorance." But in place of the adjective there should be an apology. Every man is born into a house where there is a chamber full of veritable chronicles of Tristram and Launcelot, of Roland and Rinaldo di Mont' Albano; and if his housekeeper, his barber, and his parson wall up the door and tell him that *Freston el gran encantador* has swooped down on dragon back and carried it off by night, his acceptance of their assertions and his lofty compassion for his old illusions furnish but poor proof of wisdom. Such men, be sure, have followed too rashly in their youth some false adventurer into the world of thought, and their fifty years, like the monks of St. Cuthbert's Isle, have walled them up for punishment. There let them lie "like mutines in the bilboes." But however that may be, "*mas vale buena esperanza que ruin possession.*"

It is for the boy that a good translation should be made, and that might be done; one in which Don Quixote shall talk like a scholarly gentleman, and in which there shall be no conscious grin of the translator spoiling the whole, as in that wretched version by Motteux. The boy wants two qualities in his books, enthusiasm and loyalty; and here he has

them jogging on side by side through four good volumes. Sainte-Beuve says that Joubert's notion of enthusiasm was *une paix élevée*; a boy's idea is *la guerre élevée*, and Cervantes was of that mind. He was a soldier of the best kind, fighting for Europe against Asia at Lepanto, and esteeming his lost arm the most honorable member of his body. Don Quixote is the incarnation of enthusiasm; and what loyalty was ever like Sancho's, even to the death-bed where he beseeches Don Quixote to live many years, "for it would be the utmost foolishness to die when no one had murdered him"! There are many who are loyal to a friend's deeds, and some to his faults, but to be loyal to another's dreams and visions is the privilege of very few. Besides, the boy demands incident, and here there is the greatest variety of adventure, of that delightful kind that happens in La Mancha without having to be sought in Trebisond or Cathay.

Another reason for a good translation is that Don Quixote is the first modern novel. It is the last of the romances of chivalry and the first novel; and as, on the whole, most of the great novels are English novels (for what other language can show a like richness to Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, Rob Roy, Pride and Prejudice, Vanity Fair, David Copperfield, Adam Bede, and The Scarlet Letter?), there should be an adequate English version of it. So many novels of much skill and force are written nowadays that we are too often swayed in our judgment of them by the pulse of the year or of the decade. Were it not well, after reading Mr. Meredith or Mr. Moore, to take our bearings by a mark that has withstood the changing sentiments of ten generations of mortal men? "You cannot fool all the people all the time." Men during three hundred years are of so many minds, and have such diverse dispositions and temperaments, and are placed in such different circumstances, with various passions and prejudices, that

any book that receives the suffrage of all is proved to be, to use Sainte-Beuve's phrase, *un livre de l'humanité*. By going back to these great human books we learn to keep our scales truly adjusted. Goethe said that every year he was wont to read over a play by Molière.

There have been a great many theories about the book, speculations as to what purpose Cervantes had in view when he wrote it. The chief two are that he intended a burlesque upon romances of knight-errantry, and that he intended an allegorical satire upon human enthusiasm. Doubtless he began with the purpose of ridiculing the old romances, but, as Carducci says, genius gallops ahead of its charioteer. By the seventh chapter he found himself with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza seeking adventures in La Mancha; and he had in his heart a deep and serious knowledge of life, and in his brain wit and fancy such that the world has but once had better, and he wrote. Men must express the deep feelings within them: the common man to one or two by words and acts and silence, the man of genius to the world by such means as nature has made easiest for him. In Spain, since the invention of printing, the one form of popular literature had been the romance of knight-errantry. The three great cycles of romantic fiction — of King Arthur and the Round Table, of Charlemagne and his Paladins, and of the Greek empires founded by Alexander the Great — had spread all over western Europe, and had long before served their office. Their place in Spain was filled by the romances of knight-errantry. Of these, the first and best was Amadis of Gaul, which was probably written in Castile about the year 1350. The old version has been long lost, but Garci-Ordoñez de Montalvo wrote a new one some time after the conquest of Granada, which obtained wide popularity and still exists. The success of this was so brilliant that a great many books were written in imita-

tion of it. In the middle of the sixteenth century these romances met with two powerful enemies: one was the spirit of the Catholic Reaction, the other the spirit of classical culture. In 1543 Charles V. forbade that any of these books should be printed or sold in the West Indies, and in 1555 the Cortes made its petition to the Emperor to make the like law for Spain. The text of the petition reads thus: "Moreover, we say that it is most notorious, the hurt that has been done and is doing in these kingdoms to young men and maids and to all sorts of people from reading books of lies and vanities, like Amadis and all the books which have been modeled upon its speech and style, also rhymes and plays about love and other vain things; for young men and maids, being moved by idleness to occupy themselves with these books, abandon themselves to folly, and, in a measure, imitate the adventures which they read in those books to have happened, both of love and war and other vanities; and they are so affected thereby that whenever any similar case arises they yield to it with less restraint than if they had not read the books; and often a mother leaves her daughter locked up in the house, thinking that she has left her to her meditations (*recogida*), and the girl falls to reading books of that kind, so that it were better if the mother had taken her with her. . . . And that it is to the great hurt of the consciences, because the more people take to these vanities, the more they backslide from and cease to find enjoyment in the Holy, True, and Christian Doctrine." Wherefore the petition asks that no more such books be printed, and that all those existing be gathered up and burned, and that no book be printed thereafter without a license; "for that in so doing your Majesty will render a great service to God, taking persons from the reading of books of vanities, and bringing them back to read religious books which edify the mind and reform

the body, and will do these kingdoms great good and mercy." Mr. Ticknor and other commentators have gathered together condemnations upon these romances uttered by various persons of note prior to the publication of *Don Quixote*. There can be little doubt that these fault-finders were puritans of the Catholic Reaction, and that the same spirit influenced the Cortes. In this same feeling the Puritans in England of Queen Elizabeth's time attacked the stage. In the preface to Part I., Cervantes represents himself as sitting with his chin on his hand, pondering what he shall do for a preface, when a friend comes in, who, after making some rather dull suggestions, says, "This book of yours is an invective against books of knight-errantry; . . . your writing has no other object than to undo the authority which such books have among the uneducated;" and he ends with the advice, "Make it your purpose to pull to pieces the ill-based contrivance of these knight-errant books, which are hated by some, but praised by many more; for if you accomplish this, you will have done a great deal." And Part II. ends with a declaration by Cide Hamete Ben Engeli that his "only desire has been to make men dislike the false and foolish stories of knight-errantry, which, thanks to my true *Don Quixote*, are beginning to stumble, and will fall to the ground without any doubt." These are the arguments for limiting and cutting down the great purposes of the book, a commentary on the life of man, to a mere satire upon silly and extravagant romances. The book speaks for itself.

With respect to the other theory, that Cervantes intended a satire upon human enthusiasm, Mr. Lowell, in commenting, discovers two morals: the first, "that whoever quarrels with the Nature of Things, wittingly or unwittingly, is certain to get the worst of it;" the second, "that only he who has the imagination to conceive and the courage to attempt a

trial of strength with what foists itself on our senses as the Order of Nature for the time being can achieve great results or kindle the coöperative and efficient enthusiasm of his fellow-men." By this interpretation the condemnation of the quarrel is itself condemned by the deeper moral. But it little profits to seek after Cervantes' motives; he wrote about life, and he does not draw any final conclusions. He observes and writes. He tells of a gentleman who found the world out of joint, and with a "frolic welcome" proclaimed that he was "born to set it right." The attempt is followed by the most disastrous and delightful consequences. Don Quixote is sometimes triumphant, but many more times mocked, mauled, persecuted, and despitefully used by clown and duke, and Sancho shares all his fortunes. Side by side go Imagination on his hippogriff, and Common Sense on his donkey. At the end of the book, the reader, loving and admiring Don Quixote, loving Sancho, and having rejoiced at every piece of good fortune that has come to them on their ill-starred career, hates and despises all those who have ill used them, including those two wiseacres the Parson and the Barber. If the unoffending reader must draw a moral, he would seem to hit near the mark by inferring that enthusiasm justifies its own appellation, and that the divine in us is the only thing worth heeding and loving, though it behave with lunacies inconstant as the moon, or go to live with publicans and sinners. But why draw a moral at all? Life is very big, and there is less dogma now than there used to be about the meaning or the worth of it, and an observer of life may travel about and note what he sees without being compelled to stand and deliver his conclusions. What should we say if Cide Hamete Ben Engeli had made an end in good Arabic with "Life is but an integration of Matter with a concomitant dissipation of Motion"? Let the great books of the world escape these

hewers of epigrams and drawers of morals. Hamlet has escaped to a place of safety; so has the book of Job. Faust is on the way thither, and Don Quixote will one day keep them company. It is a tale of life drawn from the author's imagination, and it is enough to know that a man who had lost an arm in a sea-fight and had been a captive slave for five years, who had been poor and persecuted, began this joyous and merry history in prison, and continued it in the same strain of joy and merriment to the end. Let any man tired

"to behold Desert a beggar born,
And needy Nothing trimmed in jollity,"

betake himself "*en un lugar de La Mancha*." The very words conjure up spring-time, holidays, and morning sun, and he shall feel like the poet

"Quant erba vertz e fuehla par,
E l' flor brotonon per verjan,
E l' rosinhols autet e clar
Leva sa votz e mov son chan."

"C'est un pays interdit à la mélancolie." The joy of it is masculine and boyish; it maketh for life, like all good things. The reader never stops to think whether there be wit or humor, irony or optimism. These questionings are foisted upon you by the notes. If you read a Spanish edition, beware of the notes. Some there are who, in their schooldays, acquired a wise preference of ignorance to notes, but I have known many who would stop in the middle of a sentence to read a note, and then begin again exactly at the asterisk where they had left off. The notes in the editions by the Spanish Academy, Dr. Bowle, Pellicer, and Clemencin are all to be skipped. There is a tale that two gentlemen clapped hands to their swords over the last copy of the second edition of Gil Blas in a bookseller's shop in Paris; and I would not part with my Pellicer to any lesser person than the sheriff, but it would require that gentleman and at least one of his posse to make me read the notes.

In *Don Quixote* we believe that we have a partial portrait of Cervantes. He has described somewhere his own physical appearance in a manner very like to the description of the knight, and in the latter's character we feel sure that we have the real Cervantes. Certainly there is there the likeness of a high-spirited Spanish gentleman at a time when Spanish gentlemen were the first in the world. Every little detail about the knight is told with such an intimate affection that Cervantes must have been writing down whatever he believed was true of his own best self. The ready knowledge with which he wrote is manifest from the carelessness with which he makes mistakes, as with Sancho's ass, on which Sancho suddenly mounts half a page after losing him forever, and in the names of la Señora Panza, and in various details. Certainly Cervantes is very fond of *Don Quixote*, and does him justice; and he has a kindliness for the reader, too, and pays him for his sore sympathies every now and then by the joyous feeling of victory which he receives when *Don Quixote*, in the midst of a company that think him mad, delivers a brilliant harangue, leaving them confounded and the reader exultant. Sancho said *Don Quixote* ought to have been a parson, and you feel that he would have adorned any position of dignity within the gift of the Majesty of Spain. The art with which the story is told and the characters are drawn grows upon one's wonder. For example, *Don Quixote* has been lowered down into the cave of Montesinos, and after some hours, during which Sancho has become much alarmed for his master's safety, he reappears and gives an account of the most marvelous adventures. Sancho and the reader are aghast; they know that the adventures cannot be true, and they know equally well that *Don Quixote* is incapable of telling a lie, and the wonder is whether he is mad or has been dreaming. This same wonder finally overtakes

Don Quixote, and you feel, without being told, that he is struggling with his memory to find out what did really happen as he faces the awful possibility that what he related may not have been true. There is a certain low fellow in the book, one Samson Carrasco, a friend of the Parson and the Barber, of good purposes, but of no imagination, who devises a scheme to fetch *Don Quixote* home. This plan was to arm himself as a knight-errant and take *Don Quixote* captive. The approach of the combat is very disagreeable; you cover over with your hand the lines ahead of where you are reading, so that you may not read faster than you shall acquire fortitude to bear whatever may happen. And behold, Rosinante breaks into a gallop, dear horse, — Boiardo and Bucephalus never did as much for their readers, — and the counterfeit knight is hurled to the ground. By the same dull device this vulgar Carrasco finally, near the end of the story, ran atilt with *Don Quixote* and unhorsed him. He dismounted, and stood over our hero with his spear. The terms of the combat were that he who was conquered should confess that the other's lady was the more beautiful. "*Don Quixote*, without raising his visor, with weak and feeble voice, as if he were speaking from within a tomb, replied: Dulcinea of Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I am the most miserable knight on earth, and it were not right that the truth should suffer hurt from my weakness; thrust home your lance, Sir Knight, and since you have taken my honor, take away my life also." It were difficult to imagine that this is a satire upon human nature, and that Cervantes made mock of the spirit of chivalry.

One of the deepest and most delightful elements of the book is the relation between *Don Quixote* and Sancho Panza; in fact, it is Sancho's obedience, his profound loyalty and belief in his master, that throw both their characters into

high relief: and here lies one of the hardest tasks for the translator; for unless their conversations are given with the delicacy and grace of the original, they cease to be Don Quixote and Sancho, and become mere comic figures.

Sancho has never had full justice done to him. Affection and regard he has had in full measure, no doubt. One loves him as one loves a dog; not the noble, fair-limbed, fine-haired aristocrat, but the shag-haired little villain, *nullius filius*, who barks at your guests, and will gnaw a drumstick in my lady's chamber unless he be prevented. But Sancho's character and intelligence have not had their due. He is commonly spoken of as if he were one of old Gobbo's family, selfish and of loutish appetites; but in truth he is not related at all. Sancho stands charged with greediness; and as to eating, he ate well whenever he had an opportunity, but he worked very hard and needed food, for he often went supperless to bed, and was never sure of the morrow. His desire to be *gobernador* was the imperial fault of ambition, and most honorable; and when he governed Barataria, he bore his great office meekly, and was a just and beneficent ruler. When Don Quixote first told him of the great fortunes, even of a royal complexion, that sometimes fall to the lot of the esquire to a knight-errant, his first thought was that Teresa Panza would be queen and his children princes. His intelligence bloomed and unfolded under the sunny influence of Don Quixote's company; in fact, one of the most delightful things in the whole book is the elevation of Sancho's understanding as he travels from Part I. into Part II. Preface-makers say that Cervantes discovered how popular Sancho was, and, taking his cue accordingly, developed and expanded Sancho's wit and gifts of speech; but the true reason is that living with a dreamer of dreams ennobles the understanding. When Don Quixote had forbidden the brutal laborer to thrash

the boy, and made him promise by the laws of knighthood, the boy said, "My master is no knight; he is rich John Haldudo, and he lives in Quintanar." "No matter," replied Don Quixote; "the Haldudos may become knights; every man is the child of his own actions." By his faithfulness and loyalty to his master, Sancho's condition was made gentle and his intelligence was quickened. Even in the beginning Sancho is by no means backward in comprehension. Don Quixote resolves to get a sword that will cut through any steel and prevail over all enchantment. Sancho apprehends that the virtue of the sword may be personal to Don Quixote, and of no avail to him, as he is only an esquire. And he explains that the reason why Don Quixote was horribly beaten by the Yanguesian cattle-drivers was that he had neglected to observe his vow not to eat baked bread or do sundry other things until he should have obtained Mambrino's helmet. Don Quixote quietly replies that that is so, and that Sancho was beaten also for not reminding him. Sancho has a generous human sympathy, too; for when Don Quixote finds Cardenio's love-letter, he asks him to read it aloud "*que gusto mucho destas cosas de amores*." The difference in their views of life, however, and the help they render each other in getting into difficulties, is the precious quality of the book.

There are a hundred men who admire and reverence Dante for his fierce seriousness and burning convictions about life, to one who would feel that the like reverence and admiration were due to the laughing seriousness and smiling convictions of Cervantes. Heine somewhere draws a picture of the gods dining and Hephæstos limping among them to pour out the wine, while their laughter floats off over Olympus, when suddenly in the midst of them stalks a Jew and flings down a cross upon the banquet-table, and the laughter dies. But with the revolving years laughter has once more come

to take its place as a divine attribute, and Cervantes' seriousness, his sympathy and loving-kindness, may set him, in the estimation of men, as high, as wise, as deep, as Dante. I think with what pleasure he and Shakespeare met in the Happy Isles and laughed together, while Dante, *a guisa di leone*, sat sternly apart. What happier time was there ever in those Islands of the Blest than that sweet April wherein those two landed from Charon's bark? For I think that Shakespeare's spirit tarried a few days that they might make their voyage and entrance together. In Cervantes, says Victor Hugo, was the deep poetic spirit of the Renaissance. In him was the milk of loving-kindness. After reading his book, we see a brighter light thrown on the simple human relations, the random meetings of men and women in this world of ours that is not so unlike to La Mancha, and we become more sensitive to the value of words spoken by human lips to

human ears, and of the touch of the human hand in our greetings and partings. It is not the usage among soldiers to confess their own tenderness, and Cervantes has thrown over his confession the veil of irony. Heinrich Heine did the like. These proud men would not have their women's hearts show on their sleeves, and they mocked the world. It was easily done.

"Diese Welt glaubt nicht an Flammen,
Und sie nimmt's für Poesie."

In Algiers, Cervantes, with some of his fellow-captives, devised several plans of escape, all of which failed, and he was threatened with torture if he would not disclose the names of the conspirators and the story of the plot. He told nothing but that he alone was responsible. So he did; so he wrote. He obeyed the great prayer made to each of the children of men: "Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep."

Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

A FEW STORIES.

As there is a no-man's land between the novel and the drama in which contemporaneous writers try to find a footing, so is there also a similar vague region between the narrative of genuine adventure and the invented story. Mr. Owen Wister¹ takes his characters to play on this ground. In the vigorous preface to his group of tales, he says that "in certain ones the incidents and even some of the names are left unchanged from their original reality," and he takes pains to correct a misstatement which appeared in one of the stories on its first publication; he corrects it in a footnote, so as

¹ *Red Men and White*. By OWEN WISTER. Illustrated by FREDERIC REMINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1896.

not to deprive himself of Mr. Remington's picture which was made to fit the story. In short, the life which Mr. Wister portrays is so real to him in its actual material as to confound a little his own creation, and the very vividness of his actual sight arrests the operation of the sight behind the eye.

The reader is, in consequence, a trifle perturbed. He almost wishes for footnotes. He sees General Crook plainly and accepts the portrait as drawn from life, but he is curious as to the actuality of the figures in the half-historic group disclosed to him in *The Second Missouri Compromise*. He begins to wonder if Specimen Jones may not be taken from life. This is not to complain of the

vividness of Mr. Wister's portraits, but to ask if he has not in his art somewhat confused models and the persons whom they were to aid the artist in picturing. Mr. Henry James, in one of the subtlest of his stories, *The Real Thing*, has touched most firmly this interesting truth in art, that the actual is not by any means the real.

There used to be, and may still be in old houses in Connecticut, representations of the Charter Oak, — lithographs, perhaps, — which were made more sensible by small strips of the bark of the historic tree gummed upon the trunk in the picture. Mr. Wister is not quite so simple in his art, but this confusion of the real and the actual is nevertheless to be seen in his work. He is no doubt on the highroad to the heights of fictitious literature; we are almost tempted to call him back and beg him to devote his powers to narrative and history. We have so many who can invent, so few who can describe; and with our eagerness to know the true inwardness as well as outwardness of that frontier land in which Mr. Wister has traveled to such good purpose, we should listen most attentively to his report of the life there, because he has clearly the penetration and the faculty of comparison which are so requisite to a faithful narrative.

We should be sorry to leave the impression of dissatisfaction with *Red Men and White* because of its failure in high art. The book is so strong in its graphic lines, so dramatic in its scenes, so full of a splendid health and blown through with such a west wind, that it is a tonic to the reader of anæmic fiction. Especially do we note as significant of the writer's largeness that, though the stories are sometimes based very directly on personal adventure, the author is always a spectator even when he is a participant. The preface, to which we have already referred, is a capital bit of historical philosophy, and strengthens our impression that Mr. Wister, if he chose

to use in the less popular field of narrative, description, or history the power which he shows in these short stories, would easily be a master in a territory of his own.

*The Coming of Theodora*¹ will bring more pleasure to the reader than it did to the amiable Davidsons, who, after their cheerful and picturesque if somewhat shiftless life, supported so patiently the capable rule of that excellent although impeccable lady. Theodora had what we New Englanders call faculty; she had, too, generosity and kindness of heart; she had every quality, indeed, which makes woman admirable except that sympathetic insight into character which is so conspicuous among the literary gifts of her creator. Lacking this one quality, she did not see that all her sensible arrangements for the good of her brother's family simply made them supremely uncomfortable. She did not see that she was making them live in a way which, although native and natural to her, was alien and cramping to them. No more did she see that by her well-intentioned bearing of her sister-in-law's burdens she was giving her the unpardonable affront of making her superfluous in her own household. Hers is a familiar character that is all the more exasperating on account of its very goodness, on account of its very elusiveness to justifiable reproach. Easy to sketch in a slashing, effective fashion and to frame in witty invective, the character is difficult to draw so that the reader, while never for an instant losing sight of its provoking side, remains wholly in sympathy with it. In this better way Miss White draws it. We are made to admire, almost to love Theodora. We are taught by unobtrusive touches to appreciate the fact that she is irritating by the defect of her qualities; that she is not at fault, but unfortunate.

¹ *The Coming of Theodora*. By ELIZA ORNE WHITE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

So to create such a character is to show notable insight and sympathy. Miss White adds to these excellent gifts the light, unerring comedy touch, humor, and gayety of heart. What is pleasant in this day of sober fictions is that, although she is an artist, she is not sad.

One suspects, however, that she would like to be so. Signs are plenty that she has that itch for the tragic which is often so unaccountably present in writers who have the precious gift of wholesome mirthfulness. One must deprecate the pushing of Theodora — who was surely created only for kindly laughter — into the midst of misplaced if reasonable tragedy. To hurry the smiling reader under a cold douche of unexpected pathos is to make the joke too practical. Herein, probably, is a part of the reason for the verdict, likely enough to be pronounced by many, that the book, although clever, is disagreeable. Another greater part is in the author's infraction of the æsthetic law that, in a work of the imagination, tragic results, to be acceptable, must flow from apparently as well as really adequate sources. That Theodora was obtuse will not justify to the average person the shipwreck of her life. The spectacle is not tragic: it is only painful. This seems to us the mistake of the book. That Theodora is a figure for a comedy, and not for a tragedy, ought to have been seen by so clear-sighted a person as Miss White.

With the slight and all too ingenuous plot there is no need to quarrel. Properly speaking, *The Coming of Theodora* is not a novel at all. What it really is, is a finely executed character sketch, in which all else is but mat to set off the portrait of a lady whose likeness, although she has sat to many an artist, we do not remember ever to have seen so happily caught.

Miss White's mistake in *Theodora* is repeated in grosser form in one of the stories which Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has collected in his volume entitled *A*

Gentleman Vagabond.¹ In John Sanders, Laborer, the hero, a simple-minded workingman, with whom the author, with his customary success, has brought us into close sympathy, is made to sacrifice his life to save that of a worthless mongrel dog. The incident, although it is eloquent enough of the tender-heartedness of the man, is simply shocking. The reader may properly resent such trifling with his feelings, since — to recur to a figure already used — upon him the effect, however intended, is that of a practical joke. Nor can one easily bring himself to care greatly for some other of the stories. Brockway's Hulk, for example, has too much the air of being made up of an old boat, a man, and a child, materials for a sketch elaborated into a melodrama. The sentiment of Jonathan is too sugary sweet not to be a bit cloying. Along the Bronx and Another Dog cannot be placed in a rank higher than that of pleasant trifles. Did not the volume contain stronger tales than these, even Mr. Smith's agreeable style, which, though careless more often than not, is full of color and charm, could not save it from being somewhat disappointing. Fortunately, there are two tales in it which have no inconsiderable merit, and one which a bold critic could declare a veritable gem. The gem is *A Knight of the Legion of Honor*. But before pointing out its value more particularly we are minded to pay tribute of admiration to the kindly humor and shrewdness of the sketches of Mayor Tom Slocomb of Pokamoke and of Bäader, prince of couriers. Both are most satisfactory personages, delightful compounds of the scamp and the gentleman, whom it is pleasant to have Mr. Smith enable you to understand and admire. From these the reader can turn with full assurance of still keener pleasure to the sketch of one who is completely

¹ *A Gentleman Vagabond and Some Others.* By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

the gentleman. A fascinating essayist of our time, who touched few topics which he did not adorn, Robert Louis Stevenson, failed, like many another, when he tried to define the essential quality of a gentleman. Where he failed we will not venture; but that Mr. Bosk, who so unconsciously reveals his own worth in telling the story of his romantic ride from Venice to Vienna with a beautiful Polish countess in trouble and alone, is every inch a gentleman may be unhesitatingly affirmed. When Mr. Smith, in

the character of a listener to the man and the story that he has himself invented, exclaims, "You were the first gentleman she had ever known," one does not feel any impulse to dissent from the author's enthusiastic verdict upon his own creation. Such an exclamation on the part of a less skilled writer would be a dangerous challenge to the hearer's sense of humor. That no sense of incongruity is felt is the best proof of the success of this portrait of a gentleman.

SIX BOOKS OF VERSE.

IF Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as the "criticism of life" be accepted, the act of writing about poetry must be indeed a remote occupation, — the criticism of the criticism of life. Few things could draw the writer farther afield from life itself. In defense of the practice, it might be urged that without an occasional squaring of accounts with life the criticism of life would soon lose its own vitality, and that in this work of an accountant the duty of the critic lies. But admit the worst of him, grant that his energies need no supply of the red blood of living. What wonder, then, if his writing — especially if he be a person with a certain tendency towards sermonizing — takes, in spite of himself, the outward form of that manner of composition which has had the name of being the most lifeless of all performances of the pen, and turns out a discourse embracing a "firstly" and a "sixthly," if six, as in the present instance, happens to be the number of heads under which his remarks naturally fall? There are six new books of verse before us at this moment, and, in looking at them one by one, it seems to us that each in turn suggests a separate "screed of doctrine" upon con-

temporary verse in general. Yet our intentions of avoiding too palpable a sermon are the best in the world, and, besides noting the nature and value of what the books contain, we shall endeavor to restrain ourselves to comment, not too didactic, upon what they suggest.

By undoubted right of precedence the *Last Poems of James Russell Lowell*¹ stands first upon our list. One is so used to hear the last work of the greater writers compared to its disadvantage with what has gone before it that it requires no effort of the imagination to conjure up the gusto with which the remark will be made in some quarters that the little book adds nothing to Lowell's fame. There are always enough and to spare of men ready with such utterances, delivered with a glibness sufficient to deceive the unwary into thinking them the result of a careful comparison between the earlier and later periods of a writer's work. If these judges do not actually give a name and a place to the last pages of a man's "complete works" corresponding to his *Juvenilia* at the beginning, they

¹ *Last Poems of James Russell Lowell*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

imply that they would like to entitle them *Senilia*. It may be that the present volume will not engage their powers. Certainly, its pages are as little deserving of their fashion of criticism as any poems of a true singer's later years well could be. Though one might readily admit that Lowell would be Lowell still without them, the same breath should add, Lowell is still Lowell in them. One does not ask for a book all Cathedrals and Commemoration Odes; and a modest wish is amply rewarded by finding in these *Last Poems* a bountiful gift of the good things which gave Lowell his separate place amongst our poets. In all the fields of verse, grace without much strength of thought is easily discoverable; thought, though more rarely, can be found without grace. In this book grace is abundant; its themes, half of them of the sort that may be called personal, lend themselves especially to a playful felicity of phrase; but in the lightest of them there is a sober sincerity and truth of thought which lifts them above the level of "familiar verse." The most completely serious poem of the small collection, *On a Bust of General Grant*, has in its lines of characterization not unfit to be placed by the side of the lines in the great Ode describing Lincoln. It has seemed that no epithets could be quite so well chosen as those which called "our Martyr Chief"

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not
blame;"

yet Grant may be no less vividly remembered by a single rugged line:—

"One of those still plain men that do the
world's rough work."

After all, it needs no line or separate poem to recall to us what Lowell was, and the true significance of the book appears, not in any fuller revelation of the poet, but in the emphasis it lays upon the fact that he was of an age and of a class which have passed away. There are brave singers abroad in the land, but we fancy the masters would say their

voices are hardly so well rounded as these voices of the old school. There are head-tones which may come from thinking a song more than feeling it, and there are thin sounds now and then which probably may be traced to a weakness of foundation. It is here that the old school has the advantage of us. It went to school itself to the best masters, and the training of youth showed itself to the end in a sureness of touch and a breadth of sympathy, a sane knowledge of the world. It is not only that the older writers are disappearing, but their better spirit is not always replaced by the younger ones who hurry in their footsteps. Perhaps it is too much to hope that all the traditions of dignity and scholarship can be carried on; perhaps in the end it were better to have left some things, though not these, behind; but surely it were well if the new company could catch from the old some of the spirit which enabled them to look upon the sadness of the world without calling it bitterness and wrong, to accept even a few disagreeable truths without open rebellion and railing. It is in this truer wisdom of the world that Lowell, up to the very last, stands forth as a master skilled to teach.

In temper, as very often in theme and suggestion, Mrs. James T. Fields's volume, *The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems*,¹ is at one with the books of the elder brothers, so to call the group which has vanished. The temper is that of a mind which is not out of sorts with destiny, and does not win its way so much by aggression and combat as by a gentle, gracious force. The qualities which especially give the book its place apart from others are its feminine sensitiveness of feeling and the frequently evident influence of the classic spirit. There is present, also, to a degree not surprising to those who recall the articles of per-

¹ *The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems.*
By ANNIE FIELDS. Boston and New York:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

sonal reminiscence which Mrs. Fields has been contributing through recent years to magazines, a true note of loyalty and love for the memory of lives which have been lived above the level commonly attained by men. The poem from which the book takes its title, *The Singing Shepherd*, *To a Poet's Memory*, illustrates with special aptness the point we have in mind. Its charm of delicate, allusive imagination is peculiarly the charm which befits its theme. The lines in memory of Otto Dresel have in their different way the same charm, — like and unlike as music and poetry themselves are. It may be said with some confidence that the most winning beauty of the book is to be found in the poems which seem to have sprung most directly from human intercourse and the memory of it. This may be only another way of naming the verses into which the element of immediate personality has entered most strongly. The *Return* might be quoted to show how delicately the influences of nature have also found expression at times, yet should we make a counter-quotation in support of our belief. But we are not in court, nor under any necessity of maintaining our *pros* and *cons*. For its own sake, then, and incidentally for any light it may throw upon what has been said, let us transcribe the amply satisfying lines of "*Still in thy Love I Trust*:" —

"Still in thy love I trust,
Supreme o'er death, since deathless is thy
essence ;
For putting off the dust,
Thou hast but blest me with a nearer presence ;

"And so, for this, for all,
I breathe no selfish plaint, no faithless chiding,
On me the snowflakes fall,
But thou hast gained a summer all-abiding.

"Striking a plaintive string,
Like some poor harper at a palace portal,
I wait without and sing,
While those I love glide in and dwell immortal."

Thus we arrive at our "thirdly," and find in the *Poems* by Mrs. R. H. Stoddard¹ a book in which memory plays its part even more continually, we believe, than in the poems of Mrs. Fields, but to a different purpose ; for the printed page bears its testimony of years to which the memory has been turned with little of satisfaction. Mrs. Stoddard's spirit has indeed the contemporaneous quality of more or less open revolt against the world and much that is therein. Loss to her is loss, and time has little power to temper the bitterness of it. The result in her verse is generally that the vigor of rebellion is more felt than the gentleness of acceptance. It is a curious circumstance, moreover, that the best expression of this intense feeling strikes one as appearing in the blank-verse poems with which the last third of the book is mainly filled. It would be natural to look for the least resisting medium for these utterances in the shorter verses, in the lyric mould, which make up the rest of the volume. This is not to say that there is not strength in the shorter poems ; such lines as *October*, evidently a song of war-time, would speak for themselves against any such untrue generality. Yet if the strength of a writer, unlike that of a chain, is to be tested at its best, it is to the blank-verse poems of Mrs. Stoddard, reflective and descriptive, that one should turn. The sad house by the shore, to which the writer returns more than once ; the moods of nature, reflecting their brightness and hope at times as clearly as their sombre hues upon the human spirit ; and the many messages of the sea to man, — these supply the themes for a series of poems of no mean power. And to have achieved any success where failure is so often met — in the production of that tempting blank verse which looks so much easier than it is — may be more

¹ *Poems*. By ELIZABETH STODDARD. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

than to have turned pretty songs by the score.

The *Ballads of Blue Water*,¹ by James Jeffrey Roche, present a different phase of contemporaneity, — different, yet perhaps quite as typical as any. There has been widespread rejoicing over the attempt the novelists have been making to return to scenes of active and vivid life. A poetical analogue of this prose return is found in Mr. Roche's book. Here are no unhappy searchings for the springs of private unhappiness. The sky above is clear except for the smoke of battle, the air is truly the vigorous air of the sea, and the deck of brave ships is the stage for the deeds portrayed. There are other poems, to be sure, than the sea ballads to which most of the book is devoted, but war and valor are for the most part their themes. The spirit of the book is wholly stirring, after a hearty fashion which separates it from nearly all verse of the past few years. Indeed, it recalls the *War Lyrics* of Henry Howard Brownell more than any volume which readily comes to mind. It has not the precise quality which Brownell's song gained from his singing it on the very deck of battle.

"Of distant deeds sing I, who ne'er
Did anything, went anywhere,"

says Mr. Roche, and accordingly there is in his work a little more of the polish and care which peace permits. It is surprising that so much of the fervor which might have been caught from the scene itself is also to be found. Many will recall the short poem *At Sea*, written at the time of the disaster to our ships at Samoa, and in the remembrance of the poet's brother, lost with so many others, will feel that they have traced at least a part of the writer's keen sympathy with men of the sea. We cannot help thinking that the blood of the green island of Mr. Roche's ancestry has contributed its share

of ardent fellow-feeling for our men of most adventurous action, and we are glad to recognize in the *Ballads of Blue Water* an artistic expression of the same impulse which gave our army its brave Irish regiments in the war. The volume preaches its own sermon to those with ears to hear it, and it were idle for us to dilate upon the refreshment that young writers might afford the world if they would turn to such themes as Mr. Roche has chosen, and persevere until some mastery of them is attained.

It is a far cry from so direct a book as the *Ballads of Blue Water* to the complexities of Mr. Francis Thompson. We were not of those who hailed him, two years ago, as the poet for whom there had been long and weary waiting. We felt, as we feel in his *Sister-Songs*,² his wealth of imagination, his overflowing gift of language, — too often, we must think, leading him to the offhand use of words which the dictionaries mark *obs.*, — his endowment, indeed, with many of the qualities of mind and spirit for which a poet should be thankful. But in the *Sister-Songs*, still more strongly than in the previous *Poems*, we feel that these powers have often been treated with abuse. In the *Poems* there were lines, like *Daisy*, *The Dream-Tryst*, and parts of *The Hound of Heaven*, from which it would be hard, even if one wished it, to withhold admiration. In this second volume, celebrating, if we understand it aright, the debt the poet owes to two children, there are also passages, like those of the child's kiss and the poet's speech, in which the suggestions of beauty and strength press close upon the achievement of these things, and in separate lines clearly attain it. It may be that our own dimness of vision holds us from seeing them more fully attained here and elsewhere. The intricacies of thought, expression, and rhyme are, we

¹ *Ballads of Blue Water*. By JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

² *Sister-Songs*. An Offering to Two Sisters. By FRANCIS THOMPSON. London: John Lane; Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

frankly admit, in the homely phrase of every day, "too much for us." What Mr. Thompson, in telling of a woman's hair, calls "the illuminous and volute redundance" has surely entangled the poem itself.

Instead of disentangling it, we are inclined to remember that a "fifthly" would be in place at this point, and would raise a question which even a casual consideration of the book suggests. Where is the poet to draw the line, or must he draw it at all, between an intemperate, untrammelled indulgence in words for the gratification of every fancy of his own for sound and meaning, and their regulated use as a medium for the communication of his thought to other persons who speak his language? If poetry is an expression of personality, and nothing more, what right has any one to object to any form it may take upon itself? "If you don't like it," the poet may fairly say, "let it alone." On the other hand, can one let it quite alone, if it is thrust upon one at every corner where books are to be found? Possibly the very fact that it is spread abroad between the covers of a book justifies one in asking of it a certain conformity with canons of taste which are distinct from individual likings. There is food for thought and far more searching inquiry in these considerations. It is enough that Mr. Thompson's poems suggest them.

If the *Sister-Songs* are intricate, an antipodal word must be found for *The Black Riders*,¹ by Stephen Crane. As completely as the one book is overlaid with ornament, the other is stripped bare of it. The strange little lines of which *The Black Riders* is made up are not even rhymed, and have but a faint rhythmic quality. Surpassing the college exercise in verse, to which the shrewd instructor made objection that every line began with a capital letter, these small

¹ *The Black Riders, and Other Lines*. By STEPHEN CRANE. Boston: Copeland & Day. 1895.

skeletons of poetry are printed entirely in capitals, and in the modern fashion which hangs a few lines by the shoulders to the top of the page, as if more had meant to come below, but had changed its mind. The virtue of these lines, however, is that they often have enough freshness of conception to set the reader thinking, and so perhaps the blank spaces are filled. The spirit of the lines is generally rebellious and modern in the extreme, occasionally blasphemous to a degree which even cleverness will not reconcile to a liberal taste. One feels that a long journey has been taken since the *Last Poems* of Mr. Lowell were read. But it is too much to think that the writer always takes himself seriously. Many of the lines are intentionally amusing, and the satiric note sometimes serves to mollify the profanity. The parable form into which many of the fragments are cast gives them half their effectiveness. The audacity of their conception, suggesting a mind not without kinship to Emily Dickinson's, supplies the rest. Instead of talking more about them or discussing the possibility of their production before Tourgénéiev's *Prose Poems*, let us quote, without all its capital letters, this characteristic bit, which might serve either as a *credo* for the modern pessimist or as a felicitous epigram at his expense: —

"In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, 'Is it good, friend?'
'It is bitter — bitter,' he answered:
'But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart.'"

Throughout the little book, nevertheless, there is some eating of other viands, for the sweet is mixed with the bitter. Just another parable we must transcribe, since it is thoroughly typical of Mr. Crane's performances, and will serve as

an excellent "sixthly and lastly" for any critic who has spoken his mind: --

"Once there was a man, --
Oh, so wise!
In all drink
He detected the bitter,
And in all touch

He found the sting.
At last he cried thus:
'There is nothing, --
No life,
No joy,
No pain, --
There is nothing save opinion,
And opinion be damned.'"

WELL-MADE BOOKS.

EVERY holiday season brings books whose appeal is to the eye. Formerly more than now, stress has been laid upon the illustrations of such books; for the ease with which pictures of all sorts can be copied and printed has made illustration a very common accompaniment of books published in any season, and the prodigality of the illustrated monthlies and weeklies has accustomed the user of books to abundant pictorial setting. Pictures are no longer a distinction, and it may be added that this sort of currency has become so free that few persons discriminate between the genuine and the counterfeit. For the purposes of lavish decoration, there is little difference to the public between an art which represents great design in the artist and patient toil on the part of the interpreter, and an imitation which means a conjunction of paper-maker, pressman, and chemist to produce a superficial show of likeness to an original. There can be little doubt that the steady improvement in mechanical processes tends to diminish the importance of the engraver's craft, and to multiply enormously the capacity of book-makers to reproduce designs, old and new; it also blunts the perception of true values by accustoming the eye to mechanical as distinguished from artistic excellence.

We suspect that the cheapening of illustrated books by the apparent reduction of art and artisanship to one com-

mon level has had something to do with the increased attention paid by the makers of books to those elements which enter into substantial beauty of book-making independently of such accessories as pictures. Possibly, also, the need of studying the several constituents of a book compelled by the conditions of printing process-made cuts has led to greater dexterity in the management of these constituents. At any rate, the lover of good books takes pleasure in noting how many satisfactory books and sets of books have appeared lately which owe their attractiveness to the attention paid to the fundamental properties of the art of book-making.

We had occasion, in a recent number of this magazine, to make some appraisal of the literary worth of the studies in nature which for nearly a generation Mr. John Burroughs has been making and publishing, and which now have been brought together anew in a series of nine volumes.¹ We refer to these books again simply as examples of the beautiful effect produced by a combination of the simplest means. The eye is filled with the harmony of parts, and not fixed upon some single excellence. The type is delicate, yet firm; the proportion of the page is obedient to just laws which prevail in architecture as much as they do in typography; there is an absence of meaning-

¹ *The Writings of John Burroughs*. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

less ornament and stupid, impertinent points in captions and head-lines; the paper is flexible, agreeable to the touch, and real all the way through, not all surface and no depth; the margins are sufficient and well balanced; the printing is even and of good color, and the number of pages is well related to the size of the volumes. The binding, too, and the lettering have the simplicity which is not barrenness. The portraits of Mr. Burroughs, which present him at different periods, are full of personal interest, and the scheme of title-page vignettes and frontispieces facing them is a pleasant revival of a good fashion of former days, though the etchings themselves are not all equally agreeable.

Here is a case where the generous virtues have been cultivated in a decorous, quiet way, so that it is scarcely a stretch of language to call the books a most gentlemanly set. But that book-makers can cultivate the frugal virtues also is apparent in the one-volume edition of Robert Browning¹ which comes from the same press. Here the problem was to pack a prodigious amount of verse into a single book without making the volume unwieldy or levying too heavy a tax on the eyesight. When one looks at the six volumes of Browning's writings published by the same firm, and sees how large a page is required and how solidly set, and counts the pages with the result of 2550 in all, and then considers that all this matter was to carry in addition an equipment of headnotes relating such histories as were connected with the several poems, and a tolerably full biographical sketch, as well as explanatory notes, chronological list, and indexes, the wonder grows how all this substance could be pressed without being squeezed into 1050 pages; double-columned, it is true, but entirely legible and fair to the sight. Again, the ac-

tual bulk of the book is by no means considerable. The paper is thin, but opaque, and the binding in cloth free, and not weak. The book lies open as if it were a well-made Bible, and it does not tumble to pieces with the using.

A similar success must be chronicled of Mr. Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*,² and a comparison of this work with the Browning affords a fresh illustration of the value of good taste and sound judgment in the exercise of the book-maker's art. The two volumes are of the same size externally. Both are in double columns, and though Mr. Stedman's book contains two hundred and fifty pages less than the Browning, it required skill to pack all he had to offer into a single volume. What we wish to note is that, though it is built on the same lines as the Cambridge Editions, the nature of its contents determined variations which render the effect of the book individual, though it is in harmony with its fellows. There was a classification of an elaborate sort which called for several distinctions of type in the headings, and these distinctions are perfectly clear through the careful adjustment of the proportions of the type used. In this instance both compactness and freedom were demanded, and the combination of these elements on the printed page testifies to a high degree of skill and a scholarly taste on the part of those who regulated the page. We are occupied with the externals only of the books under review, but the studious care shown in this piece of book-making is very intimately connected with the extraordinary editorial art which has made the *Anthology* not only a most convenient survey of contemporaneous English verse, but, by its precision, its method, its order and classification, an analysis at a glance of the whole contents of the poetic period.

Of somewhat more monumental char-

¹ *The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning*. Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

² *A Victorian Anthology*. Selected and edited by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895.

acter, as befits the man whose recent death calls for all the tribute which the craft he blessed can give him, is the edition of Stevenson's works¹ which the publishers of his more important writings have set forth. The edition is in sixteen volumes, of which the novels and tales form the larger half, the remainder being divided among his travels, poems, and miscellaneous essays. There is a variation of perhaps a hundred and fifty pages between the largest and the smallest members of the series, a variation compelled, it would seem, by the grouping of the material; yet there is little apparent difference in the thickness of the volumes. It is a mistake, we think, to build up the smaller books in a set by the use of heavier paper, or to equalize the thickness by using a lighter weight in the books having a larger number of pages. It should be said, however, that the character of the laid paper in these volumes makes this inequality less perceptible in the handling.

The treatment of this series of books proceeds upon a different plan from that adopted in the edition of Burroughs already mentioned, and one may please himself with the fancy that an equal sense of fitness prevails in each case. For as a certain severe simplicity char-

acterizes the Burroughs throughout, here the note is a picturesque one. Stevenson justifies the picturesque, and these volumes attack the eye with a boldness which is not displeasing. They are bound in red buckram and have elaborately gilded backs. The page is large, and the type is of a cut which should be used sparingly by book-makers, especially when there is much matter to be set, for it has a brilliancy of display which is not restful, but insistent. Yet as one turns over page after page of this new Stevenson, and stops to read a favorite passage, or has his eye caught by some bit of color in speech, he is bound to confess that there is a natural harmony between the page and the witty thought it carries.

We have chosen a few examples with which to illustrate our thesis that the solid satisfaction which the book-lover takes in his books is due less to the extent with which they may be embellished than to the obedience they show to fundamental principles of art in book-making. Such books as are carefully studied, and are not governed by the ruling caprice, never lose their beauty; age does but mellow their graces, and the satisfaction they give when they are new is enhanced by the consideration that it will endure by companionship.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature. Reflections and Comments, 1865-1895, by Edwin Lawrence Godkin. (Scribners.) Mr. Godkin has gathered into this volume a selection from the articles that he has contributed to *The Nation* during the thirty years of his editorship, on social, personal, and (in the larger sense) political subjects. The usual doubt of the permanent value of essays prepared for use

¹ *The Writings of Robert Louis Stevenson*. In sixteen volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1895.

in periodicals is lessened, if not removed, in this case; for they are not editorials that were written for use in particular emergencies, but rather brief papers which, in spite of their brevity, go to the moral base of the subjects. They have a permanent quality, and some of them also an historical value. The volume is a very fair specimen of the work, both in its moral and in its literary quality, that has made *The Nation* a great power; and it is an appropriate commemoration of a memorable period of edito-

rial service, — a service that, happily, goes on with the same courage and helpfulness to our higher life that made its beginning, a generation ago, an event of national importance. — The Laureates of England, from Ben Jonson to Alfred Tennyson, with Selections from their Works, and an Introduction dealing with the Origin and Significance of the English Laureateship, by Kenyon West. With Illustrations by Frederic C. Gordon. (Stokes.) The editor of this selection is not deterred by the manifest artificiality of the scheme, and the plan is carried out with a just sense of the proportionate value of the several writings. Moreover, it gives an opportunity for some interesting oblique light on appreciation of poetry at successive courts, and the individual studies of the poets, though brief, are characterized by good taste and discrimination. The selections, too, are admirable, and the result is a book which surprises one by the felicity with which the editor has turned an apparently formal scheme into one natural and free. — Two more volumes of the pretty People's Edition of Tennyson have been published: *A Dream of Fair Women and Other Poems*, and *Locksley Hall and Other Poems*. We do not understand why the publishers do not number these volumes, since they are designed to form, when completed, a full collection of Tennyson's poems. (Macmillan.) — A great poem is developed, not made, and a close study of the development is likely to yield interesting and helpful results. In *The Growth of the Idylls of the King*, by Richard Jones (Lippincott), we have not only a minute record of the changes made in successive editions of the several Idylls (including even capitalization and punctuation), but also a discussion of the more important changes, an examination of the subject matter of the completed work, and an attempt to determine how far Tennyson followed Malory and how much he drew from other sources. The growth of the poet's plan is traced with care, and incidentally some of his methods of work are brought to view in a very suggestive way. The book is a distinct addition to the equipment for the study of Tennyson. — *Studies of Men*, by George W. Smalley. (Harpers.) We are glad that Mr. Smalley has published a second selection from his Tribune letters, rescuing a chosen few from the oblivion into which even the

best journalistic work swiftly passes; these excerpts being the more welcome because the correspondence, which the Spectator once aptly characterized as an excellent contemporary history of England, has come to an end, to the lasting regret and loss of many faithful readers. For years these letters held a position apart in American journalism, other regular work of the kind differing from them in quality as well as degree. Re-reading these Studies, one is impressed anew not only by the writer's wide knowledge of men and affairs and highly trained powers of observation, but also by the vigor, lucidity, and precision of the style, — a style so easily and agreeably readable that the good qualities which go to make it so are almost forgotten. Of course, judgments on passing events and the actors therein, even by the keenest looker-on, are not likely to be in any sense final, but they have a very real value, nevertheless. — The series of Dickens's novels in single volumes (Macmillan) is continued by the issue of *Our Mutual Friend*, with a brief introduction, giving a history of the publication, by Charles Dickens the younger, and forty illustrations by Marcus Stone. The type is good, and though there are eight hundred pages the book is not clumsy. — The fourteenth volume of that series of Defoe's *Romances and Narratives* which is the eighteenth century in miniature is devoted to *A New Voyage Round the World*. A circumnavigation of the globe offers less chance for art than life on an island, and the unrestrained liberty of the narrator results in less effective story, but Defoe is at his best in adventure. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) — It is no valley of dry bones through which one is led in *Latin Literature*, by J. W. Mackail. (Scribners.) A sense of life pervades it, which, aided by frequent comparisons with modern authors, makes it very readable. The reader must know more than a little Latin, however, or he will find embarrassment in some of the rather long untranslated quotations. The book is issued in the University Series, and takes the place of the volume which was expected from the pen of the late Professor Sellar, who was Mr. Mackail's teacher. — A welcome reprint is an attractive edition of *The Household of Sir Thomas More*, illustrated by John Jellicoe and Herbert Railton, and with an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton.

(Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Hutton, in his interesting if somewhat rambling preface, which is, properly enough, mainly historical, tells us almost nothing of the author of this charming book, and her name does not even appear on the title-page. Surely, in regard to so voluminous, and in the case of her best tales so popular a writer, a few facts might have been easily collected for those readers to whom Margaret More's diary was a dear early friend. Mr. Hutton says that Miss Manning never married, yet in *Allibone* she is recorded as Mrs. Rathbone; one of the few personal references to her we have encountered is in a letter of Miss Mitford's, written in 1854, where Miss Manning is positively declared to be dying, yet she undoubtedly lived and wrote books for more than a score of years thereafter. Her name does not appear in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, yet she is spoken of in the past tense. These things are sufficiently confusing to strivers after accuracy. — Long's translation of the *Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus* has been added to the beautifully printed and bound *Elia Series*. (Putnams.) — *Commemorative Addresses*, George William Curtis, Edwin Booth, Louis Kossuth, John James Audubon, William Cullen Bryant, by Parke Godwin. (Harpers.) — *Eugénie Grandet*, par Honoré de Balzac. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Eugène Bergeron. (Holt.) — *Modern German Literature*, by Benjamin W. Wells, Ph. D. (Roberts.) — *Gallica, and Other Essays*, by James Henry Hallard. (Longmans.) — *A Happy Life*, by Mary Davies Steele. (United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio.) — *Fables and Essays*, by John Bryan. (The Arts and Letters Co., New York.)

History and Biography. Julian, Philosopher and Emperor, and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity, by Alice Gardner. *Heroes of the Nations Series*. (Putnams.) An admirably clear, temperate, and impartial estimate of a singularly interesting and even fascinating personality. Miss Gardner shows that easy mastery of her subject which comes not only from a careful study of the central figure in her work, but also from a comprehensive and accurate knowledge of the age in which he lived; while her monograph is always excellent in arrangement, and lucid and readable in style. She handles skillfully the

difficulties in the way of understanding and defining the religious position of Julian, and makes plain how to his ardent and devoted soul any compromise between Christianity and Hellenic culture was impossible. He could not divide his allegiance. "In the triumph of Christianity he foresaw the Dark Ages. We cannot wonder that he did not see the Renaissance on the other side." Only less profound than the Emperor's mistake in believing in the speedy extinction of the new faith from Palestine was that of those who deemed that Hellenism had died with him. And there is much truth compressed into the closing sentence of the biographer's final survey of her hero's character and position in history: "It is the Christ, and not the Galilæan, that has conquered." — My Sister Henriette, Renan's touching tribute to the sister whose devotion and self-sacrifice may almost be said to have made his career possible, has been excellently translated by Miss Abby L. Alger, and brought out in an attractive form by Messrs. Roberts. The illustrations, from paintings by Henri Scheffer and Ary Renan, have been reproduced from the original work. These include an interesting portrait of Renan as a young man. The monograph, now first given to the public, was written and privately printed in 1862, a year after the death of its subject. — *Some Memories of Paris*, by F. Adolphus. (Holt.) An entertaining book, covering the recollections of a correspondent of the London press, and containing some specially graphic pictures of the days of the Commune. — *A Working Manual of American History, for Teachers and Students*, by William H. Mace (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), is intended primarily to help teachers in making clear the process by which our institutional life has come to be what it is. Curiously, it has neither table of contents nor index. — *Essays in American History*, by Henry Ferguson (James Pott & Co.), contains four papers on important subjects in New England History, — the Quakers, the Witches, Sir Edmund Andros, and the Loyalists. They are clear and sane, and the author has studied to be strictly accurate. — *Genesis and Semitic Tradition*, by John D. Davis, Ph. D. (Scribners.) — *An Old New England Town, Sketches of Life, Scenery, Character*, by Frank Samuel Child. With Illustrations. (Scribners.) — *A Great*

Mother, Sketches of Madam Willard, by Frances E. Willard and Minerva Brace Norton. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. (Woman's Temperance Publishing Association, Chicago.) — *Études Archéologiques et Variétés*, par Alphonse Gagnon. (Mercier & Cie, Levis, Canada.) — *The Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Hahnemann*, by Thomas Lindsley Bradford, M. D. (Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia.)

Nature and Travel. Dog Stories from The Spectator, with an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. (Macmillan.) It was a happy thought to bring together these stories from the correspondence columns of the Spectator; for though many of the anecdotes were sure to be recalled by interested readers, few would be likely to go through some twoscore volumes of the paper in search of them. Besides, as the editor soon found, the stories gain greatly by being arranged in groups, thus giving us, not one, but half a dozen instances of some special form of intelligence. We have, among others, sympathetic, humane, jealous, humorous, and cunning dogs, as well as prudent and businesslike ones, who go a-shopping, knowing exactly what they want, and also understanding the purchasing power of different coins. The book will be full of interest for dog-lovers, who each and all will be eager to match some one of the tales from their own experience, and for students of animal intelligence as well; while, better still, the volume so makes for humanity that it deserves to be crowned by the S. P. C. A. — *Poets' Dogs*, collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson. (Putnams.) A comprehensive collection of dog-poems, from the Odyssey's commemoration of the dog Argus to the latter-day tender tributes to Geist and Kaiser. Even the dogs of Mother Goose are not forgotten. — *British Birds*, by W. H. Hudson. With a Chapter on Structure and Classification, by Frank E. Beddard. (Longmans.) Besides reaching the British audience for which it was especially intended, it will be strange if this book does not find its way into many American libraries. Not only amateurs in ornithology, but many others, readers of English literature, will be glad to have these admirable life-histories of nightingale, lark, cuckoo, blackbird, robin, thristle, wren, and other less famous but

hardly less interesting birds. Mr. Hudson very properly gives special attention to the songs, though no imitations are attempted; and in this particular we notice that Mr. John Burroughs is quoted several times, usually with approval of his close observation and happy description. Two hundred and odd species are treated at some length, and about two thirds of these are figured. Accidental and irregular visitors are included, but not described. The eight colored plates are by Mr. A. Thorburn, and most of the other illustrations are by Mr. G. E. Lodge. They are all artistic, and are apparently good portraits. The descriptions of species are short and untechnical. Unfortunately, no dimension but length is given, so that the picture, when present, is the only guide to the proportions. The heron, whose length is said to be thirty-six inches, may be supposed to resemble in form the pheasant, which measures three feet long. In his introductory chapter, Mr. Beddard fails to give due credit to many batrachians, mammals, and non-passerine birds for their vocal accomplishments when he limits their utterances to screams, growls, and "dull notes." — *The Pheasant: Natural History*, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; *Shooting*, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; *Cookery*, by Alexander Innes Shand. (Longmans.) In this third volume of the Fur and Feather Series Mr. Stuart-Wortley describes what he aptly calls the "pastime" of pheasant-shooting. He cannot give it the name of sport. And yet, killing the bird in the sportsmanlike manner which he insists upon requires a certain degree of skill. Indeed, the pastime would be a sorry one if it did not. The book states the *raison d'être* of pheasant-shooting very well and sets forth all its good points, but it is easy to see that Mr. Stuart-Wortley's heart is not in that kind of sport. It cannot take the place of grouse-shooting with him or with any other true lover of nature and outdoor life. But though as game it must yield the front rank, the pheasant is in many respects an interesting bird, and has a pedigree extending back to the time of the Argonauts. Its history, early and late, and its natural history besides, is well told by Mr. Macpherson. Finally, the bird is served up in an almost distractingly appetizing style by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, whose treatise on its table virtues

is well seasoned with anecdotes. The illustrations, by Mr. A. Thorburn, are excellent, as usual. — *Little Rivers, a Book of Essays in Profitable Idleness*, by Henry Van Dyke. (Scribners.) The most delightful sketch in this collection is that which gives its title to the book. That and the second are written in a tender and reminiscent strain which seems so spontaneous that the reader is fain to let himself drift back into his own past, especially if he is so fortunate as to have a past well watered by little rivers. The other sketches are entertaining narratives of excursions in the Adirondacks, Scotland, Canada, the Tyrol, and Germany, accompanied by a faithful trout-rod, which on occasions gives place to a two-handed salmon-rod. In *A Handful of Heather* the author writes charmingly of his literary loves. We suspect he is not the only man who has fallen in love with Sheila, though few have had such opportunities as his for indulging their sentimental passion. — *The Last Cruise of the Miranda, a Record of Arctic Adventure*, by Henry Collins Walsh. With Contributions from Prof. Wm. H. Brewer and fifteen others. Profusely illustrated from Photographs taken on the Trip. (Transatlantic Publishing Co.) An account of the unlucky Arctic expedition conducted by Dr. Frederick A. Cook in the summer of 1894. The narrative is in many respects an interesting one, but there is an amateurish air about the book, which is not entirely dispelled by the valuable papers of Professor Brewer, Professor G. Frederick Wright, and others, on the subjects of their special studies. Mr. Walsh tells us that the proceeds of the sale of the volume are to be devoted to reimbursing the captain and crew of the rescuing schooner *Rigel*, who, on account of the sinking of the disabled *Miranda*, were unable to recover the entire sum due them. — From the Black Sea through Persia and India, by Edwin Lord Weeks. Illustrated by the Author. (Harpers.) This rather imaginative title appropriately introduces a book which depends for its interest more upon what it tells than on any charm in the telling. It was after reaching India that Mr. Weeks found most to attract him, and from that point his book becomes something more than a mere narrative of his journey. The illustrations, which are very good throughout, are also especially interesting when the

subjects are the streets, the people, and the temples of Hindostan. Japan is picturesque and charming, but India is something more. She is built on a larger scale than the island empire. Pictures like these of Mr. Weeks's will help stay-at-home travelers to an appreciation of her magnificence. The author writes at some length of the art of India as shown in architecture, wood-carving, and painting. The condition of the country under English rule engages his attention, also, and he has a good deal to say about the native regiments. The first third of the book is the story of an ill-timed journey through a cholera-smitten country. The sad circumstances attending the death of Mr. Weeks's traveling-companion, Mr. Theodore Child, are only very briefly touched upon. — William Winter's *Gray Days and Gold* has been added to Macmillan's *Miniature Series* in paper.

Poetry. The Cambridge Holmes (Houghton) is the short title by which will be known the new single-volume edition of Dr. Holmes's complete poetical works, uniform with the Cambridge Editions of Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning. The bulk of Holmes's poetry is not too great to be brought well within the scope of a two-column octavo volume, and the equipment surely is all that could reasonably be asked. A portrait, a biographical sketch, headnotes, dates, poems depressed to the level of small type because discarded from the company of the poet's more determined work, chronological list, indexes, — here is a compact, well-ordered accompaniment which will last long as an adequate critical apparatus. — *Echoes from the Sabine Farm*, by Eugene and Roswell Field. (Scribners.) Whether these *Echoes* be called versions of Horace or diversions of two brothers, it is palpably clear that they cannot be called translations. They are, rather, fluent, highly Americanized paraphrases of the Latin poet, emphasizing with special stress all the more convivial notes from his songs, and displaying an intimacy with the terms of our most modern Occidental speech which may be held the least classic. Yet who shall say that Horace brought to life would not lament his returning too late to meet both of these last worshipers at his shrine? — *Mimosa-Leaves*, by Grace Denio Litchfield. Illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong. (Putnams.) The note of courage

and brightness is struck more persistently in this little volume than that of sorrow, yet nowhere more truly than in the vigorous and unflinching poem *Pain* is the writer's strength shown. These are lines of more than common power, and with others of their kind give the book a quality of realness more intense than its graceful garb and the decorations lead one to expect. — *The Magic House, and Other Poems*, by Duncan Campbell Scott. (Copeland & Day.) These poems, under the same title, but with a title-page bearing the imprint of a Canadian publisher, have come to us before. The volume in its new hands has lost none of the beauty which we remarked on its earlier appearance, and the poems, need we say, have their same graceful quality. — *The Legend of the White Canoe*, by William Trumbull. With Photogravures from Designs by F. V. Du Mond. (Putnams.) — *Shakuntala, or, The Recovered Ring, a Hindoo Drama*, by Kalidasa. Translated from the Sanskrit by A. Hjalmar Edgren, Ph. D. (Holt.) — *Mariana, an Original Drama, in Three Acts and an Epilogue*, by José Echegaray. Translated by James Graham. (Roberts.) — *The Treasures of Kurium*, by Ellen M. H. Gates. (Putnams.) — *Ernest England, or, A Soul laid Bare, a Drama, for the Closet*, by J. A. Parker. (Imported by Scribners.) — *Pebbles and Boulders, selected from Poems written at Moments of Leisure*, by Nathan A. Woodward. (Charles Wells Moulton, Buffalo.)

Fiction. Uniform with the reissue of Thomas Hardy's earlier novels in a neat library edition comes his latest, *Jude the Obscure*, with a most unpleasantly deprecatory shrug in the preface. (Harpers.) It is melancholy to see how Mr. Hardy has allowed himself to brood over unwholesome scenes, until he sees everything, including the sun in the heavens, through smoked glass. All has gone awry, but he does not appear to suspect his own squint. — *The Life of Nancy*, by Sarah Orne Jewett. (Houghton.) The title story of this collection of ten tales might well stand as a representative title for a very large part of Miss Jewett's work. She has done precisely this, — got at the life of "Nancy," the homely New England maiden whose city sister is "Annie;" not at the mere external circumstance of Nancy, but at her life, what she thinks about, dreams about, knows

in her soul; not, again, at some sharp moment in Nancy's experience, some acidulous drop into which her life has been distilled, but at her common experience as it flows on year after year. With each new volume Miss Jewett shows a finer power over language, while preserving the old, simple flavor of sympathy and strong sense of what is humanly probable in the characters she portrays. — *From the Memoirs of a Minister of France*, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) It will surely be to the great contentment of all his readers that in this book Mr. Weyman returns to the time and scene of his most successful tales, the France of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The dozen stories which make up the volume are in their form episodes from Sully's Memoirs, the personality of the narrator serving as a connecting thread. Not only is the great minister a singularly lifelike figure, but his still more famous master is drawn with an ease and a sureness of touch altogether admirable. Again, we must note how, without carefully, not to say painfully elaborated descriptions or archaisms of manner and phrase on the one hand, or impertinent intrusions of the life and thought of to-day on the other, we are, by means apparently the simplest and most natural, given the atmosphere and feeling of the time. Remarkable, too, is the variety of motive and incident to be found in these sketches. Indeed, viewing him only as an excellent story-teller, we think this volume often shows the author at his best. — *The Stark Munro Letters*, by A. Conan Doyle. (Appletons.) It is easy to imagine the feelings of the ordinary devourer of fiction when he finds that this book is not an exciting historical romance, nor an ingenious detective story, nor even thrilling episodes in a physician's life, but the plain, unvarnished tale of the struggles of a young doctor, without money or influence, to build up a very modestly remunerative practice. We have no right to infer that the work is autobiographic, but it is certainly realistic in a good sense, and will, we think, interest a not inconsiderable number of readers. The sketch of the narrator's unfriendly friend, Cullingworth, part genius, part charlatan, part knave, and potentially wholly a lunatic, may not be a life-study, but it is an exceedingly vivid piece of character-drawing,

and would alone give value to the volume, whose weakest feature is the stress laid upon the hero's rather boyish and quite commonplace agnosticism. — *The Wonderful Visit*, by H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.) This agreeably readable fantasy tells of the haps and mishaps, usually the latter, of an angel who accidentally finds himself on the earth, the place of his involuntary descent being an English village, where dwell a collection of Philistines not differing greatly from other coteries to which we have frequently been introduced. The satire of the sketch is also of a rather familiar kind, but the little tale is told with originality of manner if not of thought, and with wit and humor as well. Nor does it lack a touch of pathos. — *My Japanese Wife*, by Clive Holland. (Macmillan.) The tale fitly contained in this pretty booklet is told with a charming and dainty grace quite worthy of the fascinating child-woman who is its heroine. It is impossible to imagine Mousmé in any but a Japanese setting, and her possible English experiences would cause some misgivings if we were able to take her pleasing history very seriously. — *The Red Star*, by L. McManus. The Autonym Library. (Putnams.) The history of a high-born Polish girl, in the days when the battle of Eylau was fought, who, when the only man of her house declines to join the French, disguises herself as a boy and leads some of her vassals to the war, where her fate becomes intertwined with that of her nominal husband, a Russian officer, to whom she had been forcibly wedded. The tale is told with so much spirit, and here and there so graphically, that it is quickly read, and for the moment its rather startling improbabilities are overlooked. — *Lady Bonnie's Experiment*, by Tighe Hopkins. (Holt.) A sketch rather than a story, of the flimsiest texture, but sometimes brightly and always smartly written. — *Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches*, by Alvan Francis Sanborn. (Copeland & Day.) A baker's dozen of sketches of the mud age of civilization. Other writers go to this source for realistic sketches or for philanthropic designs. Mr. Sanborn seems to take the ground that he is to be a close reporter of men and things as they are on this low level. He has not the power of Stevenson to get at the real man behind his rags; and after all, what is

the use of the book? It has all the outside air of literature and not of a sociological report, but is in reality nothing more than an author's studies, and should no more be published than the sketches of an artist who is studying to make pictures. — *The Adventures of Jones*, by Hayden Carruth. (Harpers.) The spirit if not the genius of Baron Munchausen fell upon Jones. He struggles manfully, but the burden is heavy, and sometimes he is near sinking under it. His stories of wonderful inventions are only moderately wonderful inventions themselves, but the book can at least be commended as a terrible warning to young liars, and also for its entire freedom from vulgarity. — *The Price of Peace*, a Story of the Times of Ahab, King of Israel, by A. W. Ackerman. (McClurg.) — *The Panglima Muda*, a Romance of Malaya, by Rounseville Wildman. (Overland Monthly Publishing Co.). — *Transplanted Manners*, a Novel, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London.) — *Garrison Tales from Tonquin*, by James O'Neill. (Copeland & Day.)

Books for the Young. *A Life of Christ for Young People*, in Questions and Answers, by Mary Hastings Foote (Harpers), covers the events from the Annunciation to the Ascension, as nearly as possible in what is now believed to be the true chronological order. There are more than eighteen hundred of the questions and answers, generally brief, clear, and pointed, many of them couched in the exact language of the Authorized Version. The author is orthodox and devout, and makes good use of the fruits of the latest scholarship. — *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: illustrated by R. A. Bell; edited, with an Introduction, by Israel Gollancz. (Dent, London; Macmillan, New York.) Mr. Gollancz, though possibly a little too much affected by the idea that he is writing to children, puts in capital form a scholarly and imaginative account of the origin and meaning of the great play. The illustrations are playful and suggestive in a modest, agreeable fashion. — *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, a Story of the City Beautiful, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) "Perhaps theirs was a fairy story," says the writer regarding the history of the twins, Robin and Meg, orphans of twelve years, who by months of hard, persistent work earn enough

to go to the Chicago Fair, and there meet their destiny, a rich, lonely, unhappy man, whom they comfort and cheer, and who of course adopts them. We fear that a stern Realist would agree with the writer, but for ourselves, we are quite willing that children should still have a good ending to their tales; and as they will instinctively feel that the boy and girl who go to the City Beautiful are an exceedingly uncommon pair, the good fortune that attends them will be accepted as, in their case, altogether natural. We should be more disposed to take exception to the author's habit of occasionally writing of rather than for children, though this is less marked here than in some of her recent juvenile stories. — *A Boy of the First Empire*, by Elbridge S. Brooks. (Century Co.) The revival of the Napoleonic legend was sure to produce a tale belonging thereto concerning the fortunes of some ardent boy Bonapartist to whom the Emperor plays the part of earthly providence, and in this handsome, profusely illustrated volume we find such a history. The author has brought out a good deal of juvenile historic fiction, and though he quite lacks a distinction of style very desirable in writing of this class, or any vivid imaginative power, he is generally spirited and readable, and follows his authorities with reasonable accuracy. — The want of distinction of which we speak is more sensibly felt in another book from the same hand, *Great Men's Sons, Who They Were, What They Did, and How They Turned Out: A Glimpse at the Sons of the World's Mightiest Men*, from Socrates to Napoleon. (Putnams.) This volume is also generously, and on the whole well illustrated. — *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet. (McClurg.) An entirely conventional tale of a lost child, brought up by a peasant woman; the distinguished-looking old gentleman and lovely young lady, with sad faces, whom the boy has admired from a distance, naturally proving to be his own high-born kinsfolk. The writer loves Florence, but this fact, and calling a child a *bimbo*, or scattering a few other Italian words through the dialogue, do not make the little hero and his friends Tuscans, or indeed the living denizens of any other land. The publishers have brought out the book in an attractive guise. — *Guert Ten Eyck, a Hero Story*, by W. O. Stoddard.

(Lothrop.) — *English Men of Letters for Boys and Girls*, Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, by Gertrude H. Ely. (E. L. Kellogg & Co.) — *Polly Button's New Year*, by Mrs. C. F. Wilder. (Crowell.) — *Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger*, by Henry Willard French. (Lothrop.)

Year-Books and Calendars. The beginning of the year brings a variety of prettily bound and otherwise attractive year-books and volumes of selections from favorite writers. In white and gold are *Helpful Words*, from the Writings of Edward Everett Hale, selected by Mary B. Merrill (Roberts), in which a single page is given to each extract, with a small picture opposite; and *Messages of Faith, Hope, and Love, Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Sermons and Writings of James Freeman Clarke*, with a portrait of Dr. Clarke as a frontispiece. (Geo. H. Ellis.) — *The Helen Jackson Year-Book, Selections by Harriet T. Perry*. Illustrated by full-page designs by Emil Bayard, and vignette titles by E. H. Garrett. (Roberts.) — *About Men: What Women Have Said. An Every-Day Book*. Chosen and arranged by Rose Porter. (Putnams.) Selections from the writings of twelve women (one for each month), from Maria Edgeworth to Mrs. Humphry Ward. — *Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies*, selected by H. S. H. Waylen. One of the handsomest of this season's books of the kind. Finally, and somewhat out of the ordinary course of these volumes, comes *The Proverbial Philosophy of Confucius, Quotations from the Chinese Classics for Each Day in the Year*, compiled by Forster H. Jennings, with Preface by Hon. Pom Kwang Soh, Minister of Justice to H. M. the King of Korea. (Putnams.) — L. Prang & Co., Boston, send an assortment of things to give away, because of their holiday air and general attractiveness: *Our Poets' Calendar for 1896*, with heads of Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, and Emerson; *A Posy of Forget-Me-Nots*, half a dozen cards, with the flower in various combinations and verses from various poets, the cards tied by a blue ribbon; another *Calendar*, composed of violets and figures; *A Handful of June Pansies*, the same kind of fancy on a larger scale and with more range to the poetry; *A Posy of Sweet Peas*, on the same plan; a *Calendar*, with infantile figures presiding over each quarter; a

Happy Childhood Calendar, a little more elaborate ; *Roses, Roses all the Way*, dedicated to Rose, and a mingling of flowers and verse ; and finally, *Six British Authors*, ribbon-tied cards with portraits of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Byron, Burns, and Browning, verses from these poets, and idealized houses in which the equally idealized portraits may be hung.

Periodicals. The fiftieth volume of *The Century* is characterized in part by the infrequency of serial matter and the abundance of poetry. The leading serial is Mr. Sloane's *Napoleon Bonaparte*. (*Century Co.*) — The two volumes of *St. Nicholas* covering the year from November, 1894, to November, 1895 (*Century Co.*), enable one to see how varied are the contents of the magazine, and that the editors endeavor to mix in as much introduction to literature and natural history and science generally as they think omnivorous readers of stories will stand. — *The Yellow Book*, Volume VII., October, 1895. (*Copeland & Day.*)

Household Economics. *The Century Cook Book*, by Mary Ronald. (*Century Co.*) The illustrations form the distinguishing and a distinctly valuable feature of this book. They are reproductions from photographs, showing various dishes, the garniture thereof, as well as utensils used in their preparation. The volume also contains chapters on dinner-giving, directions as to laying the table, serving, and kindred topics, — the directions and suggestions being usually clear and sensible. Viewed simply as a collection of receipts, the book should take a fair rank, though it is certainly neither better nor more complete than are several of the well-known compilations in general use. In its size and make-up this manual is probably the handsomest and most imposing cook book of the day. — *Swain Cookery*, with Health Hints, by Rachel Swain, M. D. (*Fowler & Wells.*) Intended, we are assured, "to cultivate correct dietetic habits," and dedicated "to those who love the largeness of life and the bounty of good living." — *Food Products of the World*, by Mary E. Green, M. D. Edited and illustrated by Grace Green Bohn. (*The Hotel World, Chicago.*)

Guidebooks and Handbooks. *The Harvard Guide-Book*, by Franklin Baldwin Wiley. (*C. W. Sever, Cambridge.*) It appears that

for more than twelve years no comprehensive guidebook of the university at Cambridge has been newly published. Mr. Wiley's is excellent in arrangement, and should be commended especially for the manner in which it brings forward the many lines our Cambridge poets, old and young, have written of the scenes they have loved. A useful appendix describes the windows in Memorial Hall. — *Hand-Book of Sanitary Information for Householders*, containing Facts and Suggestions about Ventilation, Drainage, Care of Contagious Diseases, Disinfection, Food, and Water. With Appendices on Disinfectants and Plumbers' Materials. By Roger S. Tracy, M. D., Sanitary Inspector of the New York City Health Department. (*Appletons.*) The title sufficiently explains what the book is. In addition, it is only necessary to say that there are thirty-three illustrations and a complete index. — *Ancestry, the Objects of the Hereditary Societies and the Military and Naval Orders of the United States, and the Requirements for Membership Therein*, compiled by Eugene Zieber. (*The Bailey, Banks & Biddle Co., Philadelphia.*)

Science. *Life and Love*, by Margaret Warner Morley. Illustrated by the Author. (*McClurg.*) "T is love that makes the world go round." This is Miss Morley's text, although she does not announce it in these words. The book is a natural sequel to her *Song of Life*, published a few years ago. The present volume was written rather for the uninformed general reader than for children, but is so elementary in treatment and so elevated in tone that it could well be placed in young hands. The reproductive instinct and functions, as exhibited in all classes of animals and plants, are explained in a delicate and sometimes even poetic manner, yet without the slightest departure from strict scientific accuracy ; and the author's idea of love, in the purest and most exalted sense of the word, as the underlying principle of life, is kept constantly in view. The book might well be used as an antidote for the teachings of the physiological novel. — *Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes*, by the Rev. T. W. Webb. Fifth edition, revised and greatly enlarged by Rev. T. E. Espin. In two volumes. (*Longmans.*) — *Popular Scientific Lectures*, by Ernst Mach, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by

Thomas J. McCormack. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — The Growth of the Brain, a Study of the Nervous System in Relation to Education, by Henry Herbert Donaldson, Professor of Neurology in the University

of Chicago. (Imported by Scribners.) — The Forces of Nature, a Study of Natural Phenomena, by Herbert B. Harrop and Louis A. Wallis. (Harrop & Wallis, Columbus, Ohio.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Decameron. THE monograph on Boccaccio by Mr. J. A. Symonds, which has been lately published, sets one a-thinking again about the Decameron. Mr. Symonds is exceedingly enthusiastic in his praises, and hands on the Boccaccio tradition bright as a dollar. Everybody has flattered Boccaccio, great men, little men, grave old plodders, gay young friskers, until it should seem that the consent of many generations had correctly expressed the measure of the man. You have almost a conviction of this until you read the Decameron; then comes over you a growing sense of irreverence, of a sort of *sans-culottisme littéraire*, and you look around you over the great gravestones in the churchyard of literature, and wonder if it be a sacred place. Why has there been this deal of courtesy to Messer Giovanni Boccaccio? Ulysses says that

"Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the corner."

And in truth, Time commonly deals with men in a most unmannerly way; but once you get on the right side of Time, he proves the best of friends. The more the years roll on, the firmer stand his favorites, especially if they be writers of books; for the years sweep away the books, and no sooner is all evidence gone than judgment of immortality is entered at once. Howbeit, it is easier to say why a man wins Time's partiality than why he should deserve it. Boccaccio's success is readily explained. He was the first in the field, and came in on the rising tide of the Renaissance. Yet the Decameron is a book with a feeble pulse of life. It has more genuine *fin de siècle* flavor than any such put forth nowadays. Once a man is first, by the law that whips creatures along the line of least resistance, he will have imitators, disciples, advocates,

and a grand army of pensioners, all living on his reputation. So it fell out with Boccaccio, and at last he got into encyclopædias and literature primers, and such like perdurable niches of fame, as the "Father of Italian Prose" and the "Prince of Story-Tellers," and his name shall live forever. Professors, sub-professors, and essayists make literary genealogies immortal as that of Noah. And so it has come to be common report that Petrarch while he was yet young begat Boccaccio, and Boccaccio after living two hundred years begat Ariosto, Sannazzaro, Aretino, and many others. And in fact by that time, Boccaccio, having no rivals, was lauded and applauded by the *cinquecentisti* till they too passed away, and since then nobody has read him. I mean that nobody reads him for the pleasure of it, but by authority or curiosity, or to pass examinations, except that noble company to whom a book is a book and a thing of beauty, and its contents may be such as pleases God.

All this I say, admitting, of course, that Boccaccio was an artist and a very clever man. In art he was full of the true spirit of the Renaissance, and he put his hundred tales into a most enduring form. The story of the plague in Florence is mightily interesting; and in front of this horrid black background, fearful as the scrubby thickets where the harpies roost, come tripping along seven delightful young ladies and three charming young gentlemen, like a troop from one of Burne-Jones's pictures. You may think, as you read, that your interest is absorbed by this description of the plague because it is a tale about the wonderful city of Florence told by an eye-witness. But that explanation is not enough, as is proved by Machiavelli's account of a plague in Florence. Machiavelli, weighed in moral scales, tips up Boccaccio ten times

over, but his plague compared to Boccaccio's is a very humdrum and chickenpox affair.

The places whither these ladies and gentlemen go are very delightful places, but how can they help themselves, all dressed up in *la favella Toscana*? You have only to shake an Italian dictionary, and such wonderful words drop out that you at once dream of "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas in fairyland." In the Decameron *carissime donne e nobilissimi giovani* wander over *montagnette*, through *boschetti verdissimi*, alongside of *chiarissimi fiumicelli*, brushing with loitering feet the *rugiadose erbette*, and everything is so *gradevole, piacevole, and dilettevole* that there care could not kill a cat. This lovely frame peeps out again at the end of every ten stories; for after all the company have told their tales, they dance and sing and sup, and one among them recites a *ballata*. The workmanship of this is like the shine of beads on a rich brocade. I wish some one would get out an edition of the Decameron without the stories. Those hundred stories are some ninety-eight or ninety-nine too many.

As to the matter of Boccaccio's invention, Mr. Symonds admits that he laid his hands upon plots wherever he found them, and says, What of it? It is Boccaccio's art that has given them their value. That may be true, but it is Boccaccio's misfortune that Cymbeline should have been built on the plot of one of his tales, and The Clerk's Tale and the Pot of Basil on those of others. These Englishmen whet your appetite for poetry till it becomes so voracious and intolerant that you cannot abide a story of life without it; and they convince you that wherever two or three human beings are gathered together the spirit of poetry is there also, and that the chief business of the story-teller is to bring it out. In all Boccaccio's hundred tales there is not one breath of poetry.

However, it may not be fair, and it is not necessary, to go to Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Keats. Take the famous story of the husband who murdered his wife's lover, cut his heart out, and had it served up to her for dinner. Compare Boccaccio's version with the same story told of Guillem de Cabestahn, the troubadour, which Mr. Francis Hueffer has taken from a Provençal manuscript in the Laurentian Library at Flor-

ence. It is possible that Boccaccio got his story from that very source. The Provençal version is full of passion, and Boccaccio has kept nothing but the bare brutality of the plot. Boccaccio's artful way of stabbing romance shows itself in this story. The wife, on being told that she has eaten her lover's heart, kills herself, and the husband's emotion is — "*parvegli aver mal fatto*." In most of the stories the plot is the most interesting thing, and it must be confessed that the variety of incident is most excellent work.

Mr. Symonds, in his athletic way, calls the Decameron "that stately art work, completely finished, fair in all its parts, appropriately framed, subordinate to one principle of style, with the master's Shakspearean grasp on all heights and depths, on the kernel and the superficies, the pomp and misery, the pleasures and the pangs of mortal life." This is a melancholy instance of the hand being subdued to what it works in. In the Decameron there are no heights or depths, nor mountains nor valleys, nor hills nor dells; only little hummocks and hollows. It is merely excellent landscape gardening. In fact, it is the monotonous human level that strikes the reader, — no virtue, no vice. For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, and Boccaccio was an extraordinarily clever Florentine epicurean, to whom virtue and vice were but two Dromios playing the world's farce.

Inability to depict character is another conspicuous failing. Giannello and Peronella, Frate Cipolla, Madonna Agnese, Messer Calandrino, and Niccolosa are a stock company of bad actors, who change their names and clothes from time to time, but nothing else.

The principal objection to the Decameron for the modern reader must necessarily be the indecency of the stories. After making all allowances for *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and for the fact that human beings are akin to the brutes, the reader is forced to the conclusion that this perpetual indecency is not due to the fact that the writer was a *cittadino Fiorentino* and a *trecentista*, but that he was Messer Giovanni Boccaccio. Indecency may be more popular and more public at one time than at another, of course, but probably there are always some people who believe that decency makes life richer and more enjoyable, and others who

do not. Of the latter was Boccaccio. In Italy, at that very time, Petrarch was employing his genius writing love poems of a most delicate and refined nature, and Dante, the greatest idealist in this respect that ever lived, was alive when Boccaccio was a boy. Boccaccio himself lectured on Dante. Mr. Symonds admits that Boccaccio could not understand Dante's sentiment for Beatrice. He puts it thus: "Between Boccaccio and the enthusiasms of the Middle Ages a ninefold Styx already rolled its waves." But the difficulty with this apology is that this ninefold Styx shows an infernal ingenuity in rolling around Boccaccio alone. Read Petrarch's tenth sonnet:—

"I benedico il loco e'l tempo e l'ora
Che sì alto miraron gli occhi miei."

Yet it is not merely the denial of the value of idealizing the love of woman, as to which there may be an honest disagreement, but the lack of all interest in anything that vitally concerns human society, that confounds the reader: no loyalty, no honor, no generosity, no sympathy, no courage, no fortitude, no recklessness of consequence,—nothing male in the whole book. Boccaccio left these things out because he wished to interest, and did not think them interesting. Nothing is fit to his hand except the meetings of one blackguard with another of the opposite sex.

"Spitzbübin war sie, er war ein Dieb," is true of all his heroes and heroines.

It is this narrow range of interest that prevents the Decameron from being a great book. It has been called the *Commedia Humana*, but compare it with Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*; and though Balzac may be deficient in appreciation of the poetry of life, you see at once how much wider and more generous his sympathies are. When Boccaccio's contemporary, Chaucer, tells his tales, he roams up and down through the emotions. This limitation of the Decameron strikes the reader into a melancholy, in spite of its beautiful framework, its merriment and its variety. He perceives that even the memory of ancient Rome is gone from Italy, and in its stead has come that intelligent and rational epicureanism which, as Mr. Kidd tells us so vivaciously, must inevitably bring national degradation in its train. We cannot but believe that some of Boccaccio's original readers foresaw the five hundred years of servitude between

Petrarch's "*Italia Mia*" and Leopardi's "*O Patria Mia*," and that the book even then had a profoundly tragic element.

Europe in — Did you find Europe old? Good Repair. Then thank your good angel that led you blindfolded through a land sprinkled with guidebooks and vergers, overrun by tourists, and given over to the amenities of travel.

Cologne cathedral was my first recognized disappointment. We reached it by way of Antwerp and Aix la Chapelle. Rubens's florid tomb and Charlemagne's uncomfortable coronation chair had, it is true, made me vaguely uneasy. But it was not until I saw Cologne cathedral that I knew to a certainty that I was disappointed. There it stood in all its beauty, immaculate, spick-span; as if it had been built seven years ago instead of seven hundred. My companion gazed upon it, wrapped in admiration. She, fortunate soul, could bear corroborative witness to the guidebook's testimony: "It justly excites the admiration of every beholder." She called my lagging attention to its rare beauty and finish. Finish—yes, "finished in 1880." Beauty—What went we out for to see? Fine buildings? Nay, we had traveled thousands of miles that we might come in touch with the old, the historic, and here I stood before an advertised antiquity and felt no responsive thrill,—I, who at home worshiped the past, haunted old cemeteries and bought only old furniture! Nor was the inside much better. We had happened in Cologne on a feast day. We stood and watched the procession of priests move slowly up the broad aisle. They were round of head, round of person, and solid of foot,—not a suggestion of the tonsured monk of the Middle Ages. If those early monks were of the earth, earthy, we to-day feel it not. They are long since dust and ashes, and by a sort of homœopathic process have become canonized in our imaginations. But these modern priests, they are yet in the body. Led by an assiduous attendant, we visited the choir chapel, climbed to the choir gallery, and even to the top of the tower. Not so much as a thrill to reward our tired legs. It was all shockingly new and surpassingly beautiful.

It may be that this first disappointment affected all my subsequent impressions of Europe. For I looked and hungered in

vain for the glory of the past. There is no past in Europe. It is all distressingly up to date. The ruins are all in an excellent state of preservation, thanks to the constant and watchful care bestowed on them. I gazed upon the bullet holes that mark the place where William the Silent met his fate. I tried to be impressed by their age, by the tragedy they commemorated. All in vain. I could only look upon them as well-preserved bullet holes, hold my peace, and wonder what William the Silent would have thought. Even Heidelberg Castle, with its promenades and bands and guides, is a sort of historic beer garden.

It is the tourist that has spoiled Europe. First and foremost, he is everywhere, mar-
ring the picturesque market-place by his presence, robbing it of its local color, and having too little individuality to replace it by anything of his own. And secondly, his influence is constantly seen in the eager attempts made to satisfy his curiosity. Everywhere and in everything is manifest a pathetic, thrifty provision to catch his eye and his dollars. Ruins are labeled — nay, even restored — for his benefit. Guides are constantly at hand. All Europe is one continuous show.

If the enterprise stopped at ruins, one might endure it, harrowing though it is. But even nature is not safe from the rejuvenating hand. "As old as the hills," we say. Alas, not in Switzerland. Each peak and crevasse is ticketed and advertised, nor could I escape the impression, during my stay there, that the cheerful bugler, whose notes every morning woke the hotel in time for the advertised sunrise, had carefully dusted each shining peak before summoning us to the spectacle. A long-handled feather duster hovered dimly in my imagination. And I felt, when I dropped the customary coin into his customary palm at the hotel door, that I paid for both waking and dusting. Then I would take my misty way to the top of the kulg; and lo, out of the shrouding mists, tables and booths would shape themselves to my sleepy vision, — tables laden with colored photographs and carved salad-forks and stick-pins. And I would turn my back upon them, and watch for the "red eye" of dawn to appear, just as the guidebook describes it, with a vague feeling that each individual

salad-fork and stick-pin was imbedded in my spinal column.

No, it is only by chance and rare good fortune that one finds the old in Europe. Some little out-of-the-way place has escaped the all-seeing Baedeker eye. You come upon it by accident, and suddenly you feel yourself in the presence of the old, the venerable. The town may not boast even one ruin, but it has the atmosphere of antiquity. It grins down at you from grotesque gargoyles; it reaches out to you in curiously wrought door-handles; it smiles from quaintly colored rural pictures upon some burgher's house; it clatters in sabots over the cobbled streets: and you yield yourself to it and breathe deep. It is genuine antiquity; there is no mistaking the flavor.

It is the same feeling that has swept over you hundreds of times in sleepy New England towns where Time has had his way. You are reminded, perhaps, of Old Hadley cemetery, where one long Indian-summer afternoon you drifted with the hours, and the peace of the past came upon you, and baffling mysteries, gliding from their soft haze, touched you familiarly and said, "Lo, you too are one of us; and we are of the Present and the Future and the Past."

— In that most "gruesome" One View of the "New Woman." and most uncomfortable story, full of "the horror and darkness of shadow and sin and death," Mr. Marion Crawford's *Casa Braccio*, we come occasionally upon some keen and subtle general reflection that seems worth preserving. The other day I picked up in one of its pages this little nugget: "She had that rarest quality in women which commands men without inspiring love. It is very hard to explain what that quality is, but most men who have lived much and seen much have met with it at least once in their lives. A hundred women may rebuke a man for something he has done, and he will smile at the reproach. Another will say to him the same words, and he will be gravely silent, and will feel that she is right, and will like her better for it ever afterwards. And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love." All this seems to me to contain a fine truth that has never been very generally recognized or pointed out. I am certainly myself acquainted with several wo-

men possessing this power, noble natures, who, "without inspiring love" (indeed, at least two of them never married), have yet, to a remarkable degree, influenced and guided, and up to a certain point moulded the lives and actions of more than one man with whom they came into close contact. But I do not agree with Mr. Crawford that "it is very hard to explain what that quality is ;" on the contrary, the solution of that mystery seems to me very easy. The quality, or rather combination of qualities, from which that power emanates that "commands men" is simply character. And by character, I here mean all those tendencies that make for truthfulness, sincerity, loyalty, courage, honesty, and a fine sense of honor, in a wider interpretation of that noble word. Not the honor which a woman alone is supposed to be able to lose, but that other "gem" which manifests itself in steadfastly keeping a promise made, redeeming a given word, discharging a debt incurred, of whatever kind,—the honor that will make us brave enough to come forward without flinching, to face and meet disagreeable things, even though we know they will hurt our vanity or pleasant opinion of ourselves ; indeed, in all and every possible way to live up to our own best convictions and ideal standards. To sum it all up in one comprehensive term, I might call it that perfect rectitude of nature, more commonly supposed to be the attribute of man than of woman, but which, when it is found in a woman, almost appears to be worth something more, to be lifted to a still higher plane, touched and consecrated, as it were, with a more subtle and beautiful light by the *ewig weibliche* in her, the generally finer texture of the woman's whole mental fibre, and thus comes to be all the more potent for good. For as she is so universally esteemed the "weaker vessel," fickleness, untruthfulness, cunning, deceit, and dissembling have been almost looked upon as a woman's privilege, her natural weapons of defense, against man's overwhelming physical force. I have read somewhere of late, "The strong force of Lady — was her sex : weak, untruthful, cowardly, and malicious, she was still no more than woman may be." This, of course, is a bitter, satirical fling, yet I must confess not wholly undeserved ; for it is but too true that somehow the unwritten laws of honor (in my definition of the word)

do not seem to be equally understood and accepted by both sexes. I may illustrate just what I mean by a more good-natured passage from another book, and ought perhaps to premise that the words are spoken by a man, and that "what she did" was, in this case, deliberately to conceal, though not destroy, a will, by the simple non-appearance of which she came into a fortune : "The difference between masculine and feminine character is immense. No man with a grain of honor in him would have done what she did ; only some dastardly hound, who could cheat at cards. And she, — somehow she seems a pure, good woman in spite of it." She had coveted the fortune very largely for the purpose of procuring more comforts and a life free from anxiety for her sick mother ; for, you see, she was a "good girl." Only, what an argument ! It seems to me every woman ought to resent this, to protest against the pernicious as well as insulting assumption that there can be anything but one code of honor, that binds equally every man, woman, and child on the face of the earth ! Of course, not all men live up to that code. What an ideal place this world would be if they did ! Indeed, the very individuals most influenced by some woman who "commands" them, without inspiring love, are probably, whether conscious of it or not, themselves most deficient, or at least most weak and vacillating, in those qualities that lend power to the woman. Mr. Crawford's concluding words are entirely true, "And she is not, as a rule, the woman whom such men would love ;" but we might add, The worse for him ! for in all probability she is the very helpmate his life most sorely needs. But the point I make is, that the general standard of women in such matters is not as high as that of men. And here it is where the real "new woman" and her true mission should begin : not by attempting to ape and imitate in outward things, in all ways most distasteful, revolting, and absurd, the one creature of earth whom at the same time, by an affectation more utterly absurd still, if that were possible, she pretends to look down upon and despise, — man, unfortunate, inferior man ! But let women impress upon their girls as well as their boys, by every precept as well as by the force of their own example, the importance, the priceless value, of truthfulness

and loyalty and honor, the eternal obligations laid upon them by those splendid old words *noblesse oblige*, and see how quickly they, as well as their daughters after them, will rise to the coveted plane of perfect equality with man in *all* ethical regions, as woman is already undoubtedly his superior in a certain more restricted sense of the word "moral." Just now, the "new woman" is the laughing-stock of the world, — a kind of hybrid, not belonging entirely to either one sex or the other, a grotesque and ridiculous "sport" on the great tree of humanity. But if the new woman will only, instead of wearing his outer garments and smoking his cigarettes and playing his athletic games, "be a man in honor," not alone this, but also every coming generation "will rise up and call her blessed."

The Good Old-Fashioned Hand-Shake. — Is it really a thing of the past? Will it some time be as obsolete as the curtsy with which our grandmothers greeted the beaux of their day, or the kiss that the gallant impressed on the fragile hand that he raised so respectfully to his lips? Or — what is perhaps a better comparison, since these gracious customs rose from over-refinement, while the cordial, whole-souled hand-shake has been a thing of the heart — will it some day find itself as out of fashion as the kiss with which our mothers greeted each other, square on the mouth, direct, and often resounding? Who was the first woman who was brave enough to slide her cheek coyly and coldly into the track of the approaching lips? It could not have been Eve, for there was no other woman to kiss, except possibly Lilith, and the relations there were somewhat strained, even for kissing. But somewhere, some time, there was a first woman who thus met the proffered kiss, and somewhere was a first woman who was thus repulsed, and whose soul froze into righteous determination to try the same thing on the next woman she met: and thus was sealed the fate of the kiss on the mouth. We understand that the custom

still persists to a certain extent among lovers, but we have fears that even there it will not long survive. Think of the offense against the laws of hygiene! What fell microbes of disease may not flit between them in the kiss that plights their vows!

No, the good old-fashioned kiss has gone; the good old-fashioned hand-shake is going, even while I write may be gone. It is still occasionally met with. Your country cousin comes to town. She does not understand the artistic crook of interrogation in which your hand attempts to approach hers. She grasps the curving fingers and straightens them in a loving squeeze. You sigh, and fancy that the art was lost upon her? Not at all. Wait until she reaches home. See her at the next church "sociable;" note the condescending curve of her small figure as it bends in greeting; observe the digital hook with which she draws in each unwary and disconcerted comer. And so the evil communication spreads until the whole country has felt its devastating touch.

Some people are bound to suffer more than others from this social change. Be merciful unto them, ye powers that be. The man who for long years has laid his fishlike fingers confidently in yours has come upon an evil day. His torpid sensibilities are doomed to daily shocks. Be gentle with him. Woo him, win him, out of his limp straightness in that first difficult curve, doubly difficult for him. And the whole-hearted, cordial, pumplike man is destined to meet many a setback before it dawns on his stupid, blundering soul that something is wrong. To him a hand-shake is a hand-shake. He will be slow to understand these fine distinctions between the old and the new; to comprehend that the old hand-shake was "physical" in its nature; that the new one, given as it is from the level of the heart, is "soulful, spiritual." Bear with him. He will comprehend in time. In time we shall all comprehend and acquiesce, and the good old fashion will be no more.